THE

WORKS

OF THE

Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED, REVISED, AND CORRECTED,
WITH NOTES,
By THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

A NEW EDITION,
IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XIII.

LONDON:
Printed for C. BATHURST, W. STRAHAN, B. COLLINS,
J. F. & C. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, J. DODSLEY,
T. LONGMAN, R. BALDWIN, T. CADELL,
J. NICHOLS, T. EGERTON, & W. BENT.
MDCCLXXXIV.

13

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

CONTENTS

TO THE

THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

LETTERS.

FROM Mr. Gay *and Ducheſs of* Queenſberry. Page 1
From Sir W. Fownes. - 5
From Lady Betty Germaine. - - 10
From Mr. Gay. - - 11
From Charles Ford, *Eſq.* - - 13
To Mrs. Pilkington. - - 14
From Mr. R. Arbuthnot. - - 16
To Lady Betty Germaine. - 17
From Dr. Arbuthnot. - - 22
To the Earl of Orrery. - 25
From Miſs Kelly. - - 27
From Alderman Barber. - - 28
From Lady Betty Germaine. - 30
From the Ducheſs of Queenſberry. - 33
From Lady Kerry. - - 35
To the Ducheſs of Queenſberry. - 38
From Lord Carteret. - - 41
To Dr. Sheridan. - - 43
From Lord Bathurſt. - 45
From Lord Maſham. - - 48
From the Ducheſs of Queenſberry. - 49
From Charles Ford, *Eſq.* - - 52
From Lady Betty Germaine. - 54
From Miſs Kelly. - - 55
From Mrs. Pendarves. - 57
From the Ducheſs of Queenſberry. - 58
From Miſs Kelly. - - 61

CONTENTS.

From Lady Betty Germaine. - Page 63
To Mr. Faulkner. - - - 64
From Miſs Kelly. - - 65
From Lady Betty Germaine. - - 69
From Mrs. Pendarves. - - 71
To the Biſhop of Clogher. - - 74
From the Biſhop of Clogher. - 78
To Mrs. Cæſar. - - 79
To the ſame. - - 81
From Alderman Barber. - - 83
From Miſs Kelly. - 86
To the Earl of Orrery. - - 87
From Mrs. Donnellan. - 90
From Mrs. Pendarves. - - 93
From the Ducheſs of Queenſberry. - 96
From Charles Ford, *Eſq.* - - 97
From the Ducheſs of Queenſberry. - 100
From Mrs. Pratt. - - 103
From Alderman Barber. - - 104
From the Counteſs of Grenville. - 107
From Mrs. Conduit. - - 108
From Charles Coote, *Eſq.* - 109
From Dr. Sheridan. - - 111
To Mrs. Pilkington. - 112
To the Duke of Dorſet. - - ib.
To the Earl of Oxford. - 116
From Lady Betty Germaine. - 117
From the Ducheſs of Queenſberry. - - 118
From Mr. Grant. - - 121
To Mr. Grant. - - - 124
From Lord Bolingbroke. - - 128
From Lord Carteret. - - - 130
To Miſs Hoadly. - - 131
From Lord Bolingbroke. - 134
From the Earl of Oxford. - - 139
From Lady Howth. - - 142
To the Duke of Chandois. - - 143
From Mrs. Pendarves. - 144
Pickle Herring *to Mr.* Faulkner. - 146
From Dr. Arbuthnot. - - 150
From Sir William Fownes. - 153

From

CONTENTS.

From Lady Betty Germaine. - Page 154
From Mrs. Pendarves. - - 156
From Mr. Jarvis. - - 158
To the Duke of Dorſet. - - 159
From Mrs. Donnellan. - - 164
From Lady Betty Germaine. - 166
From the Earl of Strafford. - - 167
From Lord Carteret. - - 170
To William Pulteney, *Eſq.* - - 172
The Anſwer. - - 175
To William Fitzherbert, *Eſq.* - - 178
From Mrs. Pratt. - - 181
From Lady Betty Germaine. - - 183
From the Archbiſhop of Caſhell. - 185
To Mr. Thomas Beach. - - 187
From Alderman Barber. - 191
From Mrs. Pratt. - - 194
From William Pulteney, *Eſq.* - ib.
To Lady Betty Germaine. - - 196
From the Archbiſhop of Caſhell. - 199
From Mrs. Donnellan. - - 201
To William Pulteney, *Eſq.* - 203
From Lord Bathurſt. - - 207
From Mrs. Pendarves. - 210
From Lady Betty Brownlow. - 212
From Lady Betty Germaine. - - 214
The Anſwer. - - 215
To Sir Charles Wogan. - - 219
From Lady Betty Germaine. - 222
From Mr. Motte. - - - 224
From Dr. Sheridan. - - 229
To the Duke of Dorſet. - - 231
From Dr. Sheridan. - - 234
From Dr. Sican. - - - 237
From Mr. Donnellan. - - 240
From Mrs. Pendarves. - - 241
From Lady Betty Germaine. - 244
From Lord Bathurſt. - - 245
From Mrs. Pendarves. - 251
To Mr. Faulkner. - - 253
From Lady Betty Germaine. - 254

To

To Mrs. Whiteway. - Page 255
From the Biſhop of Kilmore. - 256
To Miſs Harriſon. - - ib.
To Mrs. Whiteway. - 257
From Dr. Sheridan. - - 258
From the ſame. - - 259
From Mrs. Pendarves. - - 260
To Dr. Sheridan. - 262
To the ſame. - - 264
To the ſame. - - - 266
To Biſhop Horte. - - 269
From Dr. Sheridan. - - 272
To Dr. Sheridan. - - 275
To Mr. Benjamin Motte. - - 278
From Charles Ford, *Eſq.* - 281
To Dr. Sheridan. - - 284
To Lady Betty Germaine. - 286
The Anſwer. - - - - 289
From Dr. Sheridan. - 290
From Mr. Donnellan. - - 292
To the Provoſt and Senior Fellows. - - 294
From Charles Ford, *Eſq.* - - 296
To Dr. Sheridan. - - - 299
To the ſame. - - - 300
From Lady Betty Germaine. - - 302
From Mr. Carte. - - 304
From Mrs. Pendarves. - - 307
To Sir John Stanley. - - 309
From Lady Betty Germaine. - - 311
From Mrs. Barber. - 312
Dr. King *to Mrs.* Whiteway. - 317
From Lord Caſtledurrow. 319
From Dr. King. - - - 322
From William Pulteney, *Eſq.* - 323
From Lord Caſtledurrow. - - 327
To Lady Betty Germaine. 329
To John Temple, *Eſq.* - - 331
To Mr. Pulteney. - - 333
From Lord Orrery. - - 336
From the ſame. - - 338
Mr. Pope *to Lord* Orrery. - - 339

From

CONTENTS.

From Lord Carteret. - - Page 342
To Alderman Barber. - - 343
From Lord Orrery. - - 346
From Lord Oxford. - 348
To Dr. Sheridan. - - 350
From W. Richardſon, *Eſq.* - 354
To Dr. Sheridan. - - 355
To Lord Oxford. - - 357
From Alderman Barber. - - 361
From Dr. King. - - 362
From the ſame, to Mrs. Whiteway. - 364
From Mr. Lewis. - - - 368
From Lord Oxford. - - 371
Mr. Pope, *to Lord* Orrery. - - 372
From Lord Orrery. - - 373
To Mr. Lewis. - - - 374
To the Mayor, &c. *of* Corke. - 377
The Anſwer. - - - - 379
From Lord Bathurſt. - - 380
From Charles Ford, *Eſq.* - - 381
From Chev. Ramſay. - - 384
From Lord Bathurſt. - - 385
To Mr. Faulkner. - - - 387
To Dr. Clancy. - - 389
From Dr. Clancy. - - - 390
To Mr. Faulkner. - - 391
To Miſs Richardſon. - - 392
From Lord Orrery *to Mrs.* Whiteway. - 395
From Miſs Richardſon. - 396
To Mr. Faulkner. - - 398
From Alderman Barber. - 399
From Dr. King *to* D. Swift, *Eſq.* - 401
From Mr. Pope *to Lord* Orrery. - 402
From Dr. King *to* D. Swift, *Eſq.* - 403
To R. Cope, *Eſq.* - - 404
To Mrs. Hamilton. - - 406
From Lord Orrery. - - 407
From the ſame. - 408
From Alderman Barber. - ib.
To Mr. Faulkner. - - 412
From W. Richardſon, *Eſq.* - 413

To

To Alderman Barber. - Page 415
To Mr. Faulkner. - 417
From the Biſhop of Fernas. - - 418
To Mrs. Whiteway. - 419
From Mr. Pope. - - 420
From Mr. Pope *to Lord* Orrery. - 422
To Mrs. Whiteway. - - 423
From Miſs Richardſon. - 424
From W. Richardſon, *Eſq.* - - 425
From Dr. King. - - 427
From the ſame. - - 428
Dr. King *to Mrs.* Whiteway. - 430
From the ſame. - - 432
From W. Richardſon, *Eſq.* - 435
From Lord Caſtledurrow. - - 437
Dr. Dunkin *to Mrs.* Whiteway. - 440
To Mr. Pope. - - - 441
To the ſame. - - 443
From Mr. Lyttleton. - 444
To Mr. Lyttleton. - - 445
From W. Pulteney, *Eſq.* - 447
To Mr. Faulkner. - - 449
From the Rev. Mr. Throp. - ib.
To Mrs. Whiteway. - - 451
To the ſame. - - 452
To the ſame. - - 453
From Mrs. Whiteway *to Mr.* Pope. - 454
The Anſwer. - - 457
To Mrs. Whiteway. - - 458
From the Earl of Orrery. - 459
From the Earl of Orrery *to* D. Swift, *Eſq.* - 461
From Lady Bolingbroke. - - 463
From the Ducheſs of Hamilton. - - 464
From the Duke of Wharton. - 465
Tranſlation of the French *Letters in this Work, from* - - - - 466 *to* 479

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

From Mr. GAY and the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Aug. 28, 1732.

MR. Hoare has a hundred and odd pounds of yours in his hands, which you may have whenever you pleaſe to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean, beſide the South Sea bond of a hundred, that ſtill ſubſiſts; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account ſtands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. Hoare's hands, which I know not at preſent how to diſpoſe of. I believe I ſhall leave it without intereſt till I go to town, and ſhall then be at the ſame loſs how to diſpoſe of it as now. I

have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for diſappointments, which I think it is very likely I ſhall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and neceſſary that I ſhould have more than I have, you ſee I reſolve to do what I can to oblige you. If my deſigns ſhould not take effect, I deſire you will be as eaſy under it as I ſhall be; for I find you ſo ſolicitous about me, that you cannot bear my diſappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is becauſe I would not have the clerks of the poſt-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this ſummer, you might, with me, have helped to have drunk up the duke's wine, and ſaved your money. I am grown ſo ſaving of late, that I very often reproach myſelf with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I ſhall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleaſure of making uſe of it. I wiſh you could live among us; but not unleſs it could be to your eaſe and ſatisfaction. You inſiſt upon your being miniſter of Ameſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkings, and prebendary of Weſtminſter. For your being miniſter in thoſe places, I cannot promiſe you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and uſeful invention; but I have not made uſe of them ſince I left Devonſhire. I ride and walk every day to ſuch exceſs, that I am afraid I ſhall take a ſurfeit of it. I am ſure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I ſay this,

this, though I have this ſeaſon ſhot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he does not live among us, but reſides in another pariſh. And I have not played at back-gammon with any body ſince I came to Ameſbury, but lady Harold, and lady Bateman. As Dr. Delaney has taken away a fortune from us *, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are intitled to ſuch fortunes, I deſire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

The DUCHESS begins.

The ducheſs will not lend you two or three thouſand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reaſons to *Strada dal Poe*; but ſhe had much rather give you that, or ten thouſand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herſelf reſpected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. Gay much advice, that you are a very indiſcreet perſon yourſelf, or elſe you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be ſo indiſcreet as to ſend for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. Gay is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wiſh to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and leſs

* The doctor married Mrs. Pendarves.

trouble. His covetouſneſs, at preſent, is for health, which he takes ſo much pains for, that he does not allow himſelf time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himſelf time to be either abſent or preſent. When he began to be a ſportſman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himſelf, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great conſequence to be truſted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpoſe to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobſon; for I have ſeen Goody Dobſon play at that with ſo ill a grace, that I was determined never to riſk any thing ſo unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and thoſe not for having any ſort of merit, but only becauſe it is my humour. In this rank, Mr. Gay ſtands firſt, and yourſelf next, if you like to be reſpected upon theſe conditions. Now do you know me? He ſtands over me, and ſcolds me for ſpelling ill; and is very peeviſh (and ſleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawn'd for it a thouſand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wiſh that ſhe had the beſt living in England to give you. It was not I; but I do wiſh it with all my heart, if Mr. Gay does not hang out falſe lights for his friend.

Mr. G A Y goes on here.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this

this paragraph: "Motte, and another idle fellow, "I find, have been writing to the Dean, to get "him to give them ſome copy-right, which ſurely "he will be not ſo indiſcreet as to do, when he "knows my deſign, and has done theſe two "months and more. Surely I ſhould be a properer "perſon to truſt the diſtribution of his works with, "than a common bookſeller. Here will be no-"thing but the ludicrous and little things; none "of the political, or any things of conſequence, "which are wholly at his own diſpoſal. But, at "any rate, it would be ſilly in him to give a copy-"right to any, which can only put the manner "of publiſhing them hereafter out of his own and "his friend's power, into that of mercenaries."

I really think this is a very uſeful precaution, conſidering how you have been treated by theſe ſort of fellows.

The duke is faſt aſleep, or he would add a line.

From Sir WILLIAM FOWNES.

DEAR SIR, Iſland-Bridge, Sept. 9, 1732.

IT has been the obſervation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that in all the countries they have ſeen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements: and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and ſo a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was lord mayor, I ſaw ſome miſerable lunatics expoſed, to the hazard of others, as well as themſelves. I had ſix ſtrong cells made at the workhouſe for the moſt outrageous, which were ſoon filled; and by degrees, in a ſhort time, thoſe few drew upon us the ſolicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceaſed, we had, in that houſe, forty and upwards. The door being opened, intereſt ſoon made way to let in the fooliſh, and ſuch like, as mad folks. Theſe grew a needleſs charge upon us, and had that courſe gone on, by this time the houſe had been filled with ſuch. The new corporation got rid of moſt of theſe by death, or the care of friends, and came to a reſolution not to admit any ſuch for the future; and the firſt denial was to a requeſt of the earl of Kildare, which put a full ſtop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are, at this time, a number of objects which require aſſiſtance; and probably many may be reſtored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their ſupport and attendance, if there were a place for ſecuring ſuch lunatics.

I own to you, I was for ſome time averſe to our having a public Bedlam, apprehending we ſhould be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehenſive our caſe would ſoon be like that in England; wives and huſbands trying who could firſt get the other to Bedlam.

Many,

Many, who were next heirs to eſtates, would try their ſkill to render the poſſeſſor diſordered, and get them confined, and ſoon run them into real madneſs. Such like conſequences I dreaded, and therefore have been ſilent on the ſubject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard ſhould be had to thoſe under ſuch diſmal circumſtances; and I have heard the Primate and others expreſs their concern for them; and no doubt but very ſufficient ſubſcriptions may be had to ſet this needful work on foot. I ſhould think it would be a pleaſure to any one, that has any intention this way, to ſee ſomething done in their life-time, rather than leave it to the conduct of poſterity. I would not conſent to the proceeding on ſuch a work in the manner I have ſeen our poor-houſe, and Dr. Stevens's hoſpital, *viz.* to have ſo expenſive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building ſhould require ſuch a ſum, and ſo long a time to finiſh, as will take up half an age.

My ſcheme for ſuch an undertaking ſhould be much to this effect;

Firſt, I would have a ſpot of ground fixed on, that ſhould be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houſes; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to diſturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a ſpot in a cloſe place, almoſt in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the out-ſkirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper ſpot, I would, when that is ſecured, (which ſhould be a good ſpace) have it well incloſed with a high wall, the coſt of all which muſt be known. Then I would have the cells of the Royal Hoſpital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpoſe, with the coſt of theſe cells, which I take to be ſix or eight pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful houſe for the maſter and the proper ſervants. Then another building, to which there ſhould be a piazza for a ſtone gallery, for walking dry; and out of that ſeveral lodging cells for ſuch as are not outrageous, but melancholy, *&c.* This may be of ſuch a ſize that it may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and over-head the ſame ſort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the cuſtom of London. Annexed to the maſter's houſe muſt be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be ſo contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there ſhall be a fund, and occaſion to require the additions. There is no neceſſity for any plans or architects; but any ordinary capacity may contrive thoſe enlargements. Perhaps there may appear ſome well-diſpoſed perſons who will ſay, they will make this enlargement; and, by ſuch helps, they may be ſufficiently done to anſwer all purpoſes.

It comes juſt now into my head, that there is a very proper ſpot, which I think the chapter of St. Patrick let to one Lee, a bricklayer, or builder. It lies back of Aungier-ſtreet eaſt, comes out of York-ſtreet, down a place called the Dunghill, runs down to the end of King-ſtreet, facing William-ſtreet; at the north end of which ſome alms-houſes are built by Dowling and others. Alſo there ſtands, to the front of the ſtreet, a large ſtone building, called an Alms-houſe, made by Mrs. Mercer; though, by the bye, I hear ſhe is weary of her project, and does little in ſupplying that houſe, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be eaſily come at from Lee's heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. Mercer may give her houſe up to promote ſo good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by ſubſcriptions, a great and ſpeedy progreſs may be made, in which I will readily join my intereſt and labour. If that ſpot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatſoever may be your future intentions, don't deny me the conſideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a ſtep in this affair, if it ſhall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the conſent by votes, ſhall be determined by the method of a ballotting-box, that no great folks, or their ſpeeches, ſhould carry what they pleaſe, by their method of ſcoring upon paper, and ſeeing who marks, *&c.* too much practiſed.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to diſpoſe of it. You have

have the thoughts of your aſſured humble ſervant.

W. FOWNES.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have anſwered yours ſooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to ſpeak to the duke; which I ſhould with great pleaſure have obeyed, as it was to ſerve a friend of yours. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have ſeen her theſe many years, though ſhe has ſtill her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I muſt never expect ſhe ſhould be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glaſſes, ſuch as are commonly filled at ſober houſes; and that ſhe makes ſo great a route with, and makes ſo many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely ſuſpect ſhe drinks drams in private.

I am ſorry to find our taſtes ſo different in the ſame perſon; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, ſo it is ſurpriſing to me to find lady Suffolk dwindle in yours, who riſes infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you ſay, you will ſay no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are ſo already, ſince you level all without

knowing them, and ſeem to think, that no one who belongs to a court can act right. I am ſure this cannot be really and truly your ſenſe, becauſe it is unjuſt: and if it is, I ſhall ſuſpect there is ſomething of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you muſt have offended them, becauſe you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle, and ſhall next thurſday go there again for about three weeks, where I ſhall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am moſt faithfully and ſincerely yours.

From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 16, 1732.

I AM at laſt come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as ſoon as you pleaſe. I have ſome of my own too that lies dead; and I proteſt I do not know which way at preſent to diſpoſe of it, every thing is ſo precarious. I paid Mr. Launcelot 12l. and pay myſelf the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loſs, by paying off one of the South-ſea bonds: and I find I have remaining of yours 211l. 15s. 6d. And I believe over and above that ſum, there will be more owing to you upon account of intereſt on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. Hoare has done this for me, but I have not had time to call

call upon him yet, ſo that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. Hoare's hands, you ſee it is ready on demand. I believe you had beſt give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet ſeen Mr. Pope, but deſign in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of ſeeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my preſent project ſucceeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays; but I promiſe myſelf nothing, for I am determined, that neither any body elſe, or myſelf, ſhall diſappoint me. I wiſh the arguments made uſe of to draw you here, were every way of more conſequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wiſh you to keep every one of thoſe you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I ſit down to conſider on the choice of any ſubject, to amuſe myſelf by writing, I find I have a natural propenſity to write againſt vice, ſo that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in juſtice, I ought to be paid for ſtifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. Pulteney's young ſon has had the ſmall-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the Bath. I muſt anſwer the letter you writ to the duchеſs and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know ſhe intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town,

and

and the ſpring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, thoſe who call themſelves your friends, and I believe are ſo. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of January. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wiſhes in general, and in particular, that induſtry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and eſteem I have for you.

From CHARLES FORD, Eſq.

London, December 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the conſtant concern you ſhew for me. I am aſhamed to trouble you ſo much, and ſo often, in my own affairs; and your great kindneſs makes me almoſt aſhamed to aſk pardon for it. *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord Orrery. He was extremely applauded for a ſpeech he made againſt the army bill. There is no danger of repealing the teſt. The court has taken the uſual method of gaining the fanatick leaders much againſt the grain of the body. It is ſaid, the biſhop of Saliſbury is the chief encourager of them; that the queen ſpoke to him, and that he anſwered, He had promiſed, and would not fail them. He can be beſmeared, although they would not ſuffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuſe they made him upon the laſt

vacancy

vacancy of that ſee. I am extremely proud that lady Acheſon does me the honour to remember her humble ſervant. I heartily wiſh ſhe could be perſuaded to keep good hours, having obſerved, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health ſo much as ſitting up late. I often hear from my ſiſter: ſhe writes in quite another ſtrain than ſhe talked, with cheerfulneſs and good nature. I fancy Arſalla * has cured the lady of her ſpleen.

I heartily wiſh you many new years, with health and happineſs; and am, moſt entirely, *&c.*

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearſal, and will pleaſe. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

To Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, Deanery-houſe, Jan. 1, 1732-3.

I SEND you your bit of a news-paper with the verſes †, than which I never ſaw better in their kind. I have the ſame opinion of thoſe you were

* The ſeat of Peter Ludlow, Eſq; father to the preſent lord Ludlow.

† Mrs. Pilkington, when ſhe was about ſixteen, having been teaſed by her brother to write ſome verſes as a ſchool exerciſe for him, aſked him what ſhe ſhould write upon: Why, ſaid he pertly, what ſhould you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her ſubject, ſhe writ the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London news-papers. Vide Pilkington's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 88.

O ſpotleſs

were pleaſed to write upon me *, as have alſo ſome particular friends of genius and taſte, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who univerſally

O ſpotleſs paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, conſtrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy
Thy purity, to pleaſe a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt ſervant of the Muſe.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choiceſt ſecrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs innocence betray'd!
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhow,
Like lilly'd banks, or falling ſnow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can waſh thy ſtains away;
Yet this ſmall comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd, ſhall make thee live.

* Mrs. Pilkington having heard that Dr. Swift had received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the earl of Orrery, and a ſilver ſtandiſh from Dr. Delany, ſent him an eagle quill with the following verſes upon his birth-day, Nov, 30, 1732.

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To Muſic, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.
'Tis I celeſtial harmony inſpire,
§ When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling wire.
I to the faithful canvas have conſign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's ſky-dipt pencils riſe
Such heav'nly ſcenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aſpire to higher praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs lays:
Nor thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuſe,
Accept me as the ſervant of your Muſe;
Then ſhall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchleſs Pen revere.

§ Quills of the harpſichord.

agree

agree with me. But as I cannot with decency ſhew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our ſakes, others will do it for me. I can only aſſure you I value your preſent, as much as either of the others, only you muſt permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to uſe it. I heartily wiſh you many happy new years; and am, with true eſteem, Madam, your moſt obliged friend ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

From Mr. ROBERT ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, Rouen, Jan. 2, 1733.

I HAVE flattered myſelf theſe many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over ſeas to Spa, or to ſome ſuch place, and that you would have taken Paris in your way; and ſo I ſhould have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in ſome place of my own, I wonder much that a perſon of ſo much good humour can let yourſelf grow old, or die without ſeeing ſome other country than your own. I am not quite ſo wicked as to wiſh you any real illneſs to bring you to us, though I ſhould not be ſorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wiſh you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever intereſt I have againſt it) good health, and proſperity, and every thing that I can wiſh to one that I much honour and eſteem.

I recommend

I recommended to your friendſhip and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. De la Mar. His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland: and this gentleman deſerves from me all the kindneſs my friends can ſhew him. Adieu, dear ſir. If I can ſerve you in any thing, command me always, for I am, with great eſteem, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOT.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, January 8, 1732-3.

ALTHOUGH I have but juſt received the honour of your ladyſhip's letter, yet, as things ſtand, I am determined, againſt my uſual practice, to give you no reſpite, but to anſwer it immediately; becauſe you have provoked me with your lady Suffolk. It is ſix years laſt ſpring ſince I firſt went to viſit my friends in England, after the queen's death. Her preſent majeſty heard of my arrival, and ſent at leaſt nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for ſeveral reaſons not hard to * gueſs; and, among others, becauſe I had heard her character from thoſe who knew her well. At laſt I went, and ſhe received me very graciouſly. I told her the firſt time, "That I "was informed ſhe loved to ſee odd perſons; and "that, having ſent for a wild boy from Ger-"many, ſhe had a curioſity to ſee a wild dean

* It ſhould be, "not hard to *be gueſſed*."

" from Ireland." I was not much ſtruck with the honour of being ſent for, becauſe I knew the ſame diſtinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. Howard, now lady Suffolk, was uſually the perſon who ſent for me, both at Leiceſter-houſe and Richmond. Mr. Pope (with whom I lived) and Mr. Gay were then great favourites of Mrs. Howard, eſpecially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had * wrote a very ingenious book of fables, for the uſe of her younger ſon, and ſhe often promiſed to provide for him. But ſome time before, there came out a libel againſt Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princeſs. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and ſo were all the people in power. He invited me and ſome of my friends to dine with him at Chelſea. After dinner, I took an occaſion to ſay, what I had obſerved of princes and great miniſters, " That if they heard an ill thing of a " private perſon, who expected ſome favour, al- " though they were afterwards convinced that the " perſon was innocent, yet they would never be re- " conciled." Mr. Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr. Gay. I afterwards ſaid the ſame thing to the princeſs, with the ſame intention: and ſhe confeſſed it a great injuſtice. But Mr.

* It ſhould be, " he had *written*."

Walpole

Walpole gave it another turn: for, he ſaid to ſome of his friends, and particularly to a lord a near relation of yours, "That I had dined with him, and "had been making apologies for myſelf:" it ſeems, for my conduct in her late majeſty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. Gay; at leaſt, ſhe ſaw him often, and profeſſed herſelf his friend: but Mr. Walpole could hardly be perſuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a ſecond year, of commiſſioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highneſs, on coming hither, ſhe was very gracious; told me, "The medals ſhe had promiſed me were "not ready, but ſhe would ſend them to me." However, by her commands, I ſent her ſome plaids for herſelf and the princeſſes, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next ſpring, I came again to England; was received the ſame way; and as I had many hints given me that the court at Leiceſter-Fields would endeavour to ſettle me in England (which I did not much regard) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. Howard's orders, to kiſs their new Majeſties hands, and was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the queen. In a few weeks, the queen ſaid to Mrs. Howard (alluding to one of Mr. Gay's fables) "that ſhe would take up the "Hare;" and bad her to put her in mind, in ſettling the family, to find ſome employment for Mr. Gay: but, in the event, it proved only an of-

fer to be a gentleman-uſher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the reſt) adviſed him not to accept; and accordingly he excuſed himſelf with the utmoſt reſpect. This I, and every body elſe were ſure muſt have been a management of Mr. Walpole. As to myſelf, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myſelf not well; and was reſolved to take a ſtep to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with ſome advantages and recommendations. But my friends adviſed me firſt to conſult Mrs. Howard; becauſe, as they knew leſs of courts than I, they were ſtrongly poſſeſſed that the promiſe made me might ſucceed, ſince a change was all I deſired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, "ſince I had long done with courts, "not to uſe me like a courtier, but give me her "ſincere advice;" which ſhe did, both in a letter, and to ſome friends. It was, "by all means not "to go: it would look ſingular, and perhaps diſ-"affected;" and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me. I ſtaid; my health grew worſe: I left Mr. Pope's houſe; went to a private lodging near Hammerſmith: and, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. Howard, with my duty to the queen, took coach for Cheſter, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: where although I have ever ſince lived in obſcurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds, except miſinformation, to lie under her majeſty's diſpleaſure, as I have been aſſured by more than two honourable perſons of both ſexes; and Mr.

Gay

Gay is in the ſame condition. For theſe reaſons, as I did always, ſo I do ſtill think Mrs. Howard, now my lady Suffolk, to be an abſolute courtier. Let her ſhew you the character I writ of her, and whereof no one elſe has a copy; and I take Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of ſimpletons. In my anſwer to the laſt letter which my lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, diſcharge her from ever giving herſelf another trouble of that kind. I have a great eſteem for her good ſenſe and taſte. She would be an ornament to any court: and I do not in the leaſt pity her for not being a female miniſter, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wiſe lady; of which I could eaſily produce inſtances. Mr. Pope, beſide his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, conſequently, apt to be too great a believer of aſſurances, promiſes, profeſſions, encouragements, and the like words of courſe. He aſks nothing; and thinks, like a philoſopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honeſt and ſincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor miniſters are either able to judge, or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for ſo high a reach of politicks as they uſually ſuppoſe: for, however inſignificant wit, learning, and virtue, may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its ſide. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not ſo wiſe as I thought you to be; but I will never of-

fend again with ſo much length. I write only to juſtify myſelf. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and ſo am I to this day: but nature has not given you leave to be virulent. As to myſelf, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyſhip ſays not one ſyllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I ſent you to be written on the monument *, nor whether you would have it in Latin or Engliſh. I am ever, with true reſpect and high eſteem,

Madam,

Your ladyſhip's, *&c.*

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the crown and the primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the crown's diſpoſal.

Dr ARBUTHNOT to Dr. SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, Jan. 13, 1732.

I HAD the pleaſure of receiving one from you by Mr. Pilkington. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his muſic, which you give yourſelf an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of ſurpriſe.

* In St. Andrew's church, Dublin, to the memory of her ſiſter, lady Penelope Berkeley.

I have

I have had but a melancholy ſorrowful life for ſome time paſt, having loſt my dear child, whoſe life, if it had ſo pleaſed God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new leſſon of ſubmiſſion to his will, and likewiſe for what he has left me.

We have all had another loſs of our worthy and dear friend Mr. Gay *. It was ſome alleviation of my grief to ſee him ſo univerſally lamented by almoſt every body, even by thoſe who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Weſtminſter-Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good duke of Queenſberry, who lamented him as a brother, will ſet up a handſome monument upon him. Theſe are little affronts put upon vice and injuſtice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the Beggar's Opera, and what he had to come upon the ſtage, will make the ſum of the diverſions of the town for ſome time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for ſending him ſome, particularly, an account of his diſgrace at court, which, I am ſure, might have been made entertaining: by which I ſhould have attained two ends at once, publiſhed truth, and got a raſcal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wiſh you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myſelf, that you have ſome virtue and honour left, ſome ſmall regard for religion. Perhaps Chriſtianity may laſt with you at leaſt twenty or thirty years

* He died December the 4th, 1732.

longer. You have no companies or ſtock-jobbing, are yet free of exciſes; you are not inſulted in your poverty, and told with a ſneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor penſion, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. Pope has his uſual complaints of head-ach and indigeſtion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads ſometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of ſuperior health and ſtrength. You will ſee ſome new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his Dunciad, a royal declaration againſt the haberdaſhers of points and particles, aſſuming the title of critics and reſtorers, wherein he declares, that he has reviſed carefully this his Dunciad, beginning and ending ſo and ſo, conſiſting of ſo many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is ſigned by John Barber, *major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to ſee you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new ſcheme of exciſe. You may remember, that a miniſtry in the queen's time, poſſeſſed of her majeſty, the parliament, army, fleet, treaſury, confederate, *&c.* put all to the teſt, by an experiment of a ſilly project of the trial of a poor parſon *. The ſame game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonneſs of power. *Miraberis quam pauca ſapientia mun-*

* Sacheverel.

dus

dus regitur. I have conſidered the grievance of your wine: the friend that deſigned you good wine, was abuſed by an agent that he intruſted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whoſe name is De la Mar, to whom ſhew what friendſhip you can.

My neighbour the proſeman is wiſer, and more cowardly and deſpairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accuſtomed to in my diſcourſe, (even with the greateſt perſons to whom I have acceſs) in defending the cauſe of liberty, virtue and religion: for the laſt, I have the ſatisfaction of ſuffering ſome ſhare of the ignominy that belonged to the firſt confeſſors. This has been my lot, from a ſteady reſolution I have taken of giving theſe ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occaſions. My family ſend you their beſt wiſhes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myſelf, who am, with the moſt ſincere reſpect, your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

To the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD, January, 1732-3.

IT is ſome time ſince Mrs. Ball gave me, incloſed and directed to me, your lordſhip's verſes, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleaſed to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgements; and if I were to follow the courſe

courſe of my own nature, the delay ſhould be longer: becauſe, although I believe no man has a more grateful ſenſe of a real honour done him than myſelf, yet no man is in more confuſion how to expreſs it. Although I had not the leaſt hand in publiſhing thoſe verſes (which would have ill become me) yet I will not be ſo affected as to conceal the pride I have in ſeeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure againſt your lordſhip, for publicly favouring one ſo obnoxious to preſent powers, and turng their hatred into envy; which laſt, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I ſhall make the proper uſe, leaving your lordſhip to ſhift for yourſelf, without the leaſt grain of pity for what you may ſuffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my moſt humble thanks for the honour done me by ſo excellent a performance, on ſo barren a ſubject; by which words I wiſely anticipate the cenſure of all thoſe who love me not: in ſpite of whom it will be ſaid, in future ages, That one of lord Orrery's firſt eſſays in poetry were theſe verſes on Dr. Swift. That your lordſhip may go on to be the great example, reſtorer, and patron, of virtue, learning, and wit, in a moſt corrupt, ſtupid, and ignorant age and nation, ſhall be the conſtant wiſh, hope, and prayer of, my lord, your moſt obedient, obliged, and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

From

From Miſs KELLY.

Jarvis-ſtreet, ſix o'clock, Friday evening,
Feb. 2, 1732-3.

SIR,

I DANCED ſo long laſt night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodneſs you ſhewed me this morning. Be aſſured the favours you beſtow on me are received with the greateſt pleaſure, and I only am ſorry that it is not in my power to convince you that no body can ſet a higher value on your friendſhip than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only deſpiſing the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I muſt certainly receive from it all the benefit I deſire; for really I am quite of the other ſide, and am a ſincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the beſt. What I ſhall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: but ſurely the care I ſhall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can deſire more ſincerely to pleaſe you than, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half aſleep, ſo don't be angry at theſe blots.

Being out of caſh at preſent, I ſend you my note, which I hope will ſatisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patricks, the ſum of

ol.

0l. 1s. 1½d. *per* value received, this 2d day of February 1732-3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY*.

From J. BARBER, Lord-Mayor of London.

London, Feb. 6, 1732-3.

Queen Anne's Birth-day:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I ſpeak it, that there is not a perſon in the world I would ſooner oblige than yourſelf; and I ſhould be glad to have it in my power to ſerve Mrs. Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her ſpouſe is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretenſions to. There are a dozen perſons in my houſe, called Lord-mayor's Officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at firſt they make about ſixty pounds *per annum* of, and riſe in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. Theſe places, I ſuppoſe, ſhould any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thouſand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth

* This promiſſary note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an anſwer to ſome whim or other of the Doctor's.

part

part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city-muſick, and a porter to Guildhall.

But ſuppoſe a place ſhould fall worth fifteen hundred or two thouſand pounds, that he may be fit for, one-third of the purchaſe goes to the city, and muſt be paid before his admiſſion; the other two-thirds are mine: but I cannot put a leſs price than was paid before, becauſe the laſt price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the caſe as it ſtands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a ſet of ungrateful monſters, called Couſins, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly penſions to ſome, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am inſulted and abuſed by them, and can't help myſelf.

Now, as Mrs. Barber and her family deſign to ſettle here, and ſhe has done me the honour in moſt places to call me Couſin, I hope it will not be expected I ſhould have the care of them. I have very ill health; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I ſhall never be wanting.

I muſt now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wiſhes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in poſſeſſion of, and I am ſenſible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are ſcanned; but I will not be diſcouraged,

diſcouraged, and hope I ſhall get through with honour. One motive for making me think ſo, is the great pleaſure and ſatisfaction I have in the hopes of ſeeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great uſe; and therefore I hope you will loſe no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in Queen's-ſquare, and another at Sheen (which I hope you will accept) places that I ſhall hardly be able to ſee this year.

Mr. Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to ſee her grace of Bucks in the Park. Her grace ſeeing him, aſked Who he was? I anſwered, He was a preſent from you from Dublin. She ſmilingly reply'd, He is no fool then, I am ſure.

I ſhall conclude a long dull letter, with my ſincere wiſhes for your health and proſperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bleſs your friends here with your company; which by none is more deſired than, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Feb. 8, 1732.

I RECEIVED yours of the 8th of January but laſt week, ſo find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me while at dinner,

that very lady ſitting cloſe to me, whom you ſeem to think ſuch an abſolute courtier*. She knew your hand, and enquired much after you, as ſhe always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindneſs I am ſure ſhe deſerves, put it into my pocket with ſilence and ſurpriſe. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they deſire with their friends, they might deſerve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the caſe of any one: and in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and ſo far I will anſwer for, that ſhe was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: the friendſhip upon all other occaſions in her own power, that ſhe ſhewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourſelf and her, I ſuppoſe, it is my want of comprehenſion, that I cannot find out why ſhe was to blame to give you advice, when you aſked it, that had all the appearance of ſincerity, good nature, and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and ſhe both believed and wiſhed they would, was it her fault? At leaſt, I cannot find it out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you ſay, you lamented the hour you had ſeen her, yet I cannot tell how to ſuppoſe that your good ſenſe and juſtice can impute any thing to her, be-

* The Counteſs of Suffolk.

cauſe

cauſe it did not fall out juſt as ſhe endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and ſincerely ſubſcribe to it.——That I deteſt avarice in courts; corruption in miniſters; ſchiſms in religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the ſame time, I prodigiouſly want an infallible judge to determine when it is really ſo: for as I have lived longer in the world, and ſeen many changes, I know thoſe out of power and place always ſee the faults of thoſe in, with dreadful large ſpectacles; and, I dare ſay, you know many inſtances of it in lord Oxford's time. But the ſtrongeſt in my memory is, Sir Robert Walpole, being firſt pulled to pieces in the year 1720, becauſe the South-ſea did not riſe high enough; and ſince that, he has been to the full as well banged about, becauſe it did riſe too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjuſt, and ſenſeleſs party-factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any ſide or party againſt the other; and to ſhew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all ſides, ſo my houſe receives them altogether; and thoſe people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Thoſe of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire; in which number is lady Suffolk; and I do like and love her, becauſe I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wiſe, diſcreet, honeſt and ſincere courtier, who will promiſe no farther than ſhe can perform, and will always perform what ſhe does

promiſe; ſo, now, you have my creed as to her *.

I thought I had told you in my laſt, at leaſt I am ſure I deſigned it, that I deſire you would do juſt as you like about the monument; and then, it will be moſt undoubtedly approved by your moſt ſincere and faithful ſervant.

From the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

SIR, Feb. 21, 1732.

SOON after the death of our friend Mr. Gay, I found myſelf more inclined to write to you, than to allow myſelf any other entertainment. But, conſidering that might draw you into a correſpondence, that moſt likely might be diſagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr. Pope ſhewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converſe together as uſual: by which advantage, I will not deſpair to obtain in reality ſome of thoſe good qualities, you ſay, I ſeem to have. I am conſcious of only one, that is, being an apt ſcholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it inſenſibly of our poor friend, as children do any ſtrange language. It is not poſſible to imagine the loſs his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happineſs of ever having ſuch a friend can never be loſt to me.

* This ſpirited defence of lady Suffolk, againſt a man of Swift's ability and diſpoſition, does lady B. G. more honour than ſhe would have deſerved by writing the beſt ſatire againſt all the courts and courtiers in the world.

As to himſelf, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the juſtice to aſſure you, he had a moſt perfect and ſincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; ſo that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleaſure to employ me, as you would him: and I ſhall wiſh it could ever be in my power to ſerve you in any thing eſſential. The duke of —— meaned to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as ſoon as we could of any thing; and if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care ſhall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendleſs: the world can never grow ſo worthleſs. I again differ with you, that it is poſſible to comfort one's ſelf for the loſs of friends, as one does upon the loſs of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myſelf poor, or be thought ſo, but a little friendſhip could never ſatisfy one; and I could never expect to find ſuch another ſupport as my poor friend. In almoſt every thing, but friends, another of the ſame name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleaſure. I felt much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. Pope good advice,

pray practiſe it yourſelf. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I muſt beg you, in your own words, not to ſhorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happineſs depend on good ſpirits. Mr. Pope is better in both this year, than I have ſeen him a good while. This you'll believe, unleſs he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greateſt flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleaſant than to believe what one wiſhes. I wiſh to be your friend; I wiſh you to be mine; I wiſh you may not be tired with this; I wiſh to hear from you ſoon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer. I will believe.——I never write my name.——I hope you have no averſion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of —— bids me tell you, that if you have occaſion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of intereſt ſettled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himſelf, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

From the Counteſs of KERRY.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the moſt eſteemed dean of St. Patrick's, has raiſed in me a ſatisfaction and pleaſure that I had almoſt given up, having been reſolved a good while humbly to content myſelf in a ſtate of indolence

and indifference; and if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to ſeek farther after thoſe points in life, I ſo long and vainly purſued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I muſt not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, ſince at the ſame time that you make a melancholy repreſentation of my misfortunes, you ſtrike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raiſe hope. I moſt heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taſte, by the ſenſe he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your ſociety, from whence it is impoſſible to come without ſome good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that neceſſity ſeems to call for, to interrupt ſuch advantage, and it is my ſtudy to find an occaſion indiſpenſable that he may return *; and as I think to be a member of our ſenate houſe, is the beſt way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for ſome gap in that body, that he might ſtep into. There ſeems now to offer one on the death of Sir Ralph Gore, that may not be impracticable, ſince it is a very ſmall borough intirely belonging, as I am informed, to the biſhop of Clogher, who, I dare ſay, is above diſpoſing of it for court favour only, or to the higheſt bidder; practices much in faſhion of late. Might I not then preſume upon your friendſhip with the biſhop, to recommend this young man as an honeſt one at preſent, and whom he

* It is preſumed, from his travels.

might

might devote to his ſervice by ſo great and ſeaſonable an obligation, beſide paying an acknowldgment that in gratitude is due, although the perſon were never ſo well qualified: thus much ſure I may ſay without cenſure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may ſee what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I don't ſucceed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence ſincerely, I can now boaſt I have attained philoſophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myſelf too good to be the ſport of higher powers; and my chriſtian duty will not permit me to look for reaſons. As little wiſdom as I have bought, I wiſh I had had it ſooner; now it is too late, *La farce eſt joué*, and my curtain almoſt drawn; ſo that if I could, I would no more traffic with the world upon my own account: friendſhip only is what I ſtill muſt always value; yours, ſurely, is more than comes to my ſhare.

You are very good to enquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miſer's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treaſure that one wants, at the ſame time that one poſſeſſes; for ſo much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I ſhall, with attention, obſerve all you recommend to me in the way of paſſing my time; and do daily ſee reaſon to reſpect *la bagatelle*; yet are there ſome places where that is too inſipid to be made any uſe of. I have

an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domeſtick. Handicrafts and gardening do the the reſt. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for ſtrangers. What ſhall I ſay for taking up ſo much of your time? Forgive, dear dean, your moſt real and faithful humble ſervant,

A. KERRY.

To the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

MADAM, March 20, 1732.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated juſt a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days ſince, I have been much diſordered with a giddineſs, that I have been long ſubject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greateſt unhappineſs of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my baniſhment in this miſerable country; for the diſtance I am at, and the deſpair I have of ever ſeeing my friends, farther than by a ſummer's viſit; and this, ſo late in my life, ſo uncertain in my health, and ſo embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; ſo that my loſs is not ſo great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converſe with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, becauſe I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can poſſibly acquire the

* Mr. Gay.

higheſt

higheſt veneration to a mortal creature from the worthieſt of human kind, you will never be able to procure another ſo uſeful, ſo ſincere, ſo virtuous, ſo diſintereſted, ſo entertaining, ſo eaſy, and ſo humble a friend, as that perſon whoſe death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace has the ſame thoughts. Loſs of friends has been called a tax upon long life, and what is worſe, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I ſhall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; becauſe I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condeſcending to have any regard for me; and therefore, all you ſay upon the ſubject of friendſhip, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for ſure I was never capable of comparing the loſs of friends, with the loſs of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a perſon in private life, was as great as poſſible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our ſpirits, without informing us where we ſhall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more ſpirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myſelf; which, conſidering a thouſand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are thoſe ſpirits (ſuch as they

be) in the leaſt broken by the honour of lying under the ſame circumſtances, with a certain great perſon, whom I ſhall not name, of being in diſgrace at court. I will excuſe your blots upon paper, becauſe they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole courſe of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my ſtewards for that immenſe ſum; and in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you pleaſe, till I preſume to trouble you, with a bill as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very techy ſince I loſt the dear friend who was my ſupporter; ſo that perhaps you may expect I ſhall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much miſtaken; for I ſhall become ten times worſe after correction. It ſeems Mr. Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, ſhewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *ſeem* to have. You have under-ſtroked that offenſive word, to ſhew it ſhould be printed in *italic*. What could I ſay more? I never ſaw your perſon ſince you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters may poſſibly be falſe copies of your mind; and the univerſal, almoſt idolatrous eſteem you have forced from every perſon in two kingdoms, who have the leaſt regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your

own,

own, I mean, that of bribing all wiſe and good men to be your flatterers. My literal miſtakes are worſe than your blots. I am ſubject to them, by a ſort of infirmity wherein I have few fellow-ſufferers; I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a ſervant to your grace, I mean, to the laſt hour of my life and ſenſes. I am with the greateſt reſpect and utmoſt gratitude, Madam, your grace's moſt obedient, moſt obliged, and moſt humble ſervant.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects and thanks to my lord duke of Queenſberry. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almoſt as I deſire; and I pray God, that thoſe who give it me, may never have reaſon to give me a better,

From Lord CARTERET.

SIR, March 24, 1732.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of February. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him ſince, though he ſaid he would call again, and who he is, I don't know. I ſhewed it to my wife and lady Worſley, who will not fail to obey your commands, and teaſe me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cauſe of the city of Dublin when it comes into the houſe. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itſelf under your protection, and how ſtrictly they uſed to obey all orders fulminated from

the

the ſovereignty of St. Patrick's. I never doubted their compliance with you in ſo trivial a point as a recorder *. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake ſhould get thoſe faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can ſuſtain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. Pilkington. I have ſeen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the firſt toaſt. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he ſeems ſenſible.

I hope Dr. Delany is well, and that you ſee one another often, and then the doctor won't have leiſure to purſue his diſſertations †, or to anſwer the reverend prelate on your ſide, who I hear has anſwered him. As I have not read the diſſertations, ſo I ſhall not read the anſwer; which, I hope without offence, I may ſuppoſe to be your caſe. If ſo, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would ſhut my eyes to ſuch revelations ſo demonſtrated. I have a great eſteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon thoſe ſubjects can make any addition; and therefore, I would run no riſque as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and proſperity may attend you, is my ſincere wiſh; and I intreat you to believe that

* Mr. Stanard was about this time choſen recorder of the city of Dublin, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr. Swift.

† 'Revelation examined with Candour.'

I am,

I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant.

The whole family of my ladies ſend their compliments.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27, 1733.

I RECEIVED your letter with ſome pleaſure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greateſt haſte hither, although your ſchool did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. Helſham to ſee and direct you: your ſcheme of riding and country-air you find hath not anſwered, and therefore you have nothing to truſt to but the aſſiſtance of a friendly, ſkilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or not, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at preſent, becauſe the public, and all your family have occaſion for you. Beſides, I do not like the place you are in, from your account, ſince you ſay people are dying there ſo faſt. You cannot afford to loſe daily blood; but I ſuppoſe you are no more regular, than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much, which you propoſe in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God for the ſins of men ſhould continue that life ſo long, I would have it be ſtill inſerted; unleſs you could make it a little ſharper. I own you have too much reaſon to complain of ſome friends

friends, who next to yourſelf have done you moſt hurt, whom ſtill I eſteem and frequent, though I confeſs I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the caſe was not merely perſonal malice to you (although it had the ſame effect) but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented; however it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *Bon mots*, and *Contes à rire* will be much the beſt extant; but you are apt to be terribly ſanguine about the profits of publiſhing: however it ſhall have all the puſhing I can give. I have been much out of order with a ſpice of my giddineſs, which began before you left us: I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I muſt do the beſt I can, but ſhall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England paſſed the exciſe on tobacco, and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by ſome ſpecial friends here to have it the ſame way here. We are ſlaves already. And from my youth upwards, the great wiſe men, whom I uſed to be among, taught me, that a general exciſe (which they now by degrees intend) is the moſt direct and infallible way to ſlavery. Pray G— ſend it them in his juſtice, for they well deſerve it. All your friends and the town are juſt as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horſeback, or dining and ſitting the evening at home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing merely out of indolence, and want of ſpirits. No ſoul has broke his neck, or is hanged,

hanged, or married; only Cancerina * is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without fees. So I am going to take my evening walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wiſh you well and ſafe at home; pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am yours, *&c.*

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot ſtay to mend them.—So pick as you are able.

I am not ſo FRANK a writer as you.

From Lord BATHURST.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN, Cirenceſter, March 29, 1733.

I AM indebted to you for ſeveral ſcraps of paper which you have ſent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an anſwer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands ſignified in your *Penultième*; I attended your cauſe; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no coſts. I ſhould have moved for them, but I had diſtinguiſhed myſelf in preſſing lords to attend, and told ſo many that I had your commands ſo to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody elſe would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you, that you are bound

* One of thoſe poor people to whom the dean uſed to give money when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for diſtinction and partly for humour; Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pull-a-gown-a, Friterilla, Flora, Stumphantha.

in

in conſcience to pay that poor man 100l. He would certainly have had that ſum, if you had not interpoſed in that peremptory manner.

As to your laſt orders, in relation to the Dublin cauſe, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injuſtice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced againſt them, as it is poſſible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in queſtion. I have often reflected, (from what cauſe it ariſes I know not) that though the majority of a ſociety are honeſt men, and would act, ſeparately, with ſome humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know phyſicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good ſort of men: but, was there ever in the world a conſultation of them, that tended to any thing elſe than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing elſe, but to plunder and deſtroy the reſt of mankind? In ſhort, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the two houſes of parliament; and all aſſemblies of divines, whereſoever diſperſed through the Chriſtian world. So much for your Dublin cauſe.

Now, I muſt tell you, I want exceedingly to ſee you here; and I would have you come juſt about Midſummer. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament ſitting, all in a flame about exciſes; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing elſe. I reckon by that time we ſhall ſeparate, and then I come down

down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a ſojourner for three days) and you ſhall be better accommodated than you were laſt time you was here. I can aſſure you, I have made great alterations; and to ſpeak modeſtly, I think I may ſay it is by much the fineſt place in England. What Ireland may produce I cannot tell. Pope has promiſed to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him.

Poor John Gay! we ſhall ſee him no more; but he will always be remembered by thoſe who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I ſuſpect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of yours a great while. And beſides, the greateſt mark of idleneſs that I know, is the minding of other people's buſineſs. You that uſed to be employed in ſupporting or pulling down miniſters, in inſtructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now ſeem to be dwindled into an Iriſh ſolicitor. I expect to ſee you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me ſee you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I uſed to do, I will laugh at you; for I am reſolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

From

From Lord MASHAM.

SIR, London, April 7, 1733.

I HOPE you will excuſe me that I have not anſwered your letter ſooner; but I ſhall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cauſe you mentioned, when it comes into the houſe. I ſhall not fail ſpeaking to thoſe few lords, I can be ſo free with, to attend alſo; and ſhall rejoice if it ſhould be determined to your ſatisfaction: and I have good reaſon to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can intereſt yourſelf in nothing but where juſtice is uppermoſt. We have long flattered ourſelves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am ſure there is no family in this kingdom wiſhes to ſee you more than that of the M——'s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the ſtate of our affairs, in relation to the exciſing tobacco and wine, therefore ſhall not trouble you upon that ſubject; and ſhall only deſire your farther commands wherein I am capable to ſerve you; aſſuring you, that I am, with great eſteem and faith, Sir, your moſt faithful and humble ſervant.

Poſtſcript by Lady MASHAM.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to ſee you again in this part of the world.

Let

Let your friends have that pleaſure; for in doing it you will oblige a vaſt number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble ſervant,

A. MASHAM.

From the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, April 12, 1733.

I RECEIVED yours of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; ſo you ſee you are not the only perſon that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am ſure none worſe than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inſeparable. It is a moſt diſpiriting diſtemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

While I had that very ſincere good friend, I could ſometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and diſſect them; but now they come and go, and I ſeldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was moſt truly every thing you could ſay of him. I have loſt, in him, the uſefulleſt limb of my mind. This is an odd expreſſion; but I cannot explain my notion otherwiſe.

I deny that I am techy; yet am going to ſeem ſo again, by aſſuring you my letters are never falſe copies of my mind. They are often, I believe,

imperfect ones, of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it juſtice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the ſame, yet whatever I write is at that inſtant true. I would rather tell a lie, than write it down; for words are wind 'tis ſaid; but the making a memorandum of one's own falſe heart, would ſtare one in the face immediately, and ſhould put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unſettled way of thinking, and of my ſincerity, I ſhall tell you, that I am not ſo much in the wrong as you obſerved I was in my laſt: for, my regard to you is leſſened extremely, ſince I obſerved you are juſt like moſt other people, *viz.* diſobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what elſe are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wiſh to ſerve you, till you have tried me; till then proteſtations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendſhip of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be ſuſpected. I ſeldom make any for that reaſon; ſo that if I have the peculiar happineſs to have any wiſe and good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but ſure nothing can equal ſuch glory, except that of having the ſilly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no ſuch can depreſs your ſpirits; and if our conſtitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good ſpirits, but preſcribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themſelves more than me. If

they

they give me an ill name (unleſs they have my help) I ſhall not deſerve it. If fools ſhun my company, it is becauſe I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raiſe my ſpirits; and if they wiſh me ill, I will be well and handſome, wiſe and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet ſaw becoming to man or woman, ſo it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the deviliſhneſs of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half ſo much, as unjuſt ill uſage, either directed to myſelf, or my friends. The very reverſe happens to me, when I am too well ſpoken of; for I am ſorry to find I don't deſerve it all. This humbles me as much too much as the other exalts; ſo I hope you will not be too civil, ſince I have declared the conſequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a viſit this ſummer; for, though I have a ſenſible ſatisfaction by converſing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the perſon's face I am ſpeaking to. By that one ſoon learns to ſtop when it is wiſhed, or to mend what is ſaid amiſs.

Your ſtewards will take great care of your money; but you muſt firſt direct us to your friend Mr. Launcelot, and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his ſiſter's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or ſend it to you, juſt as you order. And as to what intereſt is due to you, I ſuppoſe you have kept ſome account.

By this time you muſt be too much tired, to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuſes. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain, whether I know my own mind or not: for ſomething or other often tells me, that I ſhould be very happy to be of any uſe to you. Whether it be true or falſe, neither you or I can be poſitive, till an opportunity ſhews; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, moſt ſincerely yours, *&c.*

From CHARLES FORD, Eſq.

London, April 14, 1733.

I AM extremely concerned to hear the bad ſtate of your health. I have often wiſhed that you would be more moderate in your walks; for, though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking preſcribed for a ſtrain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent ſweats you put yourſelf into, are apt to give colds, and I doubt occaſion much of your other diſorder. I am confident you would find yourſelf better here; and even the journey would be of great uſe to you. I was vaſtly pleaſed to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he ſhould have in ſeeing you this year, that he might ſhew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himſelf ſo well in his public capacity, that whether it be his humility, or his pride, he deſerves to be gratified. I could heartily wiſh your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having loſt half your memory,

and

and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the firſt than moſt men, and of the laſt than any man now alive. While the Exciſes were depending, you were expected every day; for it was ſaid, Why ſhould he not ſhew as much regard for the Liberty of England, as he did for the Money of Ireland? I wiſh you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people were offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the ſcheme left unpuniſhed. It was abſolutely impoſſible to have carried it otherwiſe. You have heard Sir Robert Walpole, and one or two more coming out of the houſe, were inſulted. A few of that rabble have been ſeized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to Exciſes, but an entire dependant upon the outraged perſon. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as univerſal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whoſe owners had ſhewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold Henley what his joking would come to; but the mayor of Southampton immediately printed his real letter, which was ſhort, and extremely proper. His deſigned oponent at the next election, having voted for the exciſe, will not dare to ſhew himſelf in the corporation; and Henley, after the diviſion, thanked him for having, by that vote, beſtowed him fifteen hundred pounds. * * *

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will ſet you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am moſt entirely, your grateful, *&c.*

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

May 1, 1733.

I SHOULD have anſwered yours of the 22d of March long ago, but that I have had ſome troubles and frights. The uneaſineſs I was under made me neglect, what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myſelf; Mrs. Chambers's younger ſiſter, having had the ſmall-pox; but now perfectly well. Mrs. Floyd too has been exceſſively bad with her winter cough and diſpiritedneſs; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of Dorſet bids me preſent his humble ſervice to you, and ſays, the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr. Stafford Lightburn's ſervice. As to the counteſs of Suffolk's affair in diſpute, I cannot poſſibly (according your own juſt rule) be angry, becauſe I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, becauſe you have been ſo much in the wrong, as to condemn her, without the ſhew of juſtice; and I wiſh with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had ſeen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death came; for though you are a proud parſon, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a ſincere,

* Mr. Gay.

good-

good-natured, honeſt one. I am extremely Mrs. Kelly's humble ſervant; but I will never believe ſhe is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland, than ſhe was in England. The exciſe you mention has cauſed great changes here. Some that I am ſorry for; though I will not enter into the merits of the cauſe, becauſe of my averſion for politics. But if you did diſlike it, why did you beſtow ſuch a coſtly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a ſumptuous pile, like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever-honoured old friend; and do not let me ſee any more reſpects or ladyſhips from you.

From Miſs KELLY.

SIR, Jarvis-ſtreet, May 4, 1733.

I AM ſure if you knew what I have ſuffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneaſineſs cannot be expreſſed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greateſt concern; for your friendſhip is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary ſatisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's ſake, forgive what is paſt, and be aſſured my future conduct ſhall be ſuch, that you never again ſhall have cauſe of complaint againſt me.—I own you have reaſon to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the

leaſt intention to offend, I hope it will, in ſome meaſure, leſſen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be ſo good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is ſo much impaired, that it is but too probable that I ſhall not live very long; and methinks it would be very hard to have the ſhort time that is allotted for me made more miſerable than continual ſickneſs can make it. This muſt be the caſe, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: nothing I deſire half ſo much; and do aſſure you, I ſpent ſo bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have had an idea of it, you would have been ſorry for me. You might have ſeen how depreſſed I was at ſupper; but not my indiſpoſition, but your cold behaviour was the real occaſion of it.—What ſhall I ſay, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm reſolution to be upon my guard for the future againſt any inadvertent expreſſions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be ſo good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and, if it is poſſible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappineſs, I muſt beg the favour of you, to ſend me a line to aſſure me of my being pardoned; for my uneaſineſs cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I ſhall have the honour of ſeeing you before

before I go, that I may in perſon acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what ſatisfaction I receive your forgiveneſs; and for God's ſake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldneſs.

I propoſe, when I go to Briſtol, to follow your advice, and ſhould be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to thoſe books that you think moſt proper for me: and if it pleaſe God that I recover, you ſhall find, that by the honour you have done me in adviſing me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I ſhall be more worthy of your eſteem.

I ſhould beg pardon for the length of this, but that I ſtill could write on to aſk your forgiveneſs; who am, Sir, with true reſpect and regard, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, London, May 29, 1733.

YOU will find, to your coſt, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourſelf, not me: had I never known the pleaſure of receiving a letter from you, I ſhould not have perſecuted you now. I think (a little to juſtify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord Bathurſt's hands; he read it before me: I looked ſilly upon his aſking me, What you meant by the

the Foſſet affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diverſion I believe you deſigned it ſhould. We then talked of your vineyard: he ſeemed pleaſed with every ſubject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I ſhould keep them a ſecret, I have ſpoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raiſing people's envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have behaved myſelf right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. Donnellan is much your humble ſervant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

From the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, May 31, 1733.

I AM now again your Tunbridge correſpondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a ſunk fence round the houſe. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inſpecting the work. Since I came here, even I have

I have often got up by ſix in the morning, and the whole houſe are faſt aſleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, ſometimes rather more. We ſometimes ride, though not often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-eaſt winds continually, and ſuch want of rain, that the ground is as hard as iron. I am the moſt temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I ſhall meet with very little reſentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world ſooneſt forgot, and the ſeldomeſt truly reſented. Let that be as it will, ſince health is undoubtedly the moſt valuable thing in life, I ſhall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me conſent to a thing in the world I am moſt averſe to, that is, going to the Spa about a month or ſix weeks hence. I wiſh it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any uſe to you, and that you can order your affairs ſo as to make it poſſible, depend upon it we ſhall make it our ſtudy, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as eaſy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troubleſome diſpoſition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a ſort of dizzineſs, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to ſpell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray underſtand that I, really and truly, do not only ſay, but mean,

that

that I wiſh you could either meet us at the Spa, or at London, to go on with us; and in this I am ſure I ſhall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myſelf enough your friend to reſent it extremely, if you miſs this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in ſpirit, or quarrelling with myſelf for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but inſtantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myſelf; which is of very great uſe to have, provided it is kept within juſt bounds. I ſhall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly eaſy on that account; for I ſaw it before I left London, and heard ſeveral people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened juſt as you ſay. I think you need not be much diſturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philoſophy cannot make ſuch things not be; the moſt it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily ſorry you have any particular occaſion for any. Is your lawſuit ſtill in being? Perhaps I may be impertitent; but I remember you once mentioned ſomething of that kind.

I am pretty well ſatisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I adviſe you to unbend your thoughts, and aſk my advice; if it ſhould prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I ſhould be mighty glad to be of ſervice to you; in making me ſo, you would ſhew kindneſs to the memory

memory of your very ſincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his ſake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your meſſages to lady Catherine and Charlotte as ſoon as poſſible. The firſt I have not converſed with this year and half; I believe ſhe is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is hers. I have a brother, that I dare anſwer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not elſe. I love and honour him, and he deſerves it. When his grace goes to London, which will be very ſoon, your money ſhall be as you ordered. He is mightily ſhocked at ſo many ſpeeches. He is not by juſt now, or undoubtedly he would think you deſerve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuſe.

From Miſs KELLY.

SIR, Briſtol Hot-well, June 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you; but I cannot be ſurprized at that, for ſhe was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but reſpecting and eſteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both gratitude and taſte conſpire to make me truly your friend and ſervant.

I have been, ſince I came here, very lo wſpirited; the companions I had ſome part of my journey leſſened my illneſs, or at leaſt I felt not with them the ſame weight that I did upon their leaving me: and

and I have often wiſhed myſelf again in Ireland to enjoy converſation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for moſt diſorders. This is the dulleſt place that ever was known: there is not above half a dozen families, and thoſe are cits with great fortunes, or Iriſh impertinents: the former deſpiſe one becauſe their cloaths are finer than yours; and the latter have no view in keeping your company, but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: and I thank God I can ſpend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wiſh for ſuch company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who, by character, is a ſecond Æſculapius, and can raiſe people from the dead) is my phyſician, and gives me great hopes of a ſpeedy amendment: and as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at ſix in the morning, breakfaſt at eight, dine at one, and ſup at ſeven, I hope I may in time find ſome benefit: nor do either the aſs's milk or waters diſagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wiſh to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am ſure you would like the ſituation of the houſe that I lodge in: it has the command of ſuch a proſpect, that I ſhould do it injuſtice to attempt to decribe it; but the variety of the ſcene is ſuch, that one diſcovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodneſs to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you ſometimes; for, in reality, nobody

nobody is more ſincerely your well-wiſher than, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to Tallow * makes a very fine figure in print; but, ſince you have made this diſcovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if Dublin be in danger, the deanry houſe cannot be a ſafe retreat for you. I wiſh any thing would ſend Barber here; for I was at the Bath to ſee ſome of my friends, and was forced to ſwear that only the want of health kept her book from being publiſhed. I am ſure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good underſtanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to ſtay while I do: her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's ſon's lady.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

June 5, 1733.

HAS Mr. Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he ſo buſy in meaſuring the water, and caſting a figure to know the exact time when to ſet his friends a ſwimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands. However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will

* The country ſeat of the archbiſhop of Dublin.

be

be ſent to Dublin by next poſt; ſo pray let Mr. Lightburne be ready to make his perſonal appearrance, leſt they ſhould not elſe know how to find him. It was well you needed no interceſſor to his grace; and that the no-promiſe from him, and the one word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been ſo horridly uſed by a naſty griping brother black-coat, in a ſmall three and ſix-pence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I ſhould not have done like you of the faction, revenge myſelf of the innocent, for the ſake of one biſhop and miniſter, that I ſay, has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, juſt as if they had been South-Sea or Eaſt India directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. Floyd to you; ſo, I muſt tell you, ſhe is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily ſorry for your new friend Mrs. Kelly, who writes in a deſponding way to Mrs. Chambers about her health, and talks of going to Spa. This is a melancholy ſubject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will ſay no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you ſoon.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

June 29, 1733.

I DESIRE Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the paper relating to Gulliver, which I left with her huſband. For, ſince you intend to print a new edition of that book, I muſt tell you, that the Engliſh printer made ſeveral alterations which I much diſ-

approve

approve of, and cannot ſet them right without thoſe papers.

If I am not miſtaken, Mr. Pilkington hath an edition of Gulliver, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuſcript; I deſire I may alſo ſee that book. I am,

Your humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

From Miſs KELLY.

DEAR SIR, Briſtol, July 8, 1733.

I CANNOT expreſs how much pleaſure your letter gave me; to ſay that it ſurpaſſed the anxiety your ſilence gave me, is all the deſcription I am able to make. Indeed I had a thouſand fears about you; your health was my firſt care, and yet I thought, that the Gods muſt take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the moſt unworthy member that ever entered into their Society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were uſeleſs to me; and of all our little ſet none remained unbleſſed but myſelf: but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beſide, I muſt be laviſh in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the ſame creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amuſement, and except when health calls me on horſeback, I find my only joys

at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleaſures, by Mrs. Rooke's being ſo good to come down to me; ſhe has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendſhip inſpires. You are ſenſible that two people cannot always like the ſame thing: this we make eaſy, by following our inclinations; for if ſhe likes to walk, ſhe walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happineſs. I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to enquire about you; ſhe ſays, ſhe hears you are coming to England: ſurely if you were, you would tell me ſo; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the ſight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendſhip, increaſe my eſteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my ſecrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneaſineſs from them, and that even your advice could not remove the leaſt painful of them, hindered me from it; for to thoſe I beſt love I ſtill remain upon theſe heads reſerved. Indeed the cauſe of my complaints is of ſuch a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation muſt give one a pain in the very repeating it, that cannot be deſcribed. For ſurely to be the daughter of a colonel Chartres, muſt, to a rational being, give the greateſt anxiety; for who would have

have a father at ſeventy publickly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a Dulcinea del Toboſo is ſhocking, I think. For if a man muſt do wrong, he ſhould aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obſtinately virtuous. In ſhort, dear ſir, I have been fool enough to let ſuch things make an impreſſion on me, which, ſpite of a good conſtitution, much ſpirits, and uſing a great deal of exerciſe, have brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I loſt her in my infancy, and not known her goodneſs) I could ſtill better have borne the ſteps that were taken; but while I ſaw how laviſh he was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half ſtarved abroad. She brought him ſixteen thouſand pounds fortune, and having borne ſevere uſage for near twenty years, had reſolution enough to part with him, and choſe to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* ſeparate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and as ſhe could not live here upon ſuch an income, ſhe has baniſhed herſelf, and lives retired in a country town in France.—His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has ſupplied me well; but in his laſt he tells me he ſhall not ſee me till September.

What you ſay is perfectly right, and I propoſe returning to the club as ſoon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not; for I muſt ſtill purſue this cruel God * that flies me.

* The God of Health poetically expreſſed.

I ſhall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the ſake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the beneſit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters theſe three weeks, I can have no buſineſs here; ſo ſhall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kenſington or Hampſtead with the utmoſt expedition; therefore I muſt beg the favour of you to incloſe your letters for me to William Cleland, Eſq; commiſſioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's Court, Weſtminſter. I have diſobeyed orders in writing ſo long a letter; but I will not do this again: ſo now be ſo good to excuſe the tediouſneſs of, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with lady Weymouth, whoſe fortune was five thouſand pounds, and has for jointure two thouſand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

From

From Lady B—— G——.

Knowle, July 9, 1733.

NOW, ſays Parſon Swift*, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her ſilly ſcribble is worth. Why, ſay I again: Ay, it is the women are always accuſed of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it ſpoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink. My bureau at London is ſo well furniſhed, and his grace and his ſecretary make ſo much uſe of it, that they are often obliged to give me half a crown, that I may not run out my eſtate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleaſes both ſides, and I am very well pleaſed with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment.* Since I have declared my paſſion againſt a biſhop and a parſon, it is but fair, I ſhould tell you the ſtory, whether you care to hear it or not: but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the biſhop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his dioceſe is Peterborough; and therefore having a ſmall park in Northamptonſhire, which I had a mind to increaſe by a ſmall dab of addition, to make my houſe ſtand in the middle of

* The name ſhe called the Dean by, in the ſtanza which ſhe inſerted in his ballad on The Game of Traffic.

it; three ſhillings and ſix-pence worth of land *per annum*, at the largeſt computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parſon, (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes for a Sunday dinner, and ſays he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a houſe and ground that lets for 40 s. a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vaſt favour. And the biſhop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by ſending commiſſioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; beſides a great dinner for his naſty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will ſay, if I will have my fancies I muſt pay for them; ſo I will ſay no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near ſo well as ſhe ſays; and a gentleman that came from Briſtol, ſays ſhe looks dreadfully, and fears it is almoſt over with her, and that no mortal could know her; ſo ends youth and beauty! that is ſuch a moral reflexion, that leſt it ſhould make you melancholy, I will tell you ſomething to pleaſe you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not ſeen her ſo well this great while; but winter is always her bane, ſo I ſhall live in dread of that.

In your next, I deſire to know what I am in your debt for my ſiſter's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old well beloved friend.

From

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, Gloceſter, July 21, 1733.

MAY I ſay, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in anſwering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I aſſure you, that I think myſelf made happy by ſuch a diſtinction. It was ſtupidity in me not to let you know where to addreſs to me, but I don't repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am reſolved to be even with you for what you ſay about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as careleſly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourſelf. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleaſed to ſpeak of me with ſome regard; I give them leave to exerciſe their malice on an occaſion that does me ſo much honour. I proteſt I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openneſs and ſincerity by correcting what you diſapprove of. And ſince I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is falſe ſpelt, and for my bad Engliſh; you ſee what you are like to ſuffer: if this promiſes you too much trouble, don't give me ſo much encouragement in your next letter; for upon ſomething in your laſt, I have almoſt perſuaded

myſelf, that by your aſſiſtance, and my own earneſt deſire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity ſtands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thouſand agreeable promiſes; without her encouragement I ſhould never have preſumed to correſpond with the Dean of St. Patrick's. Some ſay, ſhe is a miſchievous companion; I ſwear ſhe is a pleaſant one: you muſt not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received ſome marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended lord and lady Weymouth down to Long-Leat, and left them with a proſpect of as much happineſs as matrimony can give; they are pleaſed with one another at preſent, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady Carteret are both ſatisfied with the diſpoſal of their daughter in ſo advantageous a ſtation. Common report wrongs my lord Weymouth; for which reaſon, as I am his friend, I muſt tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for ſenſe; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his ſtable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hoſpitable good houſe, and is always ready to relieve thoſe in diſtreſs: his lady Dr. Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long-Leat laſt Saturday, and am now at Gloceſter with my mother and ſiſter. My lord Bathurſt was here about a fortnight ago; I was ſorry to miſs of him: I have a double reaſon for liking his company. He

has

has made me promiſe to pay him a viſit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I ſhall with great reſignation ſubmit to any puniſhment you convey through his hands. I wiſh you could make your words good, and that I was a ſorcereſs, I ſhould then ſet all my charms to work to bring you to England, and ſhould expect a general thankſgiving for employing my ſpells to ſo good a purpoſe. The Syren has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly: ſhe is extremely obliged to you for remembring her ſo favourably. I am glad Mr. Donnellan pleaſes you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a moſt deſerving young man. My lord Lanſdown is much at your ſervice, laments the days that are paſt, and we conſtantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and ſparkling as your wit. Lord and lady Carteret, and my lady Worſley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wiſhes to mine for your coming among us. I requeſt it of you to make my humble ſervice acceptable to thoſe friends of yours that are ſo good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleaſed to direct for me at Mrs. Granville's, Gloceſter.

To the BISHOP of CLOGHER*.

MY LORD, July, 1733.

I HAVE been often told, by ſome of our common acquaintance, that you have ſometimes expreſſed your wonder, "that I never waited on you "for ſome years paſt, as I uſed to do for many "years before; and that you could not gueſs the "reaſon, becauſe, to your knowledge, you never "once diſobliged me." As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the uſual occurrences of life, without any fault on either ſide, I never intended to ſay or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a deſire of finding matter to juſtify you to your friends here, as well as to myſelf; becauſe I always wiſhed you well, and becauſe I have been more than once inſtrumental to your ſervice. When I firſt came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterwards chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was choſen dean, in which election I was the moſt buſy of all your ſolicitors. When the compromiſe was made between the government and you, to make you eaſy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you abſolutely and frequently promiſed to give me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: but you thought fit, by concert

* Dr. John Sterne.

with

with the archbiſhop, to hold it yourſelf, and apply the revenue to build another church; againſt which it became me to ſay nothing, being a party concerned and injured; although it was generally thought by others, as well as myſelf, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent, to build a church with the revenue of the miniſter. I deſire no thanks for being inſtrumental in your next promotion; becauſe, as things then ſtood, I conſulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reſide at my poſt, yet with ſome kind of hopes of getting ſome credit with you; very unwiſely: becauſe, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, "That I would always reſpect you, "but never hope for the leaſt friendſhip from "you." But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your houſe; and ſince you were a biſhop, have once or twice recommended perſons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: which availed ſo little, that thoſe very perſons had the greateſt ſhare of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being inſtrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averſe from mingling with multitudes and ſtrangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hoſpitality, rather than purchaſe a ſhare of it at ſo dear a rate. This is the hiſtory of my conduct with regard to your lordſhip: and it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner; for, otherwiſe,

otherwiſe, when thoſe two abominable bills, for enſlaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordſhip's name among the biſhops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to diſcover ſuch marks of indignation, horror, and deſpair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a perſon of your ſtation: for, I call God to witneſs, that I did then, and do now, and ſhall for ever, firmly believe, that every biſhop, who gave his vote for either of theſe bills, did it with no other view (bating farther promotion) than a premeditated deſign, from the ſpirit of ambition, and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their ſlaves and vaſſals, until the day of judgement, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for thoſe who will anſwer now, as they muſt at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of conſideration, hope of future promotion (an argument not to be conquered) or the perſuaſion of cunninger brethren than themſelves; when I ſaw a biſhop, whom I had known ſo many years, fall into the ſame ſnare, which word I uſe in partiality to your lordſhip. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almoſt the whole bench, to deſtroy the church, I reſolved to have no more commerce with perſons of ſuch prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiſs their ſlipper. It is happy for me that I know the perſons of very

few biſhops; and it is my conſtant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that ſuch a ſight would ſtrike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your lordſhip of a deſire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from ſome of whom I received the following account: That you have the great tithes of two livings in your dioceſe, which were let to ſome fanatic knight, whoſe name I forget. It ſeems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourſelf, which was to give up thoſe tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatic's leaſe being near out) either for a very ſmall reſerved rent, or entirely, provided you could do ſo without leſſening the revenue of the ſee. And the condition was, that your tenants among them ſhould raiſe the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatic paid you for both the ſaid pariſhes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving ſo generous a propoſal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when ſuddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the leaſe to the ſame fanatic for three hundred pounds fine. The reaſons of this ſingular action are ſaid to be two: the firſt is, that you declared you wanted power to reſiſt the temptation of ſuch a fine; the other, that you were diſſuaded from it by ſome of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill conſequence, if it ſhould be followed by others. This

laſt

laſt I do not in the leaſt wonder at, becauſe ſuch advice is of the ſame leaven with the two enſlaving and beggaring bills. I profeſs to your lordſhip, that I have no other motive in deſiring to be ſatisfied upon this point, than a reſolution to juſtify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

From the Biſhop of CLOGHER*.

Mr. DEAN, Clogher, June 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date, and ſhould, it may be, out of good manners have anſwered it long ſince; but I thought it would be better to delay the anſwer I was then able to make, to our firſt private meeting, which I thought might be ſoon; and for the ſame reaſon that delayed me then, I ſhall put off my defence till I have the pleaſure of half an hour's private converſation with you, when I think I ſhall be able to clear myſelf from the heavy charges you bring againſt me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I ſhall, in anſwer to your laſt, which I received by laſt poſt, return you my thanks for your having taken the ſame care about the ſixty pounds, which at your requeſt I lent Joe Beaumont, whoſe circumſtances at that time I was pretty much a ſtranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the ſame occaſion; and as this ſhall ſerve for a full diſcharge of all demands I

* Dr. Sterne.

have

have on Joe's execution *. ſo I ſhall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of diſpoſing of that ſum of fifty pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable uſe you ſhall judge proper, and that I deſire may be without any mention of my name.

If you deſire an acquittance in any other form, be pleaſed to draw one, and I will ſign it. I ſhall be proud of a viſit in this mountainous country, being, notwithſtanding any coolneſs or miſunderſtanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and ſervant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

To Mrs. CÆSAR.

MADAM,

AMONG a few little vexations, ſuch as beggary, ſlavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, oppreſſion, and ſome other trifles of the like nature, that we philoſophers ought to deſpiſe; two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great diſtance, are ſtill ſo kind as to remember me; and I was always proud, and pleaſed to a great degree, that you happened to be one, ſince conſtancy is, I think, at leaſt as ſeldom found in friendſhip as in love. Mrs. Barber, when I ſee her, is always telling me wonders of the continual

* This execution was againſt the heirs or repreſentatives of Mr. Beaumont, who had died ſeveral years before the date of this letter.

favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interpoſition, the ſucceſs of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey; and I muſt bear the load of this obligation, without the leaſt poſſibility of ever returning it, otherwiſe than by my beſt wiſhes for the proſperity and health of you and your family: for, in ſpite of all your good words, I am the moſt inſignificant man of this moſt inſignificant country. I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months paſt, by an unlucky ſtrain, which prevented the honour and happineſs I propoſed to myſelf of waiting on you often during this laſt ſummer: and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's noſe; yet I flatter myſelf, that next ſpring I may take one voyage more, when you will ſee me altered in every diſpoſition of body and mind, except in my reſpects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr. Pope's compliment which I cannot make you; for I could not with the ſtricteſt ſearch find one letter too many in any of your words, although I found a thouſand words too few in your letter; therefore, I accepted and underſtood it only as a billet juſt writ while Mrs. Barber ſtood by in her hood and ſcarf, juſt ready to take her leave and begin her journey: and what is worſe, I ſuſpect that ſhe was forced to ſolicit you long, becauſe ſhe wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that ſhe was not an impoſtor.

I will not ſay one word in Mrs. Barber's behalf, for ſhe will always continue to deſerve your protection

tection, and therefore ſhe may be ſure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope Mr. Cæſar is in good health, and deſire he will accept the offer of my moſt humble ſervice, with my hearty wiſhes for your whole family.

I am, with true reſpect,
Madam,
Your moſt obedient, and
moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

To the Same.

MADAM, Dublin, July 30, 1733.

I COULD not let Mrs. Barber leave us for good-and-all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and conſtant lover: ſhe hath been afflicted with ſo many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her ſpirits ſunk; neither can I well blame her, conſidering her grand affair of ſubſcriptions muſt needs have ſlackened in her abſence. Neither could ſhe be in much diſpoſition to increaſe her volumes, for health and good humour are two ingredients abſolutely neceſſary in the poetical trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her ſpirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine ſhe looks on you as her chief patroneſs; becauſe, although ſhe be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I obſerve your name moſt often in her mouth. I wiſh it were in

my power to take the ſame journey; but neither my health, nor the bad ſtate of my private affairs, will give me power or leave; I cannot make ſhift, nor bear fatigue as I uſed to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I muſt have two ſervants, and three horſes, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church-rents would never be paid in my abſence. My lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope preſs me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philoſopher; he dines at ſix in the evening, after ſtudying all the morning until the afternoon; and, when he hath dined, to his ſtudies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always ſome poetical ſcheme in his head. Thus the two beſt companions and friends I ever had, have utterly diſqualified themſelves for my converſation, and my way of living. Mr. Pope, who had often promiſed to paſs a ſummer ſeaſon with me here, if he out-lived his mother, ſoon after her death waved the faireſt opportunity of performing his promiſe two months ago, of coming over with eaſe, and in company of dean Cotterel * and his ſiſter; he ſaid, we ſhould kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the Deanry-houſe: He would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable perſons, and of both ſexes, with whom to converſe; I chid him ſoundly in my laſt letter, for his want of friendſhip or reſolution.

* Afterwards biſhop of Leighlin and Ferns.

You

You ſee, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myſelf in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon ſecond thoughts, it is not true, for I ſhould be much better pleaſed to be your hearer. However, I ſhould certainly aſk you a thouſand queſtions, concerning yourſelf, and Mr. Cæſar, and your whole family. I have received ſo much friendſhip and ſo many civilities from you both, that I ſhall ever own my obligations; which are much increaſed by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity, with telling me that you did not receive her worſe for her being recommended by me; yet, I confeſs, her expreſſions were in ſomewhat ſtronger terms. Pray God bleſs you and your whole family. I deſire you will preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Mr. Cæſar.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,
Madam,
Your moſt obedient, and
moſt obliged humble ſervant,
JON. SWIFT.

From the LORD-MAYOR of London *.

SIR, Goldſmiths Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not anſwering it ſooner.

* Alderman Barber.

I agree with you, that I had the happineſs of learning honeſt principles early, from a ſet of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: and it is my greateſt glory, that in the late affair of the Exciſe Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honeſt man in my ſtation would have done) I acted conſiſtent with thoſe honeſt principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I ſpeak it with great ſincerity, that when I conſider how ſparingly you and ſome other friends have ever been of your praiſes, your approbation affords me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchaſe.

My lord Orrery's amiable qualities muſt make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly ſo with us; and when he comes over, "your loſs "will be our gain," as the proverb ſays.

I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expences; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have preſented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I deſign to make fifty; which ſum has but one precedent: generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally eſteemed.

I ſhall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and ſhall not fail of doing her any ſervice in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my foe, for I have had no death happened

pened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made 500 l. in all. But my friends ſay, it is made up in fame.

I am very ſorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myſelf with being very happy with you and ſome friends, on the important ſubject of the Cap of Maintenance, Cuſtard, the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord-mayor's houſe; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't deſpair of ſeeing you ſettled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't ſtart! ſtranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelſea, Gower and Mr. Pulteney; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord Carteret inſtantly toaſted your health; and you were the ſubject of converſation for an hour. I ſhewed them your letter. I dare not mention what paſſed, becauſe I know I ſhall offend your modeſty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all ſwore, that if ever the wind ſhould change, they would not long be deprived of the greateſt genius of the age. The converſation turning on another ſubject, Lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and ſo you ſhould find on all occaſions, and that he toaſted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ——

I dined yeſterday with lord Bolingbroke only; he complains you don't write to him: he is well.

They ſay you are making intereſt for my brother of Dublin to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the ſame for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himſelf well*, I hear; if it is proper, my ſervice to him.

What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of the Iriſh, is falſe and ſcandalous; I never uſed ſuch an expreſſion in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Iriſh.

Pray God reſtore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

From Miſs KELLY.

London, Aug. 12, 1733.

I AM truly ſorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you ſo long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wiſh you. For God's ſake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Conſider how dear you are to your friends; but if that won't do, let the deteſtation you muſt feel, from giving pleaſure to the unworthy, make you careful

* This was Alderman French, an iron-monger, ſuppoſed by Dr. Swift, and all others, to be one of the greateſt magiſtrates that ever lived in any age or nation.

of

of yourſelf. Indeed I ſhould be glad to make you ſenſible, that you are valued by all that have a taſte for merit; and I ſhould be very much pleaſed, if you would think you owe ſo much to them, that you would, for their ſakes, preſerve yourſelf. Believe me, Sir, illneſs is not to be trifled with: I can ſpeak on this ſubject as an experienced perſon; and I earneſtly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be aſſured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

To the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD, Dublin, Aug. 20, 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein ſhe deſires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordſhip; and ſeems in pain to know how far ſhe may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and ſhe thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the ſurpriſing inſtances of your generoſity and favour that ſhe has already received, and which ſhe has been ſo unfaſhionable to publiſh wherever ſhe goes. This makes her apprehend, that all ſhe can ſay to your lordſhip's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the ſtyle and title of gratitude.

I ſent her word, that I could be of no ſervice to her upon this article: yet I confeſs, my lord, that

all thoſe who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a ſincere, but overflowing ſpirit of thankfulneſs, as well as to the humble opinion ſhe has of herſelf. Although the world in general may poſſibly continue in its uſual ſentiments, and liſt her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the moſt mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of ſetting out your lordſhip's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reaſons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and God forbid, that your character ſhould not have a much ſtronger ſupport. You are hourly gaining the love, eſteem, and reſpect of wiſe and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confeſs the number is not great; but that is not your lordſhip's fault, and therefore, in reaſon, you ought to be contented.

I gueſs the topics ſhe intends to inſiſt on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generoſity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compaſſion for this: the goodneſs of your nature, your humility, modeſty, and condeſcenſion; your moſt agreeable converſation, ſuited to all tempers, conditions, and underſtandings: perhaps ſhe may be ſo weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Chriſtian, according to the doctrine of the church eſtabliſhed in both kingdoms.

Theſe,

Theſe, and other topics, I imagine Mrs. Barber deſigns to inſiſt on, in the dedication of her Poems to your lordſhip; but I think ſhe will better ſhew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot diſapprove of her ambition, ſo juſtly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the ſame time declare my opinion, that ſhe deſerves your protection on account of her wit and good ſenſe, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read moſt of her poems; and believe your lordſhip will obſerve, that they generally contain ſomething new and uſeful, tending to the reproof of ſome vice or folly, or recommending ſome virtue. She never writes on a ſubject with general unconnected topics, but always with a ſcheme and method driving to ſome particular end; wherein many writers in verſe, and of ſome diſtinction, are ſo often known to fail. In ſhort, ſhe ſeems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her ſex, or the ſcene ſhe has acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am aſſured, that no woman was ever more uſeful to her huſband in the way of his buſineſs. Poetry has only been her favourite amuſement; for which ſhe has one qualification, that I wiſh all good poets poſſeſſed a ſhare of, I mean, that ſhe is ready to take advice, and ſubmit to have her verſes corrected by thoſe who are generally allowed to be the beſt judges.

I have, at her intreaty, ſuffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public: for which I ought to deſire your

lordſhip's

lordſhip's pardon: but ſhe was of opinion it might do her ſome ſervice, and therefore I complied. I am, my Lord, with the trueſt eſteem and reſpect, your lordſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

From Mrs. DONNELLAN.

SIR, London, Sept. 22, 1733.

KNOWING your great eſteem and tenderneſs for Miſs Kelly, and that there is no one whom ſhe has ſo high an opinion of, or whoſe advice would ſway ſo much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think ſhe wants the aſſiſtance and counſel of her beſt and wiſeſt friend. As ſhe has been ſo good to diſtinguiſh me among her female acquaintance, and to ſhew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as ſhe has a natural cloſeneſs, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe ſhe does not open herſelf entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worſe way than when ſhe came to London: ſhe has ſtill a ſlow fever, a violent cough, great and almoſt continual ſickneſs in her ſtomach, and, added to all theſe, a very great dejection of ſpirit; which laſt, I can't but think, proceeds in a good meaſure from diſcontent and uneaſineſs of mind; and the phyſicians are of the ſame opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cauſe, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the aſſiſtance of friends, be remedied.

I know

I know when a young perſon ſhews any diſcontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cauſe for it but a diſappointment in love: I really think that is not Miſs Kelly's caſe: I have tried her to the uttermoſt on that ſubject, and I can't find ſhe has any attachment to any particular perſon, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her preſent uneaſineſs to proceed from, is the unkindneſs in general of her parents, and the fear of not being ſupported by her father in the way ſhe likes, and as her preſent bad ſtate of health indeed requires. She has a high ſpirit, and can't bear to be obliged to her friends, and ſhe has not been much uſed to management. She is here in a very expenſive way, with her ſickneſs, her ſervants, and horſes; and I believe ſhe would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the ſame time ſhe has reaſon to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not ſupport her in it: ſhe has not heard from him theſe two months; and the letters ſhe had from him at Briſtol, were warning her not to marry without his conſent, enjoining her not to go to publick places, and above all, to ſpend little money; very odd ſubjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his reſolutions in relation to her, and if there be any that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greateſt danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money

ney ill employed to ſave it. If at the ſame time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great uſe, either to make her bear, with leſs uneaſineſs, the ills of this life, or, if it pleaſe God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her ſpirits are low; and upon every little diſappointment, her paſſions riſe high: you know, Sir, how beſt to apply to theſe. She is at Hampſtead quite alone; and although her phyſicians deſire much ſhe ſhould come to town, ſhe cannot be prevailed on to think of it; ſhe deſires to be alone: even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom ſhe calls her beſt friends, are troubleſome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I deſire this letter may be a ſecret, and eſpecially to the perſon concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of uſe on this ſubject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you pleaſe for me, under cover, To Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit-ſtreet. I ſhould beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendſhip to Miſs Kelly will be my excuſe. I am ſorry to write on ſo melancholy a ſubject, and which I am ſure muſt give you uneaſineſs; but, pleaſed with any opportunity of aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

From

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, Gloceſter, Oct. 24, 1733.

I CAN'T imagine how my lord Orrery came by my laſt letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more conſequence to you: if it had that effect, I wiſh this may meet with the ſame fortune.

If I were writing to a common correſpondent, I ſhould now make a fine flouriſh to excuſe myſelf for not ſooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I muſt deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now don't be angry) that the fear of tiring you ſtopt my hand. I value your correſpondence ſo highly, that I think of every way that may preſerve it, and one is, not to be too troubleſome.

Now I can't gueſs how you will take this laſt paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or ſilly, I will endeavour not to offend in the ſame manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myſelf: your ways of making compliments are dangerous ſnares, and I don't know how to guard againſt the pleaſure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adverſity.

The cold weather, I ſuppoſe, has gathered together Dr. Delany's ſet: the next time you meet, may

may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with ſo much pleaſure, as what I received from that company; it has made me very ſincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have loſt in inſignificant converſation.

I am very much concerned at the diſorder you complain of. I hope you ſubmit to take proper care of yourſelf; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my ſatisfaction.

A few days before I had your laſt letter, my ſiſter and I made a viſit to my lord and lady Bathurſt at Cirenceſter. Oakly wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his houſe through his park and wood is five miles long: the whole contains five thouſand acres. We ſtaid there a day and half: the wood is extremely improved ſince you ſaw it; and when the whole deſign is executed, it will be one of the fineſt places in England. My lord Bathurſt talked with great delight of the pleaſure you once gave him by ſurpriſing him in his wood, and ſhewed me the houſe where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conſcious of the honour it had received by entertaining ſo illuſtrious a gueſt, it burſt with pride. My lord Bathurſt has greatly improved the wood-houſe, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Iriſh cabbin. It is now a venerable caſtle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king Arthur's, "with thicket overgrown groteſque and wild." I

endeavoured to ſketch it out for you; but I have not ſkill enough to do it juſtice. My lord Bathurſt was in great ſpirits; and though ſurrounded by candidates and voters againſt next parliament, made himſelf agreeable in ſpite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of Naboth's vineyard * and Delville †. I have not ſeen him ſince, though he promiſed to return my viſit.

All the Beau monde flock to London to ſee her royal highneſs ‖ diſpoſed of; while I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the converſation of a country girl my ſiſter, to all the pomp and ſplendour of the Court. Is this virtue or ſtupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Chriſtmas. I ſhall ſpend one month in my way to London at Long-Leat: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreaſonable of me to begin a fourth page; but 'tis a hard taſk to retire from the company one likes beſt. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

* Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr. Swift.

† Dr. Delany's beautiful villa about a mile from Dublin.

‖ The late princeſs of Orange.

From

From the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Nov. 3, 1733.

I WAS mightily pleaſed to receive a letter from you laſt poſt; yet I am ſo ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deſerve. The cruelleſt revenge that one can poſſibly inflict (without hurting one's ſelf) is, that of being doubly diligent to thoſe who neglect one, in order to ſhock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myſelf, and that ſtrong appearances are againſt me, I muſt defend myſelf, and then you'll own I do not quite deſerve chaſtiſement.

The poſt before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I deſigned to have anſwered before I left London and England; but was hindered from both, for ſome time, by an expreſs, which hurried us down to Wincheſter ſchool, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, till I came to Spa, we were never at home; and as ſoon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been ſtill upon the ramble. After all, theſe are not very ſubſtantial good reaſons; but, upon my word, I did deſign it; in order to which, two days ago I waſhed the mould out of my inkhorn, put freſh ink into it, and promiſed myſelf to write to you this very poſt. Pleaſing myſelf with the fancy,

fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you ſtill in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not poſſibly fail to gain credit, if you could conceive the great ſatisfaction your letters give me. I have ſeldom met with any half ſo converſible. I do not only pity, but grieve at thoſe complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thouſand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was, and am really ſorry, that you could not go with us to the Spa. I am confident it muſt have done you good. I cannot deſcribe the vaſt difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am ſtill much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly leſſened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, ſo have not time to think of anſwering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater aſſurance deſire you to believe, that I am, with great conſtancy, regard, and reſpect, yours, *&c.*

From CHARLES FORD, Eſq.

London, Nov. 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyſhire, from whence I came laſt week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill ſtate of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was ſo long without the

pleaſure of hearing from you. Thoſe ſort of diſorders puzzle the phyſicians every where; and they are mercileſs dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpoſe, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wiſh you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the beſt medicine for ſtrengthening the ſtomach; and moſt diſtempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul ſtomach, but they are certainly the worſt things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to ſee your works collected, and publiſhed with care. It is become abſolutely neceſſary, ſince that jumble with Pope, *&c.* in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reaſon why, at this diſtance of time, the Examiners, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inſerted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and moſt of them ſingle beſides. I lent Mr. Corbet that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every ſingle alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all thoſe errors, which ſhould be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, ſo that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be underſtood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the ſecond edition, which is much more correct than the firſt, and tranſcribe all the alterations more clearly. I ſhall be at a loſs how to ſend it afterwards, unleſs

I am

I am directed to ſomebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here now by ſubſcription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. Croſthwaite * will pay for me.

The diſſenters were certainly promiſed, that the Teſt Act ſhould be repealed this ſeſſion in Ireland; I ſhould be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made towards it; and how it is like to ſucceed.

We have loſt miſs Kelly, who they ſay was deſtroyed by the ignorance of an Iriſh phyſician, one Gorman. Doctor Beaufort was ſent for when ſhe was dying, and found her ſpeechleſs and ſenſeleſs.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a moſt univerſal applauſe. He has ſhewn himſelf to have the beſt underſtanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honeſty. There is no doubt of his being choſen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is ſomething the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's ſake try to keep up your ſpirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preſerve them, even with wine, than to let them ſink. Divert yourſelf with Mrs. Worral, at backgammon. Find out ſome new country to travel in: any thing to amuſe. Nothing

* Mr. Ford's ſteward.

can contribute ſooner than cheerfulneſs to your recovery; which that it may be very ſpeedy, is ſincerely the thing in the world moſt wiſhed for by, your ever obliged, &c.

From the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

I HAVE only ſtaid to give time for my letter's getting to you. There is ſome ſatisfaction in ſitting down to write, now that I am ſomething leſs in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To ſpeak ſeriouſly, I muſt love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do ſincerely take great pleaſure in converſing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both ſides of my ears, as the ſaying is. For I did not cut and curl my hair like a ſheep's head, or wear one of their trolloping ſacks; and by not ſo doing, I did give ſome offence.

We have ſeen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleaſant countries. I like Flanders in particular, becauſe it is the likeſt to England. The inns were very unlike thoſe at home, being much cleaner and better ſerved; ſo that here I could not maintain my partiality with common juſtice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill ſpent time fruitleſly than any one has to ſpare: they are the only people I ever ſaw that were quite without a genius

to

to be civil when they had a mind to be ſo. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phraſes in uſe. The French people we met, are quite of another turn, polite and eaſy; one is the natural conſequence of the other, though a ſecret that few have diſcovered. I can bring you an Iriſh witneſs (if that be ſufficient) that I have wiſhed for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spa, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as faſt as I did; and you are a baſe man to ſay, that any ſuch impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were ſure of a welcome ſhare in every thing we had. It were unneceſſary to ſay this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am ſtrongly adviſed to, though I ſhould not much want it, and I am not averſe: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wiſe, but on the road nothing comes amiſs. At Calais we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning diſtemper, you may imagine, how I muſt be alarmed at this ſudden alteration, till I happily recollected two inſtances, where I was myſelf. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and half after we had fifty times told him, that we poſitively would go on. The other, at Amſterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed, there was nothing worth ſeeing; though, beſide the town,

which far ſurpaſſed my imagination, there happened to be a moſt famous fair. It is long ſince thoſe two verſes of Dryden's Cymon are ſtrictly applicable to me:

> Her corn and cattle are her only care,
> And her ſupreme delight a country fair.

I ſhall forget to name my Iriſh friend: it is Mr. Coote. He is, in all appearance, a modeſt, well-bred, ſplenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of theſe qualifications more than was pleaſant, and ſo we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleaſed with him. He ſeems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for ſenſe, or good humour. I tell you, that I do uſe exerciſe; deſignedly, never eat or drink what can diſagree with me, but am no more certain of my ſtomach than of my mind; at ſometimes proof againſt any thing, and at other times too eaſily ſhocked; but time and care can certainly make a ſtrong defence. I will obey your commands, and ſo will his grace, concerning Mrs. Barber, as ſoon as we come to London, where we ſtayed but three days. We are now at Ameſbury; but pray, direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for, as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little intereſt. I will believe every thing you ſay of her, though I have hitherto ever had a natural averſion to a poeteſs.

I am

I am come almoſt to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuſe to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happineſs attend you ever. I fear I have written ſo very ill, that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much yours.

From Mrs. PRATT.

SIR, London, Nov. 10, 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleaſure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whoſe turn ſeems to confirm the good impreſſion you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wiſhes to ſerve her, and alſo my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of ſeeing you on this ſide of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of converſation abounding here, be ſome kind of inducement to your coming among us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your diſtinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amuſement of your mind, as a journey and exerciſe would to your bodily health. I would uſe every argument I could think of to invite you

hither, and conſequently to preſerve a life ſo beneficial to the public, and ſo dear to all your friends. You have a ſpirit that ſhould prevail againſt indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furniſh you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a ſhining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reaſonable obligation; as in that caſe, like Pitt's diamond, you would ſtand alone. I wiſh I had a houſe in ſome meaſure worthy to entertain a gueſt that ſhould be ſo welcome to me. You ſurprize me greatly in telling me that my lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been ſome time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you ſend to my lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you? You ſee I want none to embrace the opportunity of aſſuring you, that I am, with great eſteem, reſpect, and affection, your very obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

From the late Lord-Mayor of London [Alderman BARBER.]

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this firſt opportunity to pay my reſpects to you, Sir, which I beg

I beg pardon for not doing ſooner. The tranſition from Goldſmiths-Hall to Queen-Square is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the conſtant hurry, noiſe, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in oppoſition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly muſt be ſtrangers to the great pleaſure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do juſtice to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

Of the city.	£	s.	d.	
Salary - - - - - - -	20	0	0	
Gratuity - - - - - -	25	0	0	
Gratuity extraordinary -	21	0	0	
				66 0 0
From my lord-mayor - - - -				50 0 0
Five ſermons preached before the mayor				10 0 0
For a copy of one ſermon printed -				04 0 0
				£ 130 0 0

St. Paul's happened to be ſhut up in the Summer for two months, when the mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, becauſe I know your great punctuality in things

of

of this nature, as well as to do myſelf juſtice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had pleaſed to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man (for I had more for ſhow than buſineſs) nor given the extravagant ſum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have ſaved ſomething in thoſe articles. Had he lived in the city, I ſhould now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the reſt into that of Mr. Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependences.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman Champion, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what ſervice I can.

Thus, Sir, I have diſcharged myſelf of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your ſatisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myſelf.

All your friends in town are well, and in high ſpirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat ſome cuſtard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next Summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's ſucceſs. I know you don't deal in news, ſo I ſend

you

you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greateſt ſincerity, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr. Pilkington ſhould ſend his wife home in the midſt of winter, or why he ſhould ſtay here an hour after her, are queſtions not eaſily anſwered. I am not of his counſel.

From the Counteſs of GRANVILLE*.

DEAR SIR, Hawnes, Nov. 27, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and ſhall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Chriſtian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My ſon, my daughter, and all our olive branches ſalute you moſt tenderly. I never wiſhed ſo much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with freſh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes † in your

* 'Grace, widow and relict of George lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville earl of Bath. She was created viſcounteſs Carteret, and counteſs Granville, 1ſt Jan. 1714-15, with limitation of thoſe honours to her ſon John, the late earl.'

† 'A ſeat of lord Carteret, late earl Granville, in Bedfordſhire.'

road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's

Moſt obedient humble ſervant,

GRANVILLE.

From Mrs. CONDUITT*.

SIR, George-Street, Nov. 29, 1733.

MRS. Barber did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her ſex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and ſhall have my beſt aſſiſtance. But the town has been ſo long invited into the ſubſcription, that moſt people have already refuſed or accepted, and Mr. Conduitt has long ſince done the latter.

I ſhould have gueſſed your holineſs would rather have laid than called up the ghoſt of my departed friendſhip, which ſince you are brave enough to face, you will find diveſted of every terror, but the remorſe that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourſelf. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to ſerve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchaſe; therefore when you return to England, I ſhall try to excel in what I am very

* Thus endorſed by the Doctor, "My old friend Mrs Barton, now Mrs. Conduitt."

ſorry

ſorry you want, a nurſe; in the mean time I am exerciſing that gift to preſerve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verſes upon Dr. Sherwin for publiſhing (as 'tis ſaid) his lordſhip's epiſtle; which muſt have ſet your brother Pope's ſpirits all a working.

Thomſon is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the preſent times, which, if we may judge from the preſs, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnaſſus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Pleaſe therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no intereſt, and to add to your prayers and good wiſhes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had ſent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet ſent me her propoſals.

From CHARLES COOTE, Eſq.

SIR, London, Dec. 13, 1733.

BEING indebted ſolely to you for a moſt valuable acquaintance with the duke and ducheſs of Queenſberry, and ſome other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common ſtratagem of mine, and has always ſucceeded,

ceeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to ſome degree of perſonal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it moſt of the agreeable hours I paſſed at Spa this Summer, where they were. I had ſtrong temptations, eſpecially at that diſtance, to give myſelf high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a moſt obliging manner, was enough to do my buſineſs, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the moſt agreeable woman in England, though ſhe were not the handſomeſt, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking-ſtick, the manufacture of Spa, where ſhe had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; ſo that I muſt ſend it to you by the firſt proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleaſure in knowing it, and hers, when you ſhall acknowledge it. If I can be of any ſort of ſervice to you on this ſide, your commands will find me at St. James's Coffeehouſe. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

CHARLES COOTE.

From

From Dr. SHERIDAN*.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 20, 1733.

YOURS I received, and if it *was* not that I have *a good deal of company* to *ſup* at my houſe upon *beef griſkins*, I would go and play a game of back-gammon *with* Mr. *Worral*'s tables, and be *after winning* ſome of Mrs. *Worral*'s *coin*; I would not *fear* to win *a crown-piece* of her money by playing *ſix-pence halfpenny a time*. She is a very *good body*, and one that I have *a great value for*: I wiſh my *ſpouſe* were but half as good, but of *this* I ſhall ſay nothing more till *meeting*. I hope my goſſip *Delany*'s ſpouſe is upon the *mending hand*, for they tell me ſhe has been lately much *out of order*. She is as good a woman as ever *breathed*, and it is a *thouſand pities* that any thing ſhould *ail her*. God Almighty *wiſh her well*; for I am ſure if ſhe *went off*, the doctor would not meet with *her fellow*. I hope nothing *ails her* but a *bruſh*.

To-morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gwyre*: if you will *make one*, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father*; for no body *ſpeaks better of you* than they. My humble ſervice to all friends and to yourſelf, is the requeſt of yours to command,

THADY O SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis-Street*.

* Indorſed, "Dr. Sheridan's inſolence in preſuming to anſwer my eloquent Hyberniciſms."

To

To Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, 1733.

YOU muſt ſhake off the leavings of your ſex, If you cannot keep a ſecret, and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my ſphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; thoſe who are otherwiſe, may be very ſafe from any lectures of mine: I ſhould rather chooſe to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to ſet them right. I deſire you may not inform your huſband * of what has paſt, for a reaſon I ſhall give you when I ſee you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very ſincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

To the Duke of DORSET.

MY LORD, Jan. 1733-4.

IT has been my great misfortune, that, ſince your grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been ſo many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been purſued by two old diſorders, a giddineſs and deafneſs, which uſed to leave me in

* This letter was occaſioned by ſome accounts from London, relative to Mr. Pilkington, which Mrs. Pilkington has given us at large, vol. i. p. 105.

three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a neceſſity to write what I would rather have choſen to ſay in your grace's preſence.

On Monday laſt week, towards evening, there came to the Deanry one Mr. Betteſworth; who, being told by the ſervants that I was gone to a friend's houſe, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the ſtreet-parlour. I left my company in the back-room, and went to him. He began with aſking me, "Whether I were the au-"thor of certain verſes, wherein he was reflected "on?" The ſingularity of the man, in his counte-nance, manner, action, ſtyle, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once ſeen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's countryhouſe. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore deſired to know who and what he was? ſaid, "I heard of ſome ſuch verſes, but knew no "more." He then ſignified to me, "That he "was a ſerjeant at law, and a member of parlia-"ment." After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphaſis; ſaid, "I was "miſtaken in one thing; for he aſſured me he was "no booby; but owned himſelf to be a coxcomb." However, that being a point of controverſy where-in I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verſes, he inſiſted, "That, by his taſte, and ſkill in poe-"try, he was as ſure I writ them as if he had ſeen "them fall from my pen." But I found the chief

weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, "That, "since I would not own the verſes, and that ſince "he could not get ſatisfaction by any courſe of "law, he would get it by his pen, and ſhew the "world what a man I was." When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the houſe, from the room adjoining; and the ſerjeant, going on with leſs turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has ſince reported: and likewiſe, that he had a ſharp knife in his pocket, ready to ſtab or maim me. But the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a ſufficient defence in ſuch a caſe, as they afterwards told me. He has ſince related, to five hundred perſons of all ranks, above five hundred falſehoods of this converſation, of my fears and his own brutalities, againſt all probability as well as fact; and ſome of them, as I have been aſſured, even in the preſence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peeviſh enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own ſake, that he proceeded no farther; for, the leaſt uproar would have called his neareſt neighbours, * firſt to my aſſiſtance, and

* Dr. Swift was then at the Rev. Mr. Worral's houſe, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Betteſworth's.

next, to the manifeſt danger of his life: and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever ſince, he has amuſed himſelf with declaring, in all companies, eſpecially before biſhops, and lords, and members of parliament, his reſolutions for vengeance, and the ſeveral manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of ſome judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter: for, though I may be diſpirited enough by ſickneſs and years, yet I have little reaſon to apprehend any danger from that man; and thoſe who ſeem to have moſt regard for my ſafety, are no more apprehenſive than myſelf, eſpecially ſuch as beſt know his character: for, his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmleſs; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be ſo good as to continue ſtedfaſt in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and intereſts of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the univerſity, and the reſt of the kingdom.

What I have ſaid to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preſerve myſelf in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the higheſt reſpect, &c.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, Dublin, Feb. 16, 1733.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, the prince of Dublin printers, will have the honour to deliver you this. He tells me, your lordſhip was ſo gracious as to admit him into your preſence, and receive him with great condeſcenſion, which encouraged him to hope for the ſame favour again, by my mediation, which I could not refuſe. Although, for his own profit, he is engaged in a work that very much diſcontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his hands, than any other's on this ſide.

I am juſt recovered, in ſome degree, of two cruel indiſpoſitions, of giddineſs and deafneſs, after ſeven months. I have got my hearing; but the other evil hangs ſtill about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

I hope your lordſhip, and lady Oxford * and lady Margaret †, continue in perfect health. I pray God preſerve you all, for the good of your friends, and your country.

I am, with entire reſpect and eſteem,
Your lordſhip's moſt obedient,
And moſt obliged ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

* Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles, only daughter and heir of his grace John Holles, duke of Newcaſtle, was married to his lordſhip the 31ſt of October, 1713.

† This lady was married to William Bentinck, duke of Portland, July 11, 1734.

From

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

March 2, 1733.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do aſſure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troubleſome. If you have got rid of your deafneſs, that is a happineſs I doubt poor lady Suffolk will never have; for ſhe does not mend, if ſhe does not grow rather worſe. But we ladies are famous for ſtraining our voices upon the bad occaſion of anger: and ſure then it is hard if it is not more agreeable to do it for the ſake of friendſhip. By the hiſtories I hear from Ireland, Betteſworth, in the midſt of your illneſs, did not think your pen lay idle *; but this good you had from it, that ſuch a troubleſome fellow made your

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the Teſt Act in Ireland; and the diſſenters, on this occaſion, affected to call themſelves Brother Proteſtants, and Fellow-Chriſtians, with the Members of the Eſtabliſhed Church. This the Dean made the ſubject of a ſhort copy of verſes, in which there is a paſſage, that ſo provoked one Betteſworth, a lawyer, and member for the Iriſh parliament, that he ſwore to revenge himſelf, either by maiming, or murdering the author; and for this purpoſe, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to ſecure the Dean wherever he could be found. As ſoon as this oath and attempt of Betteſworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of St. Patrick's, waited upon the Dean in form, and preſented a paper, ſubſcribed with their names; in which, they ſolemnly engaged, in behalf of themſelves and the reſt of the liberty, to defend his perſon and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country.

friends and neighbours ſhew they could exert themſelves for your ſake. Mrs. Floyd has paſſed this winter rather better than the laſt; but cold weather is a great enemy of her's; and when you ſee her, I fear you will find, that though the goodneſs of the compoſition will always hold, yet ſo many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will ſoon part with my duke and ducheſs. I always uſed to be her doctor; I wiſh you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your conſtitution; but, I fear you will not. However, God bleſs you; and adieu.

From the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, London, March 4, 1733-4.

IF ever lying was neceſſary, I fear it is ſo at preſent; for no truth can furniſh me with ſufficient excuſe for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been ſtrongly tempted to diſown having received any return ~~to my~~ letters, which I wrote to you ſince my return to theſe parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myſelf, that it is better rather to confeſs my fault, than to give you any handle to ſuſpect my truth for the future. I wiſh every body was as timorous as myſelf, and then lying and deceit would never be ſo much in the faſhion, as it has and will be for many

many ages paſt and to come. I remember you once told me, always to ſit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of ſome time. The firſt has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by theſe trying truths which I am about to tell you, *viz.* a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day ſince Chriſtmas; the uncertainty of which, and being conſequently unſettled, is even worſe than the thing itſelf. This is not all; by theſe means I have been obliged to ſend a little boy (who has been my conſtant companion ever ſince he was born, and who is not ſeven years old till next July) to ſchool, a full year before it was neceſſary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my ſpirits more than was reaſonable, though it was by his own deſire; and that I am perſuaded he is well taken care of, both by the maſter and his own brother, who is fond of him, and ſo would you be, if you knew him; for he has more ſenſe than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very ſtrong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you ſo before. I am in great hopes to live to ſee them both men; therefore pray adviſe me what to do with them after they have gone through the ſchool; for I imagine that juſt then is the moſt difficult part of their education. Mr. Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in ſome things, makes a full ſtop there; and I never heard

of any other that ever mentioned, or at leaſt publiſhed, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the moſt material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two ſides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at preſent, my whole thoughts are ſo much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little elſe. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay's *; we ſtay on purpoſe now for that, and ſhall go on Thurſday for Edinburgh, where the greateſt good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We ſhall depoſit our guineas for Mrs. Barber with Mr. Pope, or my brother. I wiſh you all health and proſperity. I will not wiſh you devoid of all trouble and vexation, becauſe I think a moderate ſhare is a great encouragement to good ſpirits; but may you never meet with more than is abſolutely neceſſary to be pleaſant.

Adieu, dear Sir. If you will oblige me, you muſt do me the juſtice to believe I am your moſt faithful friend, *&c.*

* This play was called the Diſtreſt Wife; and was acted at the Theatre-royal in Covent-garden, with indifferent ſucceſs.—Several years after, it was publiſhed by Aſtley, in St. Paul's Church-yard; but no notice was taken in the title, of its having ever been acted.—Achilles, an Opera, by the ſame author, had been performed the winter before, with applauſe.

From

From Mr. GRANT.

VERY REVEREND SIR, London, Mar. 14, 1733-4.

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not leſs valued and eſteemed your public ſpirit, and great affection to your native country. Theſe valuable ingredients in your character, perſuade me to propoſe to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuſe my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles diſpoſe you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well aſſured your country owes not only the eſcaping many evils, but the eſtabliſhment of many valuable articles for the increaſe of their wealth and ſtrength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as ſo connected with this country, that the natives of both iſlands ought mutually to ſtudy and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in conſequence of this principle, that I offer to your conſideration, that your countrymen ſhould heartily engage in and purſue the white herring, and cod fiſhing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be conſumption for all that may be caught on both iſlands. There is nothing that would ſo effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, conſidering the great variety of trades neceſſary in this

this undertaking; it would alſo increaſe the conſumption of your home manufactures, and increaſe the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-eaſt parts of your iſland lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fiſhing, as will appear to you from their courſe, which is deſcribed in the incloſed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are neceſſary to ſupport a new undertaking in its infancy, becauſe they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which diſcourage private adventurers, if not ſupported by the public. I have with great pleaſure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, ſeveral inſtances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a propoſition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I ſhall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could ſuggeſt what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been deſirous to eſtabliſh and improve this valuable branch of commerce into Britain, for which reaſon I have applied myſelf to it ſeveral years laſt paſt, and examined it in all its ſhapes, from whence I flatter myſelf to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the neceſſary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a ſhort ſeſſion, I am afraid we ſhall make little progreſs at this time. Not being ſufficiently acquainted with your laws and

and conſtitutions, I cannot take upon me to ſay what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to aſſert one propoſition, to which every one muſt aſſent, that it is the intereſt of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own ſubjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal ſafety, advance this other propoſition, that no article of trade better deſerves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland, than the fiſhing does; or that might be made of ſo great conſequence and general benefit to both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any buſineſs more natural to either, or the eſtabliſhment whereof would receive more univerſal approbation and applauſe.

Theſe things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furniſhed me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways uſeful in explaining or promoting this ſubject, I ſhall with pleaſure obey you; in which caſe you may direct for me, merchant, in London.

To FRANCIS GRANT, Esq; Merchant in London.

SIR, Dublin, March 23, 1733-4.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and Discourse upon the Fishery: You discover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: For corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The last lord Wemys told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland near which the Dutch used to fish: He sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot;) and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love

them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, becauſe it is their private intereſt, which is directly contrary in England. In the Queen's time, I did often preſs the lord-treaſurer Oxford, and others of the miniſtry, upon this very ſubject; but the anſwer was, "We muſt not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were oppoſing us in all our ſteps towards a peace. I laughed to ſee the zeal that miniſtry had about the fiſhing at Newfoundland, (I think) while no care was taken againſt the Dutch fiſhing juſt at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her houſe at Leiceſter, and I was a year old before I was ſent to England: And thus I am a Teague, or an Iriſhman, or what people pleaſe, although the beſt part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppreſſion, for which I had a proclamation againſt me of 300l. which my old friend my lord Carteret was forced to conſent to, the very firſt or ſecond night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing againſt a project of one Wood, an iron-monger, to coin 100,000l. in halfpence, not worth a ſixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in ſo plain a manner, that they all refuſed it; and ſo the nation was preſerved from immediate ruin.

I have done ſome ſmaller ſervices to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many

years

years upon me, and have too much ſickneſs. I am out of favour at Court, where I was well received, during two ſummers, ſix and ſeven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is an habitation of ſaints in compariſon of Ireland. We are all ſl—s, and kn—s, and fools; and all, but biſhops and people in employments, beggars. The caſh of Ireland does not amount to 200,000 l.: The few honeſt men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this Houſe of Commons, now ſitting here; and, mentioning your ſcheme, ſhewed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but ſaid, that if ſuch a thing were propoſed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not ſo miſerable a people as we; for oppreſſion, ſupported by power, will infallibly introduce ſlaviſh principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your propoſal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your ſcheme ſhould paſs into an act, it will become a jobb: your ſanguine temper will cool: R——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the moſt eſſential parts of the whole deſign. Standing armies, in times of peace; projects of exciſe, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting ſeptennial parliaments, directly againſt the

the old Whig-principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with ſome others in a fiſhery here, in the northern parts: they advanced 200 l. by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fiſh, who underſtood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are ſo lazy and ſo knaviſh, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join with them: and ſo the matter fell, and they loſt two-thirds of their money. Oppreſſed beggars are always knaves; and, I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a ſhilling by knavery, than five pounds by honeſt dealing. They loſt 30,000 l. a-year for ever, in the time of the plague at Marſeilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland: but the merchants and the weavers ſent over ſuch abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or ſold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may pleaſe to pity, but never can mend. I wiſh you good ſucceſs with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miſcarry. I am, Sir, with true eſteem for your good intentions,

Your moſt obedient ſervant.

P. S. I would ſubſcribe my name, if I had not a very bad one; ſo I leave you to gueſs it. If I can be of any ſervice to you in this kingdom, I ſhall be glad you will employ me.

From

From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

REVERENDAND DEAR SIR, April 12, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet ſeen the perſon who brought it, nor am likely to ſee him, unleſs he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I ſend this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any ſervice, I ſhall certainly do it, becauſe I ſhall catch at any opportunity of pleaſing you; but my help, in a project of ſubſcription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not bluſh to own, that I am out of faſhion in it. My wife, who is extremly obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who deſires me to ſay all the fond things from her to you, which I know ſhe thinks, enjoys a precarious health, eaſily ſhaken, and ſometimes interrupted by fits of ſevere pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been theſe five years. I walk down hill eaſily and leiſurely enough, except when a ſtrong diſpoſition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a ſhove. I guard againſt it as well as I can; the cenſors ſay, not as well as I might. Too ſedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for ſauntering about my grounds is not exerciſe. I ſay,

I will

I will be very active this ſummer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*; and Bathurſt is younger than his ſons by obſerving the ſame regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I ſhall be ſatisfied; for I have ſomething, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot ſerve the preſent age. About poſterity one may flatter one's ſelf, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have ſeen, I doubt not, the ethic epiſtles, and though they go a little into metaphyſics, I perſuade myſelf you both underſtand and approve them; the firſt book being finiſhed, the others will ſoon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am ſure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove ſome obſtacles that might have hindered the ſucceſs of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it ſince. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, ſometimes. You have had accounts, I preſume, which will not leave you at a loſs to gueſs whom I mean. Is there no hope left of ſeeing you once more in this iſland. I often wiſh myſelf out of it; and I ſhall wiſh ſo much more, if it is impoſſible *de voiſiner* (I know no Engliſh word to ſay the ſame thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preſerves a higher eſteem, or a more warm and ſincere friendſhip for you, than I do.

From Lord CARTERET.

SIR, Jermyn-ſtreet, April 13, 1734.

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a conſiderable pleaſure to ſee that I am not ſo much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not ſay, that theſe alliances * are very agreeable to me; but that they are ſo to my friends, adds much to the ſatisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my deſires, which is no inconſiderable ſtep towards being happy. As to other things, I go on as well as I can: and now and then obſerve, that I have more friends now than I had when I was in a ſituation to do them ſervice. This may be a deluſion: however, it is a pleaſing one. And I have more reaſon to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greateſt philoſophers are ſometimes tempted to ſolicit their friends about. I ſhall continue to ſerve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occaſion ſhall offer, where it is neceſſary; but you have done that ſo effectually, that nothing need be ſaid to thoſe, to whom you have ſaid any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. Delany is, as he always uſed to be, cheerful in himſelf, and agreeable to all

* 'His lordſhip's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married, Feb. 14, 1733-4, to the honourable John Spencer.

that

that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of ſo much ſpeculation as he has beſtowed upon ſome matters. Lady Worſley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have ſhewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, preſent their humble ſervice to you. And I deſire to recommend the whole family, as well as myſelf, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greateſt reſpect, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

C.

To Miſs HOADLY.

MADAM, June 4th, 1734.

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I iſſued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, ſenſe, merit and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, ſhould make the firſt advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was univerſally obeyed. When (much againſt my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I publiſhed the ſame edict; only, the harveſt here being not altogether ſo plentiful, I confined myſelf to a ſmaller compaſs. This made me often wonder how you came ſo long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witneſſes againſt you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was diſcovered by the ſqueaking; and therefore, you have been ſo politic as to ſend me a dead one,

which can tell no tales. Your preſent of butter was made with the ſame deſign, as a known court-practice, to greaſe my fiſt that I might keep ſilence. Theſe are great offences, contrived on purpoſe to corrupt my integrity. And beſides I apprehend, that if I ſhould wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your ſide, and give out that I made them firſt; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept ſo many years in two kingdoms, at leaſt make it a point of controverſy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: firſt, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the ſole daughter and child of his grace of Dublin, are ſo mean as to deſcend to underſtand houſewifery; which every girl of this town, who can afford ſix-pence a month for a chair, would ſcorn to be thought to have the leaſt knowledge in; and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a hiſtory, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge ſhall be this; when my lord's gentleman delivered his meſſage, after I put him ſome queſtions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I ſaid it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to ſwear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly ſpelt, and good plain ſenſe. You now may ſee I have you at mercy; for, upon the leaſt offence given, I will ſhew the paper to every female ſcrawler I meet, who will

ſoon ſpread about the town, that your writing and ſpelling are ungenteel and unfaſhionable, more like a parſon than a lady.

I ſuppoſe, by this time, you are willing to ſubmit; and therefore, I deſire you may ſtint me to two china bowls of butter a week; for my breakfaſt is that of a ſickly man, rice gruel; and I am wholly a ſtranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl laſt night, and I think my ſecond is almoſt entire. I hope and believe my lord archbiſhop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little Engliſh country management: and I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring houſewifery in faſhion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themſelves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient

and obliged, &c.

I deſire to preſent my moſt, &c. to his grace and the ladies.

From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

From my Farm, June 27, 1734.

I THANK you, Mr. Dean; or to uſe a name to me more ſacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of May, which came to me by poſt. I anſwer it by the ſame conveyance; and provided the diligent inſpection of private men's correſpondence do not ſtop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good; their diſappointment will give me pleaſure, and in the proportion, I ſhall imagine it gives them pain. I ſhould have another pleaſure, of higher reliſh, if our epiſtles were to be peruſed by perſons of higher rank. And who knows, conſidering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would theſe perſons ſtare, to ſee ſuch a thing as ſincere cordial friendſhip ſubſiſt inviolate, and grow and ſtrengthen from year to year, in ſpite of diſtance, abſence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other ſubjects. I have read, in the golden verſes of Pythagoras, or in ſome other collection of wiſe apothegms of the ancients, that a man of buſineſs may talk of philoſophy, a man who has none may practiſe it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a ſtrange diſtruſt of maxims. We make as many obſervations as our time, our know-

ledge,

ledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a phyſical matter. We find that they all correſpond, and that one general propoſition may be affirmed, as the reſult of them. This we affirm, and in conſequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid ſtate; and I doubt not but the Talapoins, do they not call them ſo? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava; their obſervations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the ſame in moral maxims, founded on obſervations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of univerſal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We ſee what the conduct is, and we gueſs what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we ſee often at too great a diſtance, or through a faulty medium; we gueſs with much uncertainty from a thouſand reaſons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconſiſtent as the heart of men. And even when we ſee right, and gueſs right, we build our maxims on a ſmall number of obſervations (for ſuch they are comparatively, how numerous ſoever they may be, taken by themſelves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have preſented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected buſineſs he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among ſome, and the blame among others, of bringing about great

revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the ſame time, the idleſt creature living; who was never more copious than in expreſſing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, ſuch as titles, ribbands, *&c.* who ſhould, to have been conſiſtent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, ſince he knew neither how to uſe power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character ſeems ſingular enough, and yet I have known ſome reſembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the ſtrongeſt marks it bore.

Now let us ſuppoſe, that ſome Rochfaucault or other, ſome Anthroponomical ſage, ſhould diſcover a multitude of ſimilar inſtances, and not ſtumble upon any one repugnant; you and I ſhould not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects buſineſs, never does it: nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expreſſes indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the application. A man in buſineſs, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philoſophy; that is certain. The queſtion is, whether the man in buſineſs may not practice it, as well as the man out of buſineſs? I think he may, in this ſenſe, as eaſily; but ſure I am, he may, in this ſenſe, as uſefully. If we look

look into the world, our part of it I mean, we ſhall find, I believe, few philoſophers in buſineſs, or out of buſineſs. The greateſt part of the men I have ſeen in buſineſs, perhaps all of them, have been ſo far from acting on philoſophical principles, that is, on principles of reaſon and virtue, that they have not acted even on the higheſt principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who ſacrificed all his paſſions, or made them all ſubſervient to that one; but I have known many, whoſe vanity and whoſe avarice mimicked ambition. The greateſt part of the men I have ſeen out of buſineſs, have been ſo far from practiſing philoſophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into ſtupid indolence, and deſerved ſuch an inſcription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia. *Hic ſitus eſt Vattia.* But, for all this, I think that a man in buſineſs may practiſe philoſophy as auſterely to himſelf, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *Stoics* were an affected, pedantical ſect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Poſtique*, that a philoſopher was not to exempt himſelf from the duties of ſociety, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Mencius, and his maſter Confucius, were ſtrange metaphyſicians, but they were good moraliſts, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man; of an individual; as a member of a family; and as a member

of

of a ſtate. In ſhort, a man may be, many men have been, and ſome, I believe, are philoſophers in buſineſs; he that can be ſo out of it, can be ſo in it.

But it is impoſſible to talk ſo much of philoſophy, and forget to ſpeak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's houſe to another. He is now at Cirenceſter; he came thither from my lord Cobham's; he came to my lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiſwick; to Chiſwick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes ſoon from lord Bathurſt's to lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verſe ſticks cloſe to him. He has been imitating the ſatire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has choſen rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaſte ears overmuch. He has ſent it me; but I ſhall keep his ſecret as he deſires, and ſhall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which ſome events of my life would ſeem perhaps to juſtify him in doing. I am glad you approve his Moral Eſſays. They will do more good than the ſermons and writings of ſome, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of conſequences deducible from theſe doctrines were to be diſputed in proſe, I think he would have no reaſon to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatiſts on the other. Some few

things may be expreſſed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his ſilence; which I wonder at the more, becauſe he has often ſpoke in ſuch a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments ſhall be paid likewiſe to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vaſt alteration which the laſt ſeven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourſelf they have. We all go the ſame road, and keep much the ſame ſtages. Let this conſideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You ſhall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you pleaſe; and the indulgence you receive on theſe heads you ſhall return on theſe or others. Adieu.

I will ſpeak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to ſay upon a paſſage in your letter; or if any thing elſe, worth ſaying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

From the Earl of OXFORD.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Dover-ſtreet, Aug. 8, 1734.

IT is now ſo long ſince I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almoſt quite aſhamed to do it now; but the truth of the caſe is this, I cannot be longer eaſy any farther to defer my making my due

due acknowledgments to you in the beſt manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, &c. It was an extreme great pleaſure to me to find that I ſtill maintained a ſhare in your thoughts, that I was ſtill worthy to receive your commands; I did my beſt, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wiſh there had been better ſucceſs. I aſſure you this, that there is no perſon (I ſpeak without excepting one) whoſe commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be ſo good as to indulge me, and make uſe of your power often; I value myſelf not a little upon this ſcore, and you ſee here how eaſy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be ſaid of ——.

I ſhall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever ſince I have been ſo fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindeſt manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondneſs of a father, to detain you ſo long, as to give a ſincere friend ſome account of the completing a great work, the diſpoſal of an only daughter in marriage, and in theſe times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and conſideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been propoſed to us, and what ſort of creatures

they

they were compoſed of, this perſon we have now choſen had the faireſt and moſt unexceptionable character, and as his compoſition is the moſt unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no ſmall ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to ſee you in England, I believe when you ſee the duke * you will be pleaſed with him, and you will not diſapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the preſent ſet of young people of quality, ſuch as gaming, ſharping, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. ſo on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are ſtrangers to; ſuch as juſtice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he propoſed himſelf was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you ſee I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reaſons which induced us to conſent to this match. I flatter myſelf that you will not be diſpleaſed with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter deſire your acceptance of their humble ſervice, with many wiſhes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to ſee you over here.

Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above theſe two months: he is now with my lord Peterborough near Southampton, where he propoſes to ſtay ſome

* The late duke of Portland.

time.

time. This morning died Willis biſhop of Winchester; and is to be ſucceeded by Hoadley, and farther I cannot ſay.

Pray, has Mr. Jebb got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a ſhare in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from ſending over your works? he promiſed to ſend them over the end of laſt May at the fartheſt. I am, with true regard and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

From Lady HOWTH.

SIR, Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734.

TO ſhew you how much I covet your correſpondence, I would not even give myſelf time to reſt; for, gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your laſt, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, ſettling my little family. We all got ſafe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpoſe to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any ſuch thing to be had as a good trotter, ſuch a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in ſpeaking; but I am ſure, were I at

your

your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing ſchool and a ſpelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our beſt wiſhes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble ſervant,

LUCY HOWTH.

To the Duke of CHANDOS.

MY LORD, Aug. 31, 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to be an humble ſervant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at leaſt ſince her majeſty's death. For this reaſon, your grace will reaſonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a requeſt. For which I can offer no other excuſe, than that frequent application has been made to me, by many learned and worthy perſons of this city and kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, ſeldom failed any opportunity of preſſing me to ſolicit your grace, of whoſe generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a preſent of thoſe antient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your grace's poſſeſſion. They can be of no uſe in England, and the ſight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuoſi; and they naturally

naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wiſh they were of great intrinſic value, ſo as to be ſold on the Exchange for a thouſand pounds, becauſe you would then part with them at the firſt hint, merely to gratify your darling paſſion of generoſity and munificence: and yet, ſince they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the reſt of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble requeſt of many very deſerving perſons in this city and univerſity. In return for which bounty, the memory of it ſhall be preſerved in that honourable manner, which ſo generous a patron of learning as your grace will be certainly pleaſed with. And at their requeſt alone, I deſire your compliance, without the leaſt mention of myſelf as any way inſtrumental.

I entreat your grace's pardon for this interruption; and remain, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your Grace's, &c.

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, Little Brook-Street, Sept. 9, 1734.

I FIND your correſpondence is like the ſinging of the nightingale; no bird ſings ſo ſweetly, but the pleaſure is quickly paſt, a month or two of harmony, and then we loſe it till next ſpring: I wiſh your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of enquiring after your health; your friends and my correſpondents being diſperſed

to

to their ſummer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occaſion; and if your deſign in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would moſt certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incenſed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The laſt letter I writ to you was from Gloceſter, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long-Leat to my lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever ſince, except a few weeks I ſpent at Sir John Stanley's at North-end, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's vineyard flouriſhes: it always has my good wiſhes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by moſt people, called dull; to me it is juſt agreeable, for I have moſt of my particular friends in town, and my ſuperfluous acquaintance I can very well ſpare. My lord Carteret is at Hawnes: my lady Carteret is in town, nurſing my lady Dyſart, who is brought to-bed of a very fine ſon, and in hopes of my lady Weymouth's, being ſoon under the ſame circumſtance. I have not ſeen my lord Bathurſt ſince I was at his houſe in Gloceſterſhire: that's a miſchief I believe you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to ſee me; but lately we have been great ſtrangers. Mrs. Donnellan ſometimes talks of making a winter's viſit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of

thoſe that will treat her kindly: her loſs to me will be irreparable, beſide the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I ſhould ſo gladly accompany her. I know ſhe will be juſt, and tell the reaſons why I could not, this year, take ſuch a progreſs. After having forced myſelf into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer viſit, and deſtroy the intention of it; which was only to aſſure you of my being, Sir, your moſt faithful, and obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

PICKLE HERRING to Mr. FAULKNER *.

SIRHA †,

AREN'T you the raſcal, that makes ſo free with my family?——Had you once recollected that, graceleſs and deſpiſed as he is, that ſame Serjeant Kite ‡ was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myſelf: Had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high ſtation can eſpouſe any one's quarrel, and eſpecially that of a ſinking brother, durſt you preſume to run theſe lengths?——Mark what I am going to ſay; bitter is the ſorrow, hot, ſour and cutting is the ſauce you are to taſte after your

* Endorſed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper."

† This humorous letter, although addreſſed to Mr. Faulkner, was ultimately deſigned for the entertainment of Dr. Swift.

‡ Betteſworth, ſerjeant at law, whoſe character is well known for the aſſault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently perſecuted by the young poets under the name of Serjeant Kite.

merry

merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worſt of the family of the Pickles?——Recollect at laſt and tremble! whom haſt thou offended and ſtirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful ſwad?—— More would I ſay to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and naſtineſs of the whole nation is ſquirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceleſs dog, that has brought all this on himſelf; but, alas, my brother!—— But however provoked, are your ſcribbling ſpitfires never to be ſatisfied? one ſhould think, that by this time, if the poor ſoul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not ſufficient for them to ſee a man of learning and law, a man of ſingular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparallel'd graceful action, a man of unſpeakable, inconceivable truth, juſtice and ſincerity, exemplary religion, ſtrict virtue, nice honour, and ſterling worth in general paſt finding out? I ſay, is it not ſufficient to ſee a luminary like this now ſhining in meridian luſtre, but anon ſet for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not ſufficient to ſee him ſo unmaſked and ſtigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court-ſharper, and (what's worſt of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not ſufficient to ſee his poor ſkull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his againſt the pulpit-corniſh? Is it not ſufficient to ſee with what pain and ſhame he wriggles along by that confounded ſplinter of the bar, he lately got thruſt

into his a——, and which has left him a running ſore to his dying day? Is it not ſufficient to ſee him, all the laſt term, walk about in merry ſadneſs an idle ſpectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his moſt noted talent of dirt-flinger?——O you ſwarms of green counſels and attorneys, I wonder not to ſee you poſted about Idler's Corner, looking ſharp, as dinnerleſs men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, ſhould this ever be the caſe of my hapleſs brother? O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy ſports!——Is it not ſufficient to ſee him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and conſuming him? in which ſtate his whole comfort is, that for half a ſcore years at leaſt, his conſcience could never upbraid him: oh the comfort of an eaſy conſcience!——Is it not ſufficient to ſee him at Bally-ſpellin, and every where he goes, the common but of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not ſufficient, that after what has been flying about ſince he left it, he knows not how to ſhew his face in town, nor how to ſtand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter? Is it not ſufficient, that as his caſe ſtands, it is the ſerjeant againſt all the world, and all the world againſt the ſerjeant? wretched caſe, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this ſufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breaſt continues hard, the cauſtick and corroſives muſt be ply'd, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk

talk of emollients and lenitives, until ſome at leaſt of the corrupt and fetid matter is diſcharged. In ſhort, they tell me, that as long as the cauſe remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure muſt go on the ſame way! Well, go on ye ſcoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worſt, I'll make a proviſion for him that ſhall alarm you all; ſhall make ſome burſt with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom they ſo long beheld with hatred and deriſion.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in ſuſpence, know ye, that I will take him home to myſelf, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expreſſion, or action (which now are the ſubject of ſatire) that ſhall not ſoon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I'll ſet him over all your heads! I'll advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill bred to: and there he is ſure to meet with the honour and applauſe he might in vain expect on any other ſtage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-ſnapper, Faulkner, is it baſe fear, or is it unſufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the ſorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little raſcal, that has already one leg in the grave, what ſatisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee

abominably, or even ſlay thee out right? No, but Sirha, if our brother Doctor Anthony * were alive, ——rot you, in ſpite of your raſcally Keven-Bail, and your ſcribbling janiſſaries, he ſhould ſet up his wheel juſt before your door, and on his pole, thruſt up your fundament, he ſhould twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden ſhin-bone, and till all the bones in your ſkin rattled and ſnapped like pipe-ſtoppers in a bladder. Take that from your ſworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampſtead, Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reaſon to put me among the reſt of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of anſwer. The firſt was about your health; the laſt I ſent a great while ago, by one De La Mar. I can aſſure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myſelf. I am going out of this troubleſome world, and you, among the reſt

* A whimſical odd kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently uſed to entertain the ſchool-boys and populace with his harangues and pleaſantry, mounted upon a ladder in ſome corner of a ſtreet. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

of

of my friends, ſhall have my laſt prayers, and good wiſhes.

The young man whom you recommended, came to this place, and I promiſed to do him what ſervice my ill ſtate of health would permit. I came out to this place ſo reduced by a dropſy and an aſthma, that I could neither ſleep, breathe, eat, or move. I moſt earneſtly deſired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborn for ſome years, becauſe of bloody water) I recovered my ſtrength to a pretty conſiderable degree, ſlept, and had my ſtomach again; but I expect the return of my ſymptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumſtances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of ſuch a diſeaſe, farther than by an abatement of the ſymptoms. What I did, I can aſſure you, was not for life, but eaſe. For I am, at preſent, in the caſe of a man that was almoſt in harbour, and then blown back to ſea; who has a reaſonable hope of going to a good place, and an abſolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular diſguſt at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindneſs of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, diſpleaſes me; and I have too true a preſentiment of calamities that are likely to befal my country. However, if I ſhould have the happineſs to ſee you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my uſual cheerfulneſs. I cannot imagine why

you are frighted from a journey to England: the reaſons you aſſign are not ſufficient; the journey, I am ſure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and ſervice. The great loſs I ſuſtained in one of them, gave me my firſt ſhock; and the trouble I have with the reſt, to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loſs of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a moſt ſenſible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we ſhall never ſee one another more in this world. I ſhall, to the laſt moment*, preſerve my love and eſteem for you, being well aſſured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour, for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the leaſt deviation from that way. It will be great pleaſure to me to hear from you ſometimes; for none can be with more ſincerity than I am, my dear friend, your moſt faithful friend, and humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

* Doctor Arbuthnot died in March, 1734-5.

From

From Sir WILLIAM FOWNES*.

SIR,

THERE are a ſort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and coſt, have at laſt found out, that two diſhes of meat will not coſt half ſo much as five or ſix, and yet anſwer the end of filling the bellies of as many as uſually fed upon the five or ſix.

I have conſidered that a like ſort of reduction in other articles, may have the like proportion of good effect: as for inſtance, when any one beſpeaks a pair of ſhoes, a pair of ſtockings, or a pair of gloves, they ſhould beſpeak a pair and a half of each, and make uſe of theſe turn about: I am very confident they will anſwer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in thoſe articles may be ſaved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a ſpoiling of trade: to which I anſwer, that when the makers of thoſe ſorts of ware ſhall reduce their rates a quarter part (inſtead of enhancing them, as has been done in ſome late years unreaſonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reaſonable to beſpeak two pair inſtead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be ſtarted as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands ſhall be obliged

* Endorſed, "A humourous project."

with

with two gloves? To this I anſwer, That generally the left hand is uſed but ſeldom, and not expoſed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For theſe reaſons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements; which, as ſoon as I have diſcourſed Thomas Turner the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I ſhall be able to demonſtrate what ſort of meat, and the joints, will beſt anſwer this frugal ſcheme, as likewiſe in cloathing, and other parts of good œconomy; and they ſhall be communicated to you by, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

PHILO MÆ.

From my obſervatory in the Parliament houſe, Oct. 18, 1734.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

London, Nov. 7, 1734.

DON'T accuſe me of forſaking you: indeed it is not the leaſt in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, ſo doubted being troubleſome. I was, about two months ago, at my own houſe, and had my duke and ducheſs with me. The reſt of my time was divided between lord preſident * and Knowle. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they

* Spencer earl of Wilmington.

will

will not ſtay long; for ſhe has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frighted when my friends are ſick there, becauſe there is neither phyſic nor phyſician that's good for any thing. Indeed I cannot anſwer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the ſame or not. All that I can ſay is, that if he aſks my conſent for it, he ſhall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of Chandois, nor I believe has the duke of Dorſet much. And to be ſure it would be to no purpoſe to aſk him for thoſe records again, becauſe, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your aſking. And whether it be uſeful or not, juſt to him, yet few people would care to part with what muſt enhance the value of their libraries; but if he ſucceeds the duke of Dorſet, then for certain he will be eaſily perſuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, I hear, is out of order again. I have not ſeen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiouſly good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleaſure to your moſt ſincere old friend, and humble ſervant.

From

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, St. Mary's Square, Gloceſter, Nov. 20, 1734.

I AM truly concerned at your having been ſo much out of order: I moſt heartily wiſh you conſtant health and happineſs, though that's of little uſe to you, and only ſerves to do honour to myſelf, by ſhewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I ſhould have returned you thanks much ſooner for the favour of your laſt letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever ſince had ſo great a diſorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you ſhould be at a loſs for a reaſon for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleaſure: were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of correſponding with the dean of St. Patrick's? But the laſt reaſon you give I like beſt, and will ſtick by, which is, that I am a more conſtant nymph than all your goddeſſes of much longer acquaintance; and farthermore I venture to promiſe you are in no danger of receiving a *Boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for thoſe faſting-days you talk of*, they are, I confeſs, alluring baits, and I ſhould certainly have been with you in three pacquets according to your commands, could I either fly or ſwim: but I am a

* *i. e.* Dining upon two or three diſhes at the deanry; which in compariſon of magnificent tables the Doctor uſed to call faſting.

heavy

heavy lump, deſtined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent aſſiſtance of ſeveral animals that are very expenſive.

Now for buſineſs: As ſoon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lanſdown, and ſpoke to him about the duke of Chandois. He deſired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very ſorry he could be of no ſervice to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correſpondence or even acquaintance with the duke theſe fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will purſue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you deſire; if they do not ſucceed, you muſt not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to ſerve you, is of too much conſequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble ſervant, Mrs. Donnellan, behind me in London, where ſhe meets with little entertainment ſuitable to her underſtanding; and ſhe is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thurſday Society, than for the trifling company ſhe is now engaged in; and I wiſh you had her with you (ſince I can't have her) becauſe I know ſhe would be happier than where ſhe is, and my wiſh I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

From

From Mr. JARVIS*.

DEAR MR. DEAN, Hampton, Nov. 24, 1734.

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the biſhop of Worceſter † ſo hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to ſtoop, and I am forced myſelf, every now and then, to awaken myſelf to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and conſequently ſpirits to ſpare. If ever I ſee Dublin again, and your Teague eſcapes hanging ſo long, I will myſelf truſs him up for non-admittance, when you were in a converſable condition. I am ſure the lady will ſend you Mr. Conolly's picture with pleaſure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *a ſon ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcaſs ſo crazy. He aſſures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, becauſe he is ſure it gives you ſome amuſement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you muſt write away. Upon enquiry, I learn, that exerciſe is the beſt medicine for your giddineſſes. Penny made Mrs. Pendarves happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to diſtribute them to all your well-

* A celebrated painter, and contemporary with Sir Godfrey Kneller.

† Dr. John Hough, biſhop of Worceſter.

wiſhers. I am, dear Dean, yours moſt affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, &c. and am very well.

To the Duke of DORSET.

MY LORD, Jan. 14, 1734-5.

I AM aſſured, that your grace will have ſeveral repreſentations of an affair relating to the univerſity here, from ſome very conſiderable perſons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuſe the application made me by a very worthy perſon of that ſociety, who was commiſſioned by ſome principal members of the body to deſire my good offices to your grace; becauſe they believed you thought me an honeſt man, and becauſe I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their requeſt related wholly to a dreadful apprehenſion they lie under, of Dr. Whitcomb's endeavour to procure a diſpenſation for holding his fellowſhip along with that church-preferment beſtowed on him by your grace. The perſon ſent to me on this meſſage gave me a written paper, containing the reaſons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant ſuch a diſpenſation. I preſume to ſend you an abſtract of theſe reaſons; becauſe I may boldly aſſure your grace, that party or faction have not the leaſt concern in the whole affair; and as to myſelf, it happens

happens that I am an entire ſtranger to Dr. Whitcomb.

It is alledged, " That this preferment given to " the Doctor conſiſts of a very large pariſh, worth " near ſix hundred pounds a year, in a very fine " country, thirty miles from Dublin; that it " abounds very much with Papiſts, and conſe- " quently a moſt important cure, requiring the " rector's reſidence, beſide ſome other aſſiſtant; " which, being ſo rich, it might well afford.

" That, as to ſuch diſpenſations, they find in " their college-books but three or four inſtances ſince " the Revolution, and theſe in caſes very different " from the preſent: for thoſe few livings which " had diſpenſations to be held with a fellowſhip " were ſinecures of ſmall value, not ſufficient to " induce a fellow to leave his college; and, in the " body of thoſe diſpenſations, is inſerted a reaſon " for granting them, That they were ſuch livings " as could be no hindrance in the diſcharge of a " fellow's duty.

" That diſpenſations are very hurtful to their " ſociety; becauſe they put a ſtop to the ſucceſſion " of fellowſhips, and thereby give a check to that " emulation, induſtry, and improvement in learn- " ing, which the hopes of gaining a fellowſhip " will beſt incite young ſtudents with.

" That, if this diſpenſation ſhould take place, " it may prove a precedent for the like practice " in future times; which will be very injurious " to the ſociety, by encouraging fellows to apply " for diſpenſations, when they have intereſt enough

" to

" to get preferments, by which the ſenior fellows " will be ſettled in the college for life; and thus, " for want of a ſucceſſion any other way than by " death or marriage, all encouragement to young " diligent ſtudents will be wholly loſt.

" That a junior fellowſhip is of very ſmall va- " lue, and to arrive at it requires good ſenſe, as " well as long and cloſe ſtudy; to which young " ſtudents are only encouraged by hopes of ſuc- " ceeding, in a reaſonable time, to be one of the " ſeven ſeniors; which hopes will be quite cut " off, when thoſe ſeniors are perpetuated by diſ- " penſations.

" That the fellows, at their admittance into their " fellowſhips, take a ſolemn oath, never to accept " of any church-preferment above a certain value, " and diſtance from Dublin, as long as they con- " tinue fellows: to which oath the accepting of " a diſpenſation by Dr. Whitcomb is directly con- " trary, in both particulars of value and diſtance.

" That, at this time, there is a ſet of very hope- " ful young men, in long and cloſe ſtudy, to ſtand " for the firſt vacant fellowſhip, who will be al- " together diſcouraged, and drop their endeavours " in the purſuit of learning, by being diſappointed " in their hopes of Dr. Whitcomb's leaving the " college, and opening a way for one of them to " ſucceed in a fellowſhip."

Theſe, my lord, are the ſum of the reaſons brought me by a very worthy perſon, a fellow of that college, and recommended by ſome of the

moſt deſerving in that body; and I have ſhortened them as much as I could.

I ſhall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this ſubject.

The univerſity, and in ſome ſenſe the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace has done them, in truſting the care of one of your ſons * to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour: and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deſerve at court, will ever deſire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will pleaſe to know, that a fellowſhip in this univerſity differs much, in ſome very important circumſtances, from moſt of thoſe in either of the univerſities in England.

My lord George will tell your grace, that a fellowſhip here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the ſtrict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is alſo diſpoſed of with much ſolemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar, to give their vote according to their conſciences.

The univerſity is patron of ſome church-preferments, which are offered to the ſeveral fellows downwards to the loweſt in holy orders.

I beg your grace to conſider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for

* Lord George, his grace's third ſon.

gentlemen

gentlemen to breed their ſons to merchandize: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the ſhare of perſons born here: that the laſt reſource of younger ſons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to riſe to ſome reaſonable ſpiritual maintenance: although we do not want inſtances of ſome clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been and ſtill are curates, for thirty years; which has been a great diſcouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your moſt deſerved favour with his majeſty, to make Dr. Whitcomb eaſier in his preferment, by ſome addition that no perſon or ſociety can have the leaſt pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your perſon and virtues, that you will pleaſe to let Dr. Whitcomb content himſelf for a while with that rich preferment (one of the beſt in the kingdom) until it ſhall lie in your way farther to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowſhip, he took an oath never to accept a church living thus circumſtantiated, and hold it with his fellowſhip, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conſcience, to receive a diſpenſation.

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you; wherein I have no ſort of intereſt, except that which proceeds from an earneſt deſire that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without in-

curring the leaſt cenſure from the world, or giving the leaſt cauſe of diſcontent to any deſerving perſon. I am, *&c.*

From Mrs. DONNELLAN.

SIR, London, January 19, 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are ſo good to enquire after me, and to ſpeak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greateſt pleaſure, ſo it raiſes in me the higheſt gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconſiderable; I dare believe people ſincere when they profeſs themſelves my friends; I conſider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why ſhould I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myſelf upon, and thoſe are ſo much out of faſhion, that I make no parade of them: I am very ſincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have juſt ſenſe enough to diſcern ſuperior merit, and to be delighted with the leaſt approbation from it. My brother, ſome time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill ſtate of health has made writing uneaſy to you. I grieve much at my loſs, but more at the occaſion of it; and I write now only to return my beſt thanks for your good opinion and deſigns, not to ſolicit new favours, or give you the trouble of anſwering this. I hope next Summer to be in Ireland, where I ſhall expect to receive your anſwer in perſon, when the ſun with its uſual bleſſings

ſhall give us this additional one of reſtoring you to that ſtate of health, that all thoſe who have the happineſs of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, muſt with the greateſt earneſtneſs deſire. You will laugh perhaps, Sir, at my ſaying I hope to ſee Ireland this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who ſpend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, ſeem to forget they have any other country, till a knaviſh receiver, or their breaking tenants, put them in mind of it; but I aſſure you I have ſo little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a ſociable evening in Dublin, to all the diverſions of London, and the converſation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at St. James's. What has kept me ſeven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company ſince ſhe deſires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a houſe, coach, and ſervants, at my command. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you know that Mrs. Pendarves has been for ſome time at Gloceſter: ſhe has preferred a pious viſit to a ſick mother, in a dull country-town, to London in its gayeſt dreſs; ſhe tells me ſhe deſigns next month to return to us; the only uneaſineſs I ſhall have in leaving London is the parting with ſo valuable and tender a friend; but as ſhe promiſes me, that if I ſtay in Ireland ſhe will make it another viſit, I think, for the good of my country, I muſt leave her. But while I am indulging myſelf in telling you my

thoughts and deſigns, I ſhould conſider I am perhaps making you a troubleſome or unſeaſonable viſit; if ſo, uſe me as all impertinent things ſhould be uſed; take no notice of me: all I deſigned in writing to you, was to let you know the high ſenſe I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greateſt gratitude and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obliged obedient humble ſervant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be ſo good to give my beſt wiſhes and ſervices to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helſham.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Feb. 13. 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of Dorſet ſuch ſaucy words; and we have quarrelled ſo much about it, that I don't know but I ſhall oblige him to meet me behind Montague-houſe *. He ſays, it is ſome time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to aſſure you, he thought himſelf very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendſhip and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I underſtood he had ſomething elſe more to ſay, ſo delayed writing, and though I cannot but own I have ſeen him pretty often ſince, yet (at the times I could

* Where duels were frequently fought.

ſpeak to him) my addle head conſtantly forgot to aſk him what he had to ſay? So now he ſays he will do his own buſineſs, and write to you ſoon himſelf.

The * counteſs has quitted the court, becauſe, after a long illneſs at Bath, ſhe did not meet with a reception that ſhe liked; though her miſtreſs appeared exceſſively concerned, and expreſſed great uneaſineſs at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her maſter and miſtreſs, but her very enemies will have reaſon to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have anſwered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

From the Earl of STRAFFORD †.

SIR, London, Feb. 18, 1734.

TO honour, and eſteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleaſed with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very deſirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the beſt ſervice I could, and thought myſelf happy in having advanced his affair ſo far, as to get his pe-

* The counteſs of Suffolk.

† He had been ambaſſador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht.

tition to the houſe of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their anſwer before. I likewiſe got ſeveral lords to attend; but, on printing his caſe, our new lord chancellor * (who at preſent has a great ſway in the houſe) found out, that the petition I had preſented for Mr. Skerret had not fully explained matters to the houſe; becauſe, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal laſt year was preſented late in the ſeſſions; and that though there was then an order for the reſpondents to put in their anſwer in five weeks (the uſual time for cauſes in Ireland) yet the parliament did not ſit above a fortnight after; ſo that it was impoſſible for the reſpondents anſwer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being diſſolved, the reſpondents in Ireland might expect to have been ſerved with a new order this ſeſſion, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if anſwers were not put in, they proceeded to hear cauſes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cauſe reheard; but in the houſe of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any perſon, by ſurprize, to be abſolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole houſe ſeeming to be of the ſame mind, they put off the cauſe to Thurſday five weeks; and ordered the reſpondents, in the mean time, to

* Talbot.

be

be ſerved with an order to put in their anſwer; and if they did not anſwer by that time, the houſe would proceed abſolutely to hear the cauſe *ex parte*. I muſt own to you, the chancellor propoſed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone deſired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reaſon, that ſince the appellant was diſappointed once, after having been at the expence of feeing his counſel, he might not be ſo a ſecond time: and ſince his adverſaries were ready to make all the chicane poſſible, they might not have the pretence for another, by ſaying, as the uſual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the uſual time; ſo I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for farther chicane. As I have not ſeen your friend Mr. Skerret ſince this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was reſolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you deſire of, Sir, your moſt ſincere faithful humble ſervant.

As the houſe of commons were but yeſterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

From

From Lord CARTERET.

SIR, Jermyn-Street, March 6, 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cauſe yeſterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the juſteſt principle, and that unanimouſly. He did not only carry his cauſe before the houſe, but his future cauſe ſpringing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor ſaid, the reſpondent had more reaſon to appeal than the appellant. Mr. Lindſay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on peruſing our decree, of the reaſon of the chancellor's expreſſion. I have a partiality for captain Rowley in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge Lindſay and I ſat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we ſhould ſeldom diſagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the proſperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of proſperity can bind a man to the intereſt of his country, I am certainly bound to ſtand by liberty: and when you ſee me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * Traulus and Piſtorides. I am impatient for four volumes, ſaid to be your works, for which my wife and I have ſubſcribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. Tickell laſt packet.

* Joſhua, lord Allen, a privy counſellor, and Richard Tighe, Eſq.

I intend

I intend theſe works ſhall be the firſt foundation of the libraries of my three grandſons. In the mean time, they will be ſtudied by my ſon and ſons-in-law.

I deſire you will condeſcend to make my compliments to Dr. Delany, for whom I have a moſt hearty eſteem, though I know he thinks me not ſerious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

That you may enjoy the continuance of all happineſs, is my wiſh: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbiſhops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at laſt, you yourſelf muſt fall into oblivion, which may happen in leſs than a thouſand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progreſs that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithſtanding the ſedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and ſucceeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, *&c. &c. &c.* all join with me in good wiſhes to you; and, I hope, you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

To WILLIAM PULTENEY *, Eſq;

SIR, Dublin, March 8, 1734.

MR. Stopford, going to England upon ſome particular affair, I gladly complied with his deſire, that I ſhould do myſelf the honour of writing to you, becauſe, as uſeleſs as I am, and although I ſhall never have the happineſs to ſee you, yet my ambition to have ſome ſmall place in your memory, will live as long as myſelf.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forſook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man ſo; but you preſerved your ſpirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly ſacrificed theirs; and if it ſhall ever begin to breathe in theſe days, it muſt intirely be owing to yourſelf and one or two friends. But it is altogether impoſſible for any nation to preſerve its liberty long under a tenth part of the preſent luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We ſee the Gothic ſyſtem of limited monarchy is extinguiſhed in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours muſt be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a ſingle man, without any ſuperior advantages either of body or mind, but uſu-

* This letter, and the next, were communicated to the editor by general Pulteney.

ally

ally the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as ſick of the world as I am of age and diſeaſe, the laſt of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of ſlaves, who ſell themſelves for nothing. My revenues, though half ſunk, are ſufficient to ſupport me in ſome decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I viſit them, or they me, agree together in diſcovering our utter deteſtation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum miſera ambitione gravique.* I am under the diſpleaſure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral, over the burying-place of old Schomberg, and for ſome other things of equal demerit or diſaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps alſo for ſome verſes laid to my charge, and publiſhed without my knowledge or conſent; wherein you and another perſon are underſtood to be meant by initial letters.

I deſire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who has an appeal before the houſe of lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent perſon in the law, who, by a miracle, was raiſed to the bench in theſe very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to deſire in this world but good health, good times, the proſperity of your family (wherein you have my conſtant prayers) and deſerving friends. I have often ſaid, that I never knew a more eaſy man to live with than yourſelf; and if

you

you had only a poor forty thouſand pounds a year, I would command you to ſettle one thouſand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too ſpeculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philoſophical. The bearer, Mr. Stopford, has ſuch infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is, in all reſpects, ſo very deſerving a gentleman, that I am ſure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a diſaffected perſon. You are, in the modern ſenſe, a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has juſt politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate, or an exciſeman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkener has printed four volumes, which are called my works; he has only prefixed the firſt letters of my name; it was done utterly againſt my will; for there is no property in printers or bookſellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that after my death, the ſeveral London bookſellers would agree among themſelves to print what each of them had by common conſent; but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this

has

has vexed me not a little, as done in ſo obſcure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever ſhall. You will find Mr. Stopford the ſame modeſt, virtuous, learned man that you laſt ſaw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more fleſh, beſide the bleſſing of a wife and children. I deſire to preſent my humble ſervice to your's. I pray God bleſs and aſſiſt you in your glorious endeavours for the preſervation of your country, and remain with the trueſt reſpect,

Sir, your moſt obedient
And obliged humble ſervant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

You will ſee, by the many blunders in words, ſyllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

The ANSWER.

DEAR SIR, London, March 11, 1734-5.

I HAVE often deſired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to aſſure you of my moſt humble ſervice; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on ſo inſignificant an occaſion.

Your recommending Mr. Lorinan to me, gives me great pleaſure and ſatisfaction, as it is an inſtance of your kind remembrance and friendſhip. I promiſe you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, ſhall be ſure of meeting with the utmoſt

moſt of my endeavours to ſerve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. Lorinan has all the ſucceſs he could expect or wiſh for: his cauſe was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he aſked me (but in a very modeſt way) whether it was poſſible to get him made receiver of the new biſhop of Derry's rents? I told him, I would try; I did ſo, but found it would not ſucceed, and ſo dropped it immediately.

What do you ſay to the buſtle made here to prevent the * man from being an Engliſh biſhop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good chriſtian enough for an Iriſh one? Sure, the oppoſition, or the acquieſcence, muſt have been moſt abominably ſcandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, (for I am not in the leaſt acquainted with him myſelf) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies repreſent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the ſtricteſt political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard, and to the

* Dr. Thomas Rundle was promoted to the rich ſee of Derry in Ireland, in February 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the ſee of Glouceſter, in England, which had been intended for him in November, 1734; but he was then, as is ſaid, charged with Arianiſm, and alſo, with denying the truth of Abraham's offering up his ſon. The diſpute concerning his promotion to the ſee of Glouceſter, was between the chancellor and the biſhop of London: the chancellor was his friend, and the biſhop his enemy.

ſkirts

ſkirts of his cloathing, I cannot ſay; but I am ſure, it is a good joyful thing for the miniſters to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any enquiry into the ſcandalous method of nominating, inſtead of electing the ſixteen Scotch peers: and theſe, and they together, make a moſt dreadful body in that houſe. We are not quite ſo bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of ſtruggling to no purpoſe againſt the corruption that does prevail, and I ſee, always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to ſee the wickedneſs of mankind, and was particularly aſhamed of his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the laſt ſix months in a bad ſtate of health, and hoping every night would be his laſt; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with ſo much bad company. What I have ſaid of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of viſiting England this ſummer, I can aſſure you of ſome friends, who wiſh to live with you, and know how to value and eſteem you. Among them, there is none that does ſo, more ſincerely than, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble ſervant, and joins in inviting you here next ſummer.

* 'He was a native of Scotland.'

To WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, Eſq;

SIR, March 19, 1734-5.

I HAD, ſome days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never ſaw; but, by the name ſubſcribed, I found it came from a younger ſon of yours, I ſuppoſe your ſecond. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the ſeverities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyiſh follies, when he was firſt brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's ſchool, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his claſs; by which it appears that he paſſed for one of the four beſt ſcholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very ſmall hand; where he gives a hiſtory of his life, from the age of fourteen to the preſent time. It is written with ſo much ſpirit, nature, and good ſenſe, as well as appearance of truth, that having firſt razed out the writer's name, I have ſhewn it to ſeveral gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taſte; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that ſo hopeful a youth ſhould not have proper encouragement, unleſs he has ſome very diſagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written

thus

thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to ſee me: I read your ſon's letter to him, and he was equally pleaſed with it, and juſtified the progreſs the young man had made in his ſchool. I went this evening to viſit a lady, who has a very great eſteem and friendſhip for you and Mrs. * * * * *: ſhe told me, "That "the young man's great fault was, too much pert- "neſs and conceit of himſelf, which he often "ſhewed in your houſe, and even among com- "pany;" which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not eaſily cured: yet, I think, if I had a ſon, who had underſtanding, wit, and humour, to write ſuch a letter, I could not find in my heart to caſt him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amend- ment; and in the mean time, give him no cauſe to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is con- tented to ſtand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, ſhall be an aggravation to me, to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alleges ſeems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, phy- ſick, or divinity; although, in his letter, he pre- tends to have ſtudied the firſt, on your promiſe to ſend him to The Temple; but, your mind altering, and you rather chooſing to ſend him to Leyden, he applied himſelf to ſtudy phyſick, and made ſome

progreſs in it: but, for many months, he has heard nothing more from you; ſo that now he is in utter deſpair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-ſtreet, with only the liberty to dine at your houſe, and no farther care taken of him.

Sir, although I have ſeldom been in your company, it is many years ſince I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modeſty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never ſaw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: ſhe has the character of being a very polite and accompliſhed perſon; and therefore, very probably, her ſon's rough, over-weening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very diſguſtful to her. Your ſon deſires me, in his letter, to apply to ſome friends who have moſt credit with you, that you will pleaſe to put him into ſome way of life; and he wiſhes that thoſe friends would be ſo generous to join in contributing ſome allowance to ſupport him at Leyden. I think, it would have been well if he had been ſent to ſea in the proper time, or had now a commiſſion in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter ſent to me under his name, I confeſs myſelf ſo very partial, as to be extremely ſorry if he ſhould not deſerve and acquire the favour of you and your lady: in which caſe, any

parents

parents might be forgiven for being proud of ſuch a ſon. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King; but, if I can learn from thoſe who have, I ſhall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domeſtic point, where I have no information but from one ſide: but I can faithfully aſſure you, that my regard is altogether for the ſervice and eaſe of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is ſeldom without ſome bent towards virtue, and therefore deſerves ſome indulgence. Moſt of the great villains I have known (which were not a ſmall number) have been brutes in their underſtandings, as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I ſhall therefore conclude with the ſincere profeſſion of being, with great eſteem and truth,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant.

From Mrs. PRATT.

SIR, London, April 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me ſufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omiſſion but that cannot

fail of an excuſe from me, whoſe friendſhip is pleaſingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your diſtinguiſhing talents and merit, whoſe life I wiſh to preſerve, but wiſh more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and ſituation; and my next deſire ſhould be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of theſe comforts.

Your kind enquiries in relation to myſelf, only juſtify taking up your time with ſo inſignificant a ſubject, which I ſhall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the Court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my lord Shelburne, whoſe houſe in London is my ſettled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the leaſe of the houſe, which is an old one, being then expired; and ſo perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can expreſs here, to the ducheſs of Buckingham, whoſe table is my conſtant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I aſk for it; beſides, fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me ſhare in publick amuſements without expence; and in Summer the variety of change of air, which her ſtation impowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being ſo to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the moſt agreeable ſin-

cere

cere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do juſtice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one ſo worthy of it. I am, Sir, your ſincerely obliged and affectionate humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

April 5, 1735.

PART the firſt, you order me to give up my ſecretaryſhip; and part the ſecond, called poſtſcript, you employ me about Dr. Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it muſt have been at Dublin long before yours came away. I was juſt thinking, that you was a little upon the * dear joy; but to be ſure, you were in the right, for what ſignified my ſecretaryſhip when I had no buſineſs?

The counteſs of Suffolk did not give up the firſt employment at court, for ſhe had no other than miſtreſs of the robes, being 400l. a year, which the ducheſs of Dorſet had quitted to her, there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a counteſs to continue bed-chamber-woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than ſhe by many ways proved herſelf to him. As to what

* An Iriſh expreſſion.

you hint about yourſelf, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can ſay nothing upon it. And as to the queſtion, Whether you ſhould congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think ſhe was heartily ſorry, to be obliged, by ill uſage, to quit a maſter and miſtreſs that ſhe had ſerved ſo juſtly, and loved ſo well. However, ſhe has now much more eaſe and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. Floyd has a cough every winter, and generally ſo bad, that ſhe often frightens me for the conſequences. My ſaucy niece * preſents her ſervice to parſon Swift. The ducheſs of Dorſet is gone to Bath with lady Lambert, for her health; ſhe has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her cholic.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing ſuch a long letter; ſo adieu, my dear Dean,

* 'Mary, eldeſt daughter, and one of the coheirs of Thomas Chambers of Hanworth, in Middleſex, Eſq; by lady Mary Berkeley, ſiſter to earl Berkeley and to lady B — G ——. She married in April 1736, lord Vere Beauclerc, now lord Vere.'

From

From the Archbiſhop of CASHELL*.

DEAR SIR, Caſhell, April 7, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. Dunkin† was ordained here laſt Thurſday, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope will in ſome degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greateſt evils that attends thoſe whom fortune has forſaken, that their friends forſake them too: and let me tell you, that your not ſeeing me the whole winter I was laſt in Dublin, was not a leſs mortification to me, than all the hard ſayings of the great parliament orators. However, I muſt own your taking any occaſion to write to me at all, has made ſome amends; for though you ſeem deſignedly to cover it, I think I perceive ſome little marks of that former kindneſs, which I once pleaſed myſelf to have had a ſhare in with your lawyer-friends. When I converſed with politicans, I learned, that it was not prudent to ſeem fond of what one moſt deſires: for which reaſon, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend ſhould open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton.

† The reverend Mr. Dunkin, the author of ſeveral poetical pieces that have been well received.

was

was your ſubject at St. Patrick's, I ſhould think myſelf the happieſt man in the world; but this I will ſay, that if it falls out ſo, this laſt heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at preſent.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way eaſier to my church; which, if I can ſucceed in, I deſign to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleaſed to call them) anceſtors. I wiſh this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, inſtead of it, ſome of our immenſe erudition. What if you ſpent a fortnight here this ſummer? I have laid aſide all my country politics, ſheriffs, elections, feaſts, &c. And I fancy, it would not be diſagreeable to you, to ſee king Cormack's chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controverſy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbiſhop. I really intend to lay out a thouſand pounds to preſerve this old church; and I am ſure, you would be of ſervice to poſterity, if you aſſiſted me in the doing of it; at leaſt, if you approved the deſign, you would give the greateſt pleaſure, I aſſure you, to your moſt affectionate and faithful humble ſervant,

THEO. CASHELL.

To Mr. THOMAS BEACH*, Merchant in Wrexham, Denbighſhire; to be left at the Cuſtomhouſe Warehouſe in Cheſter, and given to Stephen Lovel, Eſq; Collector of the Cuſtoms in Cheſter.

SIR, Dublin, April 12, 1735.

AFTER the fate of all Poets, you are no favourite of Fortune; for your letter of March 31 did not come to my hands till two days after Sir William Fownes's death; who, having been long afflicted with the ſtone and other diſorders, beſides great old age, died about nine days ago. If he had recovered, I ſhould have certainly waited on him with your poem †, and recommended it and

* Mr. Thomas Beach, the perſon to whom this letter is addreſſed, was a wine merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighſhire. He was a man of learning, of great humanity, of an eaſy fortune, and was much reſpected. He publiſhed in the year 1737, in 4to, "Eugenio, or "Virtuous and happy Life," a poem inſcribed to Mr. Pope; a work by no means deſtitute of poetical merit. He is ſaid by ſome to have entertained very blameable notions in religion; but this appears rather to be conjecture than a well-eſtabliſhed fact. It is certain he was at times grievouſly afflicted with a very terrible diſorder in his head, to which his friends aſcribed his melancholy cataſtrophe. On the 17th of May, 1737, ſoon after the publication of his poem, he cut his throat with ſuch ſhocking reſolution, that it was reported his head was almoſt ſevered from his body.

† The poem which Mr. Beach ſent was that he afterwards publiſhed under the title of Eugenio; and, from a peruſal of it, we find he adopted every one of the Dean's hints and corrections. Even the triplet is diſcarded, and the poem now conſiſts of three hundred lines.

the

the author very heartily to his favour. I have ſeen fewer good panegyrics than any other ſort of writing, eſpecially in verſe, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken; I mean, that of deſcribing a perſon who poſſeſſeth every virtue, and rather waving that Sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural underſtanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taſte and humour, as well as a wiſe and uſeful citizen, as appeared by ſome little Treatiſe for regulating the Government of this city; and I often wiſhed his advice had been taken. I read your poem ſeveral times, and ſhewed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me, that it wanted ſome corrections. Upon which I took a number of lines, which are in all 299, the odd number being occaſioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad verſifiers in Charles the Second's reign. Dryden, though my near relation, is one I have often blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haſte to finiſh his plays, becauſe by them he chiefly ſupported his family, and this made him ſo very uncorrect; he likewiſe brought-in the Alexandrine verſe at the end of his triplets. I was ſo angry at theſe corruptions, that about twenty-four years ago I baniſhed them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very

ridiculous

ridiculous ſubject*. I abſolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never uſed them till he tranſlated Homer, which was too long a work to be ſo very exact in; and I think in one or two of his laſt poems he hath, out of lazineſs, done the ſame thing, though very ſeldom. I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6, for *han't*, read *want*; I abhor thoſe *han'ts* and *won'ts*, &c. they are deteſtable in verſe as well as proſe. L. 46, for *whilſt*, put *while*. L. 83, *derives*, I doubt, there is no verb deponent, but always active. L. 106, "If *Noll* uſurps, or *James*;" *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem; and as to *James*, he was a weak bigoted Papiſt, deſirous, like all kings, of abſolute power, but not properly a tyrant. P. 109. *And midſt* harſh and rough, the eliſion unluckily placed. L. 115, 116. I cannot ſuffer an ill rhyme, ſuch as *ſeen* and *ſcene*; (I *forgot* the triplet in L. 108, which I wiſh were clipped of one of its three wings;) and L. 110, *to Glory*, I wiſh it were *in Glory*. L. 118. *Does*. This word ſhould be avoided, as a mere expletive. L. 155. *Does*. The ſame fault. L. 161. *The Ingrate*. This verſe is not right meaſure, but ſounds very ill. L. 201. *Chearful*, &c. This verſe wants a verb, as *are*, or ſome other. 204. *Does*. L. 217, for *pervade* it ſhould be *pervades*. L. 218, *and* grows, Quere, is not *or* more proper? L. 278, Cuzzoni *fam'd*. This is an expletive, not a pro-

* See the concluding lines of the Deſcription of a City Shower.

per epithet. L. 289, *That* dares. The word *that*, as it is placed, ſpoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word ſhould be *who*. L. 294, *Reaſcend*. I know not the reaſon for this word. Why not rather *aſcend?* I ſlipt, L. 290, *Than*, I ſuppoſe you only meant *then*. You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and obſerve where there be any more overſights of the ſame kind with thoſe I have noted, and to be corrected; which you can do better than any other perſon. A friend can only ſee what is amiſs, but the writer can mend it more eaſily. All you deſire in relation to Sir W. F. is at an end by his death; otherwiſe I ſhould gladly have performed it in the beſt and moſt effectual manner I was able. As to the publiſhing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enſlaved ſtarving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor would be able to ſell two dozen unleſs he could afford it for a penny. I would rather adviſe you to have it publiſhed in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookſeller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a ſhilling price; but, as I preſume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you ſhould get ſome perſon of conſequence to recommend it.

As to what things are printed here on ſuppoſition they were mine, the thing was done directly againſt my inclinations, out of the diſdain I had of their being publiſhed in ſo obſcure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough ſa-

tisfied

tisfied if the bookſellers in London could have agreed among themſelves to print them there; and I believe they now repent they did not, becauſe every printer there hath a property in their copy; and what things are ſuppoſed to be mine belonged to ſeveral bookſellers, who might have ſhared equally, according to what copies they held. I have been called away till evening: however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had ſtaid. I am, with true eſteem, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

P. 251. l. 32. *Read* Wells.

From Alderman BARBER.

DEAR SIR, Queen-ſquare, April 22, 1735.

IT was with great pleaſure I had the favour of your moſt obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardſon, agent to the Iriſh ſociety; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any ſervice I can do him that is in my power: when I ſay this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raiſed him to the poſt he now enjoys under the ſociety, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will eaſily preſerve his intereſt in that body.

I am very ſorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more ſo, becauſe they

they have deprived your friends here of the great pleaſure and ſatisfaction of ſeeing you among them, which is a ſenſible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleaſed with the account you give of your way of living, becauſe I am a living inſtance, how the œconomy you are under muſt neceſſarily preſerve your life many years. I have the gout ſometimes, the aſthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a conſtant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top phyſicians pronounced me a dead man, and ſent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and miſts, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good ſtomach, with a bad digeſtion: but I have good ſpirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you ſo long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with ſo many diſtempers, preſerves me to almoſt a miracle, what muſt the ſame method produce in you?

About ten days ago I ſaw Mr. Pope, who is very well: ſo is the lord of Dawley *.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have loſt ſince good queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loſs of a friend is the loſs of a limb, not to be reſtored. Poor lady Maſham among the reſt. Our

* Bolingbroke.

friend

friend the Doctor* I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Dr. Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on your public spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, aud for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER

My service to Dr. Delany.

* Arbuthnot.

From Mrs. PRATT.

SIR, London, April 22, 1735.

I WROTE in ſuch haſte that I forgot to make my lady Savile's acknowledgements, which before ſhe left this, ſhe engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by aſſuring you that ſhe is your obliged humble ſervant, and wiſhes you all happineſs, as many more do among your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, ſeem promiſing.

My lord Shelburne, who is juſt come to town for two or three days, deſires his ſincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town houſe, and wiſhes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come among your friends. I wiſh I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleaſure of aſſuring you in perſon, how ſincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

H. PRATT.

From WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq.

SIR, London, April 29, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford; to which I am ſorry I can ſo ſoon, by him, return you an anſwer. I have ſcarce had any opportunity

opportunity of ſeeing him. One day, believing we ſhould have had no buſineſs in parliament, I deſired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate aroſe, which kept us till nine at night before we ſat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing ſeſſion, more from the ſevere attendance on elections, than any other public buſineſs. The miniſters have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the houſe; and upon the whole, we ſtand ſtronger in numbers than we did at firſt ſetting out. I have ſent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our houſe, for the encouragement of learning (as the title bears) but I think, it is rather of advantage to bookſellers than authors. Whether it will paſs or not this ſeſſion, I cannot ſay; but if it ſhould not, I ſhould be glad of your thoughts upon it againſt another ſeſſion. It ſeems to me to be extremely imperfect at preſent. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than thoſe which have been ſo ſcandalouſly ſtolen from you. And when a bill of this nature paſſes in England (as I hope it will next year) you may then ſecure the property to any friend, or any charitable uſe you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expreſſions of friendſhip in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your eſteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than thoſe do, who attain fooliſh ribbons, or fooliſh titles, *vilia ſervitutis præmia**. Pray therefore

* This was before he attained the title of earl of Bath.

continue me your friendſhip, and believe me, with the greateſt ſincerity and regard, dear Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with lord Berkeley; but, I beleive, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. Stopford to the duke of Dorſet; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out ſoon after his return from Ireland, poſſibly he may deſire not to go.

To Lady B—— G——.

MADAM, May 5, 1735.

I FIND your ladyſhip ſeems not very much pleaſed with your office of ſecretary; which, however, you muſt be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, conſidering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troubleſome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be leſs; and, as I have always done, will principally conſider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only couſin I ſuffer to ſee me. When I had credit for ſome years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one

was

was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger * half remains: and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary imployment. The countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. Deering, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, lord Fitzmaurice, has for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife †.

* This is ludicrously said, as being a common blundering expression of the Irish.

† When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady Gertrude Lambert, eldest daughter to Richard earl of Cavan, June 29, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of Kerry. The honourable John Fitzmaurice, here recommended by Dr. Swift for small employments, afterwards succeeded his uncle, Henry earl of Shelburn, in his honours and an immense estate, both real and personal. The present earl of Shelburn is his son.

The caſe has been tried in both kingdoms, and he ſtands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger ſon, who has lately married honeſtly and indiſputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but has no employment; therefore his parents would be very deſirous he ſhould have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to buſineſs. It is underſtood here, that the purchaſe of the deputy clerk's office is the uſual perquiſite of the chief clerk, with the conſent of the chief governor; with which, my lord and lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of Kerry's is one of the moſt ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger, and only ſon of which he has any hopes, might well pretend to ſucceed in ſo ſmall an office, upon an equal foot with any other perſon. I own this propoſal of mine is more ſuitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own ſpeculative notions of virtue; but I muſt give ſome allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the paſſion I have to my lady Kerry, &c.

From

From the Archbiſhop of CASHELL.

DEAR SIR, Caſhell, May 31, 1735.

I HAVE been ſo unfortunate in all my conteſts of late, that I am reſolved to have no more, eſpecially where I am likely to be over-matched: and as I have ſome reaſon to hope what is paſt will be forgotten, I confeſs, I did endeavour in my laſt to put the beſt colour I could think of upon a very bad cauſe. My friends judge right of my idleneſs, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confuſion, ariſing from a thouſand unlucky unforeſeen accidents, rather than mere ſloth.

I have but one troubleſome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime ſerjeant I hope ſoon to get rid of; and then you ſhall ſee me a true Iriſh biſhop. Sir James Ware has made a very uſeful collection of the memorable actions of all my predeceſſors. He tells us, they were born in ſuch a town of England or Ireland; were conſecrated ſuch a year, and if not tranſlated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the North or South ſide. Whence I conclude, that a good biſhop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propoſe for the remainder of my life to follow: for, to tell you the truth, I have for theſe four or five years paſt met with ſo much treachery, baſeneſs, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I

can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to ſo perverſe a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a Southern ramble will prove the beſt remedy you can take to recover your fleſh; and I don't know, except in one ſtage, where you can chooſe a road ſo ſuited to your circumſtances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, juſt mid-way, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parſon, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the beſt little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fatteſt, and her ale the beſt in all the country. Beſides, the parſon has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogſhead of the beſt wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their ſide; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I deſign to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you ſhall ſtay all night; if not, after dinner, we will ſet out about four, and be at Caſhell by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parſon will ſhew us, we ſhall eſcape all the rocky and ſtony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be ſo kind as to let me know a poſt or two before you ſet out, the very day you will be at Kelkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you aſk him, Cope

will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your poſitive promiſe, I ſhall add no more arguments to perſuade you. And am, with the greateſt truth, your moſt faithful and obedient humble ſervant,

THEO. CASHELL.

From Mrs. DONNELLAN.

SIR, May 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correſpondence might be troubleſome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to ſue for another, though I have the higheſt ſenſe of the obligation.

You ſay you want me to aſſert your right over our ſex; and your letter is ſo powerful a bribe, that I fear I ſhall give them up to you, though I am a great aſſerter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you aſſign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myſelf very unfit for ſome of them; but I have ſuch high examples on my ſide, that I am not at all aſhamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurſe; you ſhall teach me to be your companion; and, for a houſekeeper, I will aſſure you I know to a farthing the loweſt price of every thing, though I am ever ſo ignorant of the matter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pendarves has, as you ſay, forſaken us: by my lord Lanſdown's death, her brother Mr. Granville is become poſſeſt of eight hundred pound a year, and twenty thouſand pound in money; which was ſo ſettled that my lord Lanſdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their ſiſter Miſs Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord Lanſdown's death, though ſhe had a great regard for him. I tell her when ſhe has married and ſettled her brother and ſiſter, if ſhe does not ſettle herſelf, ſhe muſt think of her friends in Ireland; and ſhe promiſes me ſhe will.

It is ſo much my intereſt, Sir, to believe you ſincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why ſhould not I (which is ſtill more pleaſing) believe I have really thoſe good qualities you aſcribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praiſed by you?

I think your indignation againſt our abſenters very juſt, though ſome of my family ſuffer by it; but we are reſolved to be no longer of the number, and propoſe leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout theſe three months; and I fear we ſhall leave her ſo: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few ſevere critics (who think that judgment is only ſhewn in finding faults) that ſay they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are

not

not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very ſorry Dr. Delany has given up his houſe in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wiſh it, command time and a coach to viſit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happineſs of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I muſt ſay I think a very juſt one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my beſt thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the higheſt gratitude, your moſt obliged, obedient ſervant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My beſt reſpects attend Dr. Delany, and Dr. Helſham.

To WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq.

SIR, Dublin, May 12, 1735.

MR. Stopford landed yeſterday, and ſent me the letter which you were pleaſed to honour me with. I have not yet ſeen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reaſon why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the moſt deſerving gentlemen in the country, and has a tolerable proviſion, much more than perſons of ſo much merit can in theſe times pretend

pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of Dorſet very well, having known him from his youth, and he has treated me with great civility ſince he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his inſtructions from your ſide the water, make him act the uſual part in managing this nation, for which he muſt be excuſed: yet I wiſh he would a little more conſider, that people here might have ſome ſmall ſhare in employments civil and eccleſiaſtic, wherein my lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the ſame manner as a monkey does a human creature. If my health were not ſo bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and muſt end as all others have done which were eſtabliſhed by the Goths, and is now falling in the ſame manner that the reſt have done. It is very natural for every king to deſire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites, as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune, can find his account in making himſelf and his poſterity ſlaves. They are paid for it; the court will reſtore what their luxury has deſtroyed; I have nothing to object. But, let me ſuppoſe a chief miniſter, from a ſcanty fortune, almoſt eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monſtrous overgrown eſtate, why he will ſtill go on to endeavour

making

making his maſter abſolute, and thereby in the power of ſeizing all his poſſeſſions at his pleaſure, and hanging or baniſhing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were ſuch a miniſter, I would act like a prudent gameſter, and cut, as the ſharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if ſuch a miniſter, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, ſeem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country ſide? As to the luſt of abſolute power, I deſpair it can ever be cooled, unleſs princes had capacity to read the hiſtory of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the ſame may be ſaid of the Ottomans by their janiſſaries; and many other examples are eaſy to be found. If I were ſuch a miniſter, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myſelf. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worſt that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conſcience that you have ſome mercenary end in all your endeavours to preſerve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you ſtand almoſt alone, and therefore are ſure, if you ſucceed, to engroſs the whole glory of recovering a deſperate conſtitution, given over by all its other phyſicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whoſe hearts are waxen groſs, whoſe ears are dull of hearing, and whoſe eyes have been cloſed; and may he continue you as his chief inſtrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I ſend

I ſend this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you againſt all your enemies; I mean thoſe of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, ſo may God give you long life and health the better to ſupport you.

You are pleaſed to mention ſome volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I ſhould not have been diſſatisfied if ſuch a thing had been done in England by book-ſellers agreeing among themſelves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and bookſellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he conſulted ſome friends, who were readier to direct him than I deſired they ſhould. I ſaw one poem on you and a great miniſter, and was not ſorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of poſt-officers. I am, Sir, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

Your moſt obedient and
obliged humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to Mrs. Pulteney.

From Lord BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, Cirenceſter, 13 Sept. 1735.

THOUGH you never anſwer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an Iriſh cauſe, I do inſiſt that without delay you give me either by yourſelf or agents immediate ſatisfaction in theſe points. Firſt, whether that article which I read in the news about one Butler a ſhooting parſon be true or not? ſecondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and atteſted upon oath that it was without deſign, and by accident that the gun went off? In caſe the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any ſufficient or reaſonable excuſe, I require of you that you do immediately get ſome able painter to draw his picture, and ſend it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which ſhall be diſperſed over all parts of the known world, that ſuch a worthleſs raſcal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland, ſuch a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he won't venture into England when theſe prints of his perſon are ſent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the firſt village he paſſes through. Perhaps he may think to ſkulk in Holland, the common refuge of all ſcoundrels; but he will ſoon find out, that Doctor Swuft (for ſo they pronounce the name) is in great eſteem

eſteem there, for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worſe reception; for his wit is reliſhed there, and many of his tracts, though ſpoiled by tranſlation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themſelves. Should he go into Spain, he would find that Don Swifto is in the higheſt eſtimation, being thought to be lineally deſcended from Miguel de Cervantes, by a daughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be ſafe in Poland during the time of theſe troubles; but I can aſſure him, from the mouth of a Poliſh lady, who was lately in London, by name Madam de Monmorancy (for ſhe was married to a French gentleman of that great family) that Dr. Swift is perfectly well known there; and ſhe was very ſolicitous to know whether he were a Staniſlaiſt or not, ſhe being a zealous partizan for that cauſe.

Now if this brute of a parſon ſhould find no ſecurity in Europe, and therefore ſlip into the Eaſt Indies in ſome Dutch ſhip, for a Dutchman may be found who would carry the Devil for a ſtiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly ſurprized to find that Dr. Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the greateſt eſteem. The miſſionaries have tranſlated ſeveral European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken ſo well as his; and the Chineſe, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Perſia Kouli-Can was at the pains to tranſlate his works himſelf; being born a Scotſman, he underſtood them very well, and I am credibly

redibly informed that he read The Battle of the Books the night before he gave that great defeat to the Perſian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he ſhall find good reception at Conſtantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an Engliſh renegado ſlave tranſlated Effendi Soif for them, and told them it was writ by an Engliſhman, with a deſign to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the Effendi, the book and the author are in the greateſt eſteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any Engliſh, French, or Spaniſh ſettlement; ſo that in all probability he would be ſoon ſcalpt by the wild Indians; and in truth there would be no manner of ſhame that a head ſhould be uncovered that has ſo little brains in it. Brutality and ill-nature proceed from the want of ſenſe; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this ſingle action. Now I really believe no layman could have done ſuch a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to moſt of the clergy (a few only excepted of ſuperior underſtanding) certain feminine diſpoſitions. They are commonly ſubject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to thoſe paſſions; poſſibly for the ſame reaſon that women are obſerved to do ſo, becauſe they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipt through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are ſecure from ſuch accidents. Now to avoid farther trouble, I

hope by this-time his gown is ſtript off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horſe-pond. Send me an account of this, and I ſhall be ſatisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be aſſured that my regard for you will only end with the laſt breath of your faithful ſervant.

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, May 16, 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuſe you of want of civility; for ſince my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may ſometimes tax you with want of kindneſs; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at leaſt. At laſt I was informed your not writing to me was occaſioned by your ill ſtate of health; that changed my diſcontent, but did not leſſen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you ſick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to chooſe out of: I heartily wiſh neither may happen. You call yourſelf by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a perſon I value abuſed. I, for that reaſon, muſt deſire you to be more upon your guard when you ſpeak of yourſelf again: I much eaſier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you expreſs for the weakneſs of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my

my ſpirits, which prevented my writing ſooner to you. My ſiſter (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indiſpoſed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but ſhe is now in a better way, and I hope paſt all danger. I would rather tell you ſomewhat that is pleaſant; but how can I? I am juſt going to loſe Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the livelieſt imagination: it is not eaſy to expreſs what one feels on ſuch an occaſion: the loſs of an agreeable, ſenſible, uſeful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be deſcribed. You happy Hibernians that are to reap the benefit of my diſtreſs, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am ſorry the ſociable Thurſdays, that uſed to bring together ſo many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-ſtreet. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not ſo has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuoſity. The newspapers I ſuppoſe have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cauſe of diſſention. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the houſe of commons has been urged with more warmth: the diſpute of the merits of the compoſers and ſingers is carried to ſo great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of muſic,

that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very ſilly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your laſt letter: it gave me a fair pretence of ſhowing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no ſmall honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the ſeaſon of the year will give you ſpirits, and I ſhall be glad to ſhare the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you ſee Mrs. Donnellan, ſhe will entertain you with a ſecond edition of Fauſet, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thouſand blunders, which I am aſhamed of.

From Lady BETTY BROWNLOWE.

SIR, May 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to ſend you the encloſed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correſpondent has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wiſe, &c. and thereby occaſioned your being a ſufferer by any delay of buſineſs. I ſhould beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing ſooner, but that I am the only ſufferer by it, by being deprived of the ſatisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much

leſs agreeable than uſual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amuſed very much to my ſatisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty deſign in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldneſs of the ſeaſon makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady Acheſon and Mrs. Acheſon do, for I have a ſincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a viſit to our friends at Seaford, where we propoſe ſtaying about a fortnight. I heard yeſterday you had thoughts of going to Caſhel: if it were poſſible for me to have the happineſs to be preſent at yours and the archbiſhop's converſation, I am certain I ſhould retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good liſtner, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I aſſure you I have too great a deſire to be informed and improved, to occaſion any interruption in your converſation, except when I find you purpoſely let yourſelf down to ſuch capacities as mine, with an intention, as I ſuppoſe, to give us the pleaſure of babbling. Mr. Brownlowe deſires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great reſpect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble ſervant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

May 27, 1735.

IT is true enough, my love to buſineſs is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you ſhould have had a quicker anſwer to your letter, but that I find Mr. Fitzmaurice has already made application by ſeveral other hands, and ſo have many members of parliament. The anſwer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be diſpoſed of; and my opinion is, that probably, when lord George Sackville comes over, he will humbly deſire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the diſpoſal of it himſelf, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know lady Kerry had the honour of being your miſtreſs and favourite: however, I approve of your taſte. For, many years, or rather an age ago, ſhe and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty ſenſible agreeable woman; ſo, upon that account, as well as yours, I ſhould be very glad to be ſerviceable to her in any thing in my power.

Now I have given you what anſwer I can on this ſubject, I muſt recommend to you an affair, which has given me ſome ſmall palpitations of the heart, which is, that you ſhould not wrap up old ſhoes, or neglected ſermons, in my letters; but that what of them have been ſpared from going towards

wards making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed inſtantly to the flames: for, you being ſtigmatized with the name of a wit, Mr. Curll will rake to the dunghill for your correſpondence. And as to my part, I am ſatisfied with having been honoured in print, by our amorous, ſatirical, and gallant letters.

The ſummer has done your old friend Mrs. Floyd a great deal of ſervice. As for my ſaucy niece, I would adviſe you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The ducheſs of Dorſet is ſtill at Bath, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which I believe is very well for him, becauſe I doubt he had a little of it in his ſtomach. Adieu, *&c.*

The ANSWER.

MADAM, June 8th, 1735.

I TROUBLE you ſooner than uſual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, becauſe there are ſome paſſages in it that ſeem to require a quick anſwer. If I forget the date of mine, you muſt impute it to my ill head: and if I live two years longer, I ſhall firſt forget my own name, and laſt your ladyſhip's. I gave my lady Kerry an account of what you ſaid in relation to her ſon, with which ſhe is fully ſatisfied. I deteſt the houſe of lords, for their indulgence to ſuch a profligate proſtitute villain as Curl; but am at a loſs how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope; although, by

the vanity or indiſcretion of correſpondents, the rogue might have pickt up ſome that went from him. Thoſe letters have not yet been ſent hither; therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from miniſters for ſeveral years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyſhip, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you pleaſe: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and conſequently will give me new pleaſure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept ſome letters merely out of friendſhip, although they ſometimes wanted true ſpelling and good ſenſe, and ſome others whoſe writers are dead: for I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am ſometimes too nice; for I burnt all my lord * * * *'s letters, upon receiving one where he had uſed theſe words to me, "All I pretend to is a great deal of ſincerity:" which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of thoſe from my lord Halifax, I burnt all but one; which I keep as a moſt admirable original of court promiſes and profeſſions. I confeſs alſo that I have read ſome paſſages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only "that the writer was a lady," which had ſuch marks of good ſenſe that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyſhip very much ſurpriſes me with one paſſage in your letter, which however I do not in the

the leaſt underſtand; where you ſay, You "have "been honoured in print by amorous, ſatirical, "and gallant letters, where there was no word "but your bare name mentioned." I can aſſure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the leaſt ſyllable of; and wiſh you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your inſolent niece, without a moſt humble ſubmiſſion under her own hands; which if ſhe will not comply with, I ſhall draw up letters between us, and ſend them to Curl.

I will tell your ladyſhip a cauſe I have of complaint againſt the duke of Dorſet. I have written to him about four times ſince he was lieutenant: and three of my letters were upon ſubjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myſelf; but he was never pleaſed to return me an anſwer: which omiſſion (for I diſdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by ſome of the following reaſons. He is either extremely buſy in affairs of the higheſt importance; or he is a duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or ſo obſcure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or, like the duke of Chandos, he is an utter ſtranger to me: and it would grieve me to the ſoul to put them together upon any one article. The laſt letter I writ to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honeſt gentleman; which laſt circumſtance, with ſubmiſſion to your ladyſhip, is what I ſeldom grant; and the matter deſired was a

trifle.

trifle. The letter before that related to a requeſt made him by a ſenior fellow of this univerſity, upon which I was earneſtly preſſed to write by ſome conſiderable members of the ſame body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their ſtatutes, and of the moſt pernicious conſequence, not only to the univerſity, but the kingdom: and for that reaſon, it is thought, his grace has choſen to let it fall, I ſuppoſe by much better cauſes of conviction than mine. I do aſſure you, Madam, that I have not been troubleſome to my lord duke in any particular: ſince he has been governor, my letters have been at moſt but once a year, and my perſonal requeſts not ſo many; nor any of them for the leaſt intereſt that regarded myſelf. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vaſt numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enſlaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have ſome influence to be troubleſome; yet I have long quitted all ſuch thoughts, out of perfect deſpair: although I have ſometimes wiſhed, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more conſidered in the diſpoſition of employments, notwithſtanding their misfortune of being born on this ſide the Channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is ſo full, that I have not room to excuſe its length. I remain

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

To

To Sir CHARLES WOGAN, in Spain.

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only perſon alive who can juſtly charge me with ingratitude; becauſe, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obſcure exile in a moſt obſcure and enſlaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and ſend me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained ſome very ingenious friends, as well as myſelf: I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and Engliſh, but your poetical hiſtory in proſe of your own life and actions, inſcribed to me: which I often wiſhed it were ſafe to print here, or in England, under the madneſs of univerſal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told, that you have a brother, and ſome near relations in this country; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I ſuppoſe, on account of their religion, they are ſo prudent as to live in privacy: although the court has thought it better in point of politics (and, to keep the good-will of cardinal Fleury, has thought it proper) to make the Catholics here much more eaſy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can aſſure you, that

thoſe

thoſe wretches here, who call themſelves a Parliament, abhor the clergy of our church, more than thoſe of yours, and have made a univerſal aſſociation to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have farther thanks to give you for your generous preſent of excellent Spaniſh wine, whereof I have been ſo choice, that my butler tells me there are ſtill ſome bottles left. I did very often aſk ſome merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford ſomething that might be acceptable in Spain; but could not get any ſatisfaction. The price, I am ſure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my deſire: to which you anſwered in a diſintereſted manner, "That you only deſired my Works." It is true indeed that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which paſſed for mine, as well as ſeveral ſingle papers in verſe and proſe, that he could get from my friends; and deſired my leave to publiſh them in four volumes. He reaſoned, "That printers here had no pro-"perty in their copies: that mine would fall into "worſe hands: that he would ſubmit to me and "my friends what to publiſh or omit." On the whole, I would not concern myſelf; and ſo they have appeared abroad, as you will ſee them in thoſe I make bold to ſend you.—I muſt now return to mention wine. The laſt ſeaſon for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raiſed the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the preſent weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this, I have told

told ſome merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of ſummer happens to fail in the ſeveral wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and thoſe of the South of Italy, will be at leaſt as ripe as thoſe of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would deſire our merchants to deal this year in thoſe warmer climates: becauſe I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spaniſh grape may fail, for want of its uſual ſhare of ſun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honeſt Catholic merchant here, who deals in Spaniſh wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my diſorders, with the help of years, make wine abſolutely neceſſary to ſupport me. And if you were not a perſon of too conſiderable a rank (and now become half a Spaniard) I would try to make you deſcend ſo low, as to order ſome merchants there to conſign to ſome of ours, directed to me, ſome good quantity of wine that you approve of; ſuch as our claret-drinkers here will be content with: for, when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. Hall Caſſalia) they ſay, it will do for one glaſs, and then (to ſpeak in their language) call for honeſt Claret.

From

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

London, July 12, 1735.

I HAVE not anſwered yours of the 15th of June ſo ſoon as I ſhould; but the duke of Dorſet had anſwered all yours ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all cauſes of complaint are at an end, and that he has ſhewed himſelf, as he is, much your friend and humble ſervant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds don't lie, or his granums did not play falſe; and while he is lord lieutenant, (which I heartily wiſh may not be much longer) I dare ſay will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I anſwer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot ſubſcribe to it himſelf.

Now to quite another affair. The counteſs of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great eſteem and value for) has been ſo good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley for better, for worſe; though I hope in God the laſt will not happen, becauſe I think he is an honeſt good-natured man. The town is ſurpriſed; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon theſe ordinary extraordinary occaſions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but, for all that, he has appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever ſince ſhe has been a widow, ſo pray don't miſtake me) a

moſt violent paſſion for her, as well as eſteem and value for her numberleſs good qualities. Theſe things well conſidered, I do not think they have above ten to one againſt their being very happy: and if they ſhould not be ſo, I ſhall heartily wiſh him hanged, becauſe I am ſure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though ſhe has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt ſhe has been too diſintereſted to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir Robert*, her greateſt enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thouſand pounds. I wiſh—but fear it is not near that ſum. But what ſhe has, ſhe never told me, nor have I ever aſked; but whatever it is, they muſt live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himſelf eaſily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forget to anſwer that part of your letter, where you ſay, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curl ſet forth "Letters amorous, ſatirical, and "gallant, between Dr. Swift, lady Mary Chambre, "lady Betty Germaine, and Mrs. Anne Long, and "ſeveral other perſons." I am afraid ſome of my people uſed them according to their deſert; for they have not appeared above-ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruiſed my fingers prodigiouſly, and can ſay no more but adieu.

* Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

From

From Mr. MOTTE.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwiſe than by the poſt for above a twelve-month, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. Lancelot's buſineſs, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, conſidering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not diſcharged till the laſt day of the laſt term. I don't doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. Barber was diſcharged at the ſame time.

I deſired, therefore, Mrs. Hyde * to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of ſome tranſactions which have happened within theſe two years, which I have long wiſhed for the pleaſure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excuſed at leaſt (if not approved) by you, the aſſurance whereof I ſhould receive with the utmoſt ſatisfaction.

Soon after Mr. Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumſtances: one was, that he corrected the proof ſheets with his own hand; and as he ſaid he had ſeen the original of that piece, I

* Widow to Mr. Hyde, bookſeller in Dublin.

could

could not imagine he would have ſuffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertiſement and the letter you were pleaſed to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reſerve, and refuſed a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterwards by another bookſeller, who printed it, and loſt money by it.

He could not forbear obſerving my coldneſs, and applied to Mr. Gilliver about the copy of verſes for which we were all brought into trouble; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two perſons, it was not in the power of any one, how juſt and faithful ſoever, to anſwer for its being kept a ſecret. It was publiſhed three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver as the bookſeller, and it was reported a warrant was out againſt G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over-night, and I promiſed to take the advice of a gentleman of ſenſe and honour, whoſe name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern, to conſult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork-ſtreet, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a meſſage was ſent me that I need ſtay no longer, for Mr. G. was gone to Weſtminſter, and would not come. I went to ſee him in the meſſenger's hands; but he was ſo cloſely watched by a couple of ſharp ſluts,

the meſſenger's daughters, that I could ſay nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The conſequence was, he was examined, and made a confeſſion, like poor Dr. Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr. Pilkington firſt, and then myſelf; which laſt, as many people have told me, was unneceſſary: only, as he before ſaid, he was reſolved, if he came into trouble, I ſhould have a ſhare of it, though I offered, in caſe he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expences. This confeſſion of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, expoſed him to an information; but as it was not my buſineſs to be induſtrious in recollecting what paſt three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body elſe.

I am ſorry for the trouble this has cauſed to poor Mrs. Barber. I ſaw her the other day: ſhe was confined to her bed with the gout. She deſired, when I wrote, that I would preſent her humble ſervice to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I muſt do with the two notes I have under Mr. Pilkington's hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the laſt account we ſettled; but whether you would pleaſe they ſhould be deſtroyed or ſent over to you, I am not certain. As for the ſtate of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myſelf you find it all right.

Mr. Faulkner's impreſſion of four volumes has had its run. I was adviſed that it was in my power to have given him and his agents ſufficient

vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not ſue him without bringing your name into a court of juſtice, which abſolutely determined me to be paſſive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which caſe I humbly hope you'll pleaſe to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any ſenſe of gratitude, muſt have the ſame power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear ſending them over here. If you think this requeſt to be reaſonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I ſubmit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may poſſibly have miſrepreſented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to aſſure you that his propoſal was, that I ſhould have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and ſurely I had the ſame right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, eſpecially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I miſunderſtood him; and I am ſure, if I had complied with thoſe terms, I ſhould have been a laughing ſtock to the whole trade.

Mr. Pope has publiſhed a ſecond volume of his poetical works, of which, I ſuppoſe, he has made you a preſent. I am ſurprized to ſee he owns ſo little in the four volumes; and ſpeaks of theſe few things as inconſiderable. I am a ſtranger to what part of the copy-money he received; but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deſerved it. "I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there diſowns it."

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. Pope, I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. They were taken notice of in the houſe of lords; and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of leſs impudence than his own, would have been very uneaſy. It has provoked Mr. Pope to promiſe the world a genuine edition, with many additions. 'Tis plain the raſcal has no knowledge of thoſe Letters of yours that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack ſome traſh to them, and make a five or ſix ſhilling book of them.

The Perſian Letters have been well received, ſo I choſe to ſend them; beſide that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. Tooke, who deſires me to preſent his moſt humble ſervice to you, acquainted me ſome time ago of your intention to erect an Hoſpital for Lunaticks and Idiots. I am glad to find, by the newspapers, that ſo noble a deſign proceeds; for beſides the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am perſuaded there will be a particular one ariſe by your example; namely, that you will lay down a ſcheme which will be a pattern for future founders of publick hoſpitals to prevent many of the vile abuſes which, in proceſs of time, do creep into thoſe foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the truſtees. I have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous inſtances of miſapplications of that kind, as have raiſed my indignation ſo, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to beſtow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore,

without

without any mercenary views (at the ſame time not declining any inſtance of your favour) I would beg leave to ſay, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you muſt neceſſarily conſider it in the light I have placed it in; ſo if you would pleaſe to communicate theſe thoughts to the publick, you might poſſibly give uſeful hints to perſons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful reſpect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

B. MOTTE.

London, July 31, 1735.

Upon ſecond thoughts, I have incloſed Mr. Pilkington's two notes; for I don't ſee how they can poſſibly be of any ſervice to you on this ſide the water.

From Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, Auguſt 13, 1735.

BECAUSE of ſome dropping young lads coming to me, and becauſe it was impoſſible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday ſe'nnight, the 23d, I ſet out for Dublin to bring you home: and ſo, without Ifs, Ands, and Ors, get ready before our fields be ſtript of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in

plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and ſix men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river ſide. I have raiſed mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's courſe for that end——*Regis Opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you ſee it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a ſugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yeſterday: Griffith the player never made ſo merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promiſe of giving them ſuch a ſpeech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a chriſtening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each ſide of the gallows, and ſaid, in a cheerful manner, Hah, my friend, am I come to you at laſt! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not ſtand ſo thick, for the fartheſt ſhall hear me as eaſily as the neareſt. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and aſked him, Did he know any thing of a grey mare which was ſtolen from him? Why, what if I ſhould, would you pay for a maſs for my ſoul? Ay, by G—, ſaid the fellow, will I pay for ſeven. Why then, ſaid the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours hiſtory of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned

cerned voice. At laſt he concluded with his humble ſervice to one of the inhabitants of our town, deſiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the leaſt touched by any liquor; but ſoberly and intrepidly deſired the hangman to do his office: and at laſt went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Engliſhmen, if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the reſt, if it be worth any thing. My love and ſervice to Mrs. Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

To the Duke of DORSET.

MY LORD, Dec. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I deſired you would beſtow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your anſwer was, that I aſked modeſtly; that you would not promiſe, but you would grant my requeſt. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word uſed here) an expert king-fiſher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I ſhall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have

aſſigned to one Mr. John Jackſon, who is vicar of Santry, and has a ſmall eſtate, with two ſons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He has lain ſome years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good ſenſe, and modeſty almoſt to a fault. Your grace is now diſpoſing of the *debris* * of two biſhoprics, among which is the deanry of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman eaſier; who, beſide his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wiſh.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have ſatisfied all the expectations of thoſe who have power in your club †, to do ſomething at the requeſt of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themſelves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of ſome very deſerving gentlemen, who I was aſſured had been recommended to you by perſons of weight; but I eaſily found by your general anſwers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to ſilence me, by diverting the diſcourſe; which made me reflect that courtiers reſemble gameſters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them aſſured me, that he has loſt fourteen thouſand pounds ſince he left off play, merely by dabbling with thoſe who had contrived new refinements.

* The ſhattered remains.

† The parliament of Ireland.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote ſcripture: although the childrens meat ſhould not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the ſcraps that fall from the childrens table. This is the ſecond requeſt I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackſon is condemned to live on his own ſmall eſtate, part whereof is in his pariſh about four miles from hence, where he has built a family houſe, more expenſive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long ſtanding, and of a moſt unblemiſhed character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I ſay.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like thoſe we have in England; for, except three or four, the reſt have little power, rather none as dean and chapter, and ſeldom any land at all. It is uſually a living conſiſting of one or more pariſhes, ſome very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr. Jackſon cannot leave his preſent ſituation, and only deſires ſome very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I ſay, you will oblige great numbers even of thoſe who are moſt at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will anſwer the ſame end. *Multa, &c. veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures ſumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my uſual thirteen minutes, if I had not

not been prevented by my old diſorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myſelf to the precepts of my phyſicians.

From Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 5th, 1735.

IN the firſt place I was heartily rejoiced to ſee your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I ſhall anſwer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I ſhall get your anſwer on Thurſday next, and then I ſhall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wedneſday; ride to Dunſhaglan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thurſday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the beſt wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, *&c.* A Saturday morning we ſet out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheeſe-toaſter to do a mutton chop now and then; and do not forget ſome rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parentheſis (the next ſhall be ſhorter) you ſee it was neceſſary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli ſe. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re aſt as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis

mi

mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph Eye, I may ſay without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from Eaſt to Weſt. Firſt with ſubmiſſion, you ſhould have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can ſir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve ſignes Aare I eaſe, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the Scotchman) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piſs is; together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, *&c. &c.* In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I ſhall only mention ſome of lord Peterborough's rambles. He had like to break al L*isbon* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Conſtant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name ſake *Peter's burgh* in Muſk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many:* in France he declared the King of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is:* in a certain northern country he took a frolick to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was in *Cope in Hag in.* Pray *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a G—*ameſter*,—*Dam* you, ſaid he in a paſſion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries, and no farther. Thus far you ſee I am in humour; although the Devil be in one end of my

my houſe, I defy her, becauſe I have the other for you and me. Another thing I muſt promiſe when you come, That we ſhall not quit our learned correſpondence, but write up and down ſtairs to one another, and ſtill keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the D's in Chriſtendom, for a pack of ſaucy ſcabs. When you are here you will deſpiſe them all; and you ſhall be troubled with no club, but ſuch as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not loſe this good weather, I beſeech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you ſhall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purſe. Do not think to ſpunge upon me for any thing but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do aſſure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing elſe. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horſes good graſs, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, ſo is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tueſday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be an happy one. May you arrive ſafe, is the ſincere wiſh of, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

From Dr. SICAN.

HONOURED SIR, Paris, Oct. 20, 1735.

MR. Arbuthnot's abſence from Paris was the occaſion of his not receiving your kind letter till within theſe few days; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and enquired very earneſtly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then preſent; for though you were pleaſed to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can ſafely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any Engliſh gentlemen, ſome one or other has had the vanity to ſay he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promiſed me any acts of friendſhip in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or ſhould proceed to the ſouth of France; and ſeems to be a gentleman poſſeſt of a large ſhare of wit, good humour, ſincerity, and honeſty; though, upon the cloſeſt inſpection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the chevalier Ramſay, who ſends you his beſt reſpects. I have employed the greateſt part of this ſummer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but ſhall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, ſtatues, &c. as I flatter myſelf Mr. Arbuthnot's friendly ſolicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon

upon you to undertake that journey next ſummer. The roads are excellent, poſt-chaiſes very commodious, and the beds the beſt in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I can't mention a more lively inſtance than that you meet with wooden ſhoes and cottages like thoſe in Ireland, before you loſe ſight of Verſailles. I am perſuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleaſure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houſes, ariſing from the ſimilitude between the good treatment the Hoynheims meet with here, and that which you have obſerved in your former travels. The ſtables that Lewis the Fourteenth has built, are very magnificent; I ſhould do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St. James's: yet theſe ſeem but mean to any one who has ſeen that of the duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a ſtrait line, and contains ſtalls for near a thouſand horſes, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at firſt view, be miſtaken for a noble palace: ſome hundreds of Yahoes are conſtantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be aſtoniſhed, he muſt pay a viſit to the machine of Marly, by means of which water is raiſed half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Verſailles, to ſupply the water-works. Lewis might have ſaved this vaſt expence, and have had a more agreeable ſituation, finer proſpects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maiſon*, or Bedlam of Paris, I was tempted to go ſee it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater ſpace than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vaſtly more capacious, and conſiſting of ſeveral ſtories, called the *Hoſpital de Femmes*, for the uſe of the fair ſex only. I ſhall not preſume to take up any part of your time in deſcribing the people of France, ſince they have been ſo excellently painted by Julius Cæſar, near two thouſand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the taylors and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the ſex, upon account of their great uſefulneſs to mankind, learning, modeſty, and many other valuable qualities. I ſhould have informed you, Sir, that Mr. Arbuthnot enquired very kindly after Mr. Leſlie; but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to ſatisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

J. SICAN.

From

From the Rev. Mr. DONNELLAN.

SIR, Cloyne, Oct. 31, 1735.

THOUGH I have hitherto forebore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very juſtly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my ſiſter) is ſuch an inſtance of kindneſs and regard, as will not ſuffer me to be ſilent: I muſt beg leave to return you my beſt thanks for it, and at the ſame time let you know what a thorough and true ſenſe I have of your goodneſs to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am ſufficiently acquainted with your diſlike to recommending, as well as the deſerved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to ſet a proper value on both. And be the ſucceſs of this affair what it will, I think myſelf happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occaſion of your ſhewing that you honoured me with ſome ſhare of your friendſhip and regard, which will always be my greateſt pleaſure and praiſe.

I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have heard what a handſome mark I have lately received of the biſhop of Cloyne's favour, and how handſomely it was given; unaſked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at leaſt 300l. *per annum*; and is made much more more valuable and agreeable, by

by the manner in which it was beſtowed, and eſpecially by coming from a perſon whom you have an eſteem for. I was t'other day to view my houſe, and was much pleaſed with the ſituation, which is very pretty and romantic. It ſtands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleaſant, and woody. Its nearneſs to Cork (being within four miles of it) would make the deanery of that place a very convenient and deſirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What ſucceſs their applications are likely to meet with, I can't ſay: this I am ſure of, that I cannot be deprived of the ſincere ſatisfaction I receive from having your intereſt and good wiſhes, and ſhall always retain a moſt grateful remembrance of them. The biſhop of Cloyne deſires you will accept of his beſt ſervices; and I beg you will believe me, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, Paradiſe, Nov. 8, 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind. I would rather be chid by you for my ſilence, than have you paſs it over quietly, for that would have ſuch an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Abſence is generally thought a great weak-

ener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was ſo ſhort, I had not time to diſgrace myſelf with you. I was ambitious of gaining your eſteem, and put on all my beſt airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's converſation might have ruined all. I ſtill beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by diſcovering my follies? and I ſhall loſe the honour of your friendſhip; which loſs cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs. Donnellan is my true friend, ſhe has, by way of excuſing me, told you my diſtreſs for my ſiſter, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. Donnellan for her character; and that will juſtify to you my great care and concern for her.

I can't help lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent diſpoſition would not have ſuffered him to rob his friends of the pleaſure and advantage of his company: if you have not power to draw him from his ſolitude, no other perſon can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. Donnellan is much diſappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toaſt.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reaſonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London; as much convinced of it, as that I ſhould be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpoſe is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on Engliſh ground; I have no pretence to fly my country:

country: furniſh me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietneſs, cheapneſs, and wholeſome air. I uſe a good deal of exerciſe in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philoſophy, Derham's lectures: many things are too abſtruſe for me in that ſtudy; but I fancy myſelf, in ſome reſpects, much wiſer than I was before I read them. If you don't approve of my ſtudies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am ſorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. Donnelian does not ſee you often: ſhe cannot be pleaſed with a ſituation that prevents her having that ſatisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being ſometimes the ſubject of your converſation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deſerves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handſomely, and ſcorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country viſit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will ſoon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to inſiſt upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble; but I only conſider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correſpondence I

value ſo much. I am, Sir, your moſt obliged and humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

London, Nov. 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confeſs I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reaſon to have been anſwered above a month ſince; but I know your ſaucineſs, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worſe; and the anſwer to me had been,—Oh! ſhe can give a quick reply to mine; now the duke and ducheſs are here, ſhe wants to know more frequently how and what they do?

I can tell you no ſtory of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of Peterborow; and the connoiſſeurs ſay, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleaſed and happy, if it ever ſerves to put you in mind that I am your humble ſervant.

I came laſt week from my houſe in Northamptonſhire. I cannot ſay the weather permitted me much exerciſe abroad; but as that houſe is large, the neceſſary ſteps the miſtreſs muſt make, is ſome; and I never loſt any time I could get to walk out, and ſometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horſe; for, being a bad rider, I approve much more

of

of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at preſent as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be biſhop of Cork; for his grace is ſuch a ſilly conceited man, that he never vouchſafes to conſult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wiſh heartily for Dr. Whetcombe, becauſe he ſeems to be a modeſt good ſort of a man; and if I was his grace, ſince there can be no objection againſt him in this, he ſhould have it. But as theſe matters are above my capacity, I do aſſure you I do not in the leaſt pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you aſk me about the counteſs and George, I ſhall be able to anſwer you, as I can ſafely do now, that as yet there is no ſort of appearance that they like one another the worſe for wearing. Mrs. Compoſition is much your humble ſervant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bleſs you, and adieu.

From Lord BATHURST.

SIR, Bath, Nov. 22, 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with ſafety, becauſe I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you ſome time ago, that I was almoſt tired with ſtruggling to no purpoſe againſt univerſal corruption. I am now at

the Bath, where there are at preſent many Iriſh families, and though I have enquired of them all, if any gentleman or ſervant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, ſo that I am forced, if I write at all, to truſt my letter by the common poſt. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the raſcals of the office have moſt infamous directions to do it upon all occaſions; but they would, every man of them, be turned out, if a letter of mine to you, ſhould eſcape their intuition. I am thinking what the miniſters may get by their peeping; why if I ſpeak my mind very plainly, they may diſcover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I ſay or do, ſtill ſet them at defiance. Theſe things, if they did not know before, they are welcome to find out now; and I am determined in ſome other points likewiſe, to ſpeak my mind very plainly to you. You muſt know then, that when I ſaid I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant abſolutely to withdraw myſelf from parliament; perhaps I may not ſlacken even my perſonal oppoſition to the wicked meaſures of the adminiſtration, but really I find my health begins to require ſome attention, and I labour under a diſtemper which the long ſittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. Faulkner delivered me your former letter (for I have ſince had one ſent me hither by Mr. Pope) I was juſt got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in moſt exceſſive torture, with a violent

lent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any anſwer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever ſince I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of ſervice to me. Beſide this of my ill ſtate of health, I am convinced that our conſtitution is already gone, and we are idly ſtruggling to maintain, what in truth has been long loſt, like ſome old fools here, with gout and palſies at fourſcore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our caſe, and that the people are already in effect ſlaves, would it have been poſſible for the ſame miniſter, who had projected the exciſe ſcheme (before the heats it had occaſioned in the nation were well laid) to have choſen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether ſo ſtrong in numbers, yet as well diſpoſed in general to his purpoſes as he could wiſh. His maſter, I doubt, is not ſo well beloved as I could wiſh he was; the miniſter, I am ſure, is as much hated and deteſted as ever man was, and yet, I ſay, a new parliament was choſen of the ſtamp that was deſired, juſt after having failed in the moſt odious ſcheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever poſſibly be of ſucceſs? Unleſs it be from confuſion, which God forbid I ſhould live to ſee. In ſhort, the whole nation is ſo abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houſes of parliament; he makes them all in one houſe, and he chooſes above half in the other. Four and twenty biſhops and ſixteen Scotch lords, is a terrible weight in one;

forty-five from one country, beſide the weſt of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majeſty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his firſt miniſter, it would do juſt as well, and the wheels of government would move as eaſily as they do with the ſagacious Driver, who now ſits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the leaſt wanting to conduct affairs: the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beaſts in his ſervice, and this is all the ſkill that is neceſſary in either caſe. Are not theſe ſufficient difficulties and diſcouragements, if there were no others; and would any man ſtruggle againſt corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, thoſe who make uſe of it, only double the doſe, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at firſt intended. Beſide all this, I have had particular misfortunes and diſappointments: I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public cauſe: he is gone; I loved and eſteemed him much, and perhaps wiſhed to ſee him one day ſerving his country in ſome honourable ſtation: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public ſervice than himſelf; and I may truly ſay, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years ſtruggling in parliament, was the occaſion of his death. I have loſt likewiſe the trueſt friend, I may almoſt ſay ſervant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merril; he underſtood the courſe of the revenues, and the public accounts

of

of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and in this reſpect he was of ſingular uſe to me: it is utterly impoſſible for me to go through the drudgery by myſelf, which I uſed to do eaſily with his aſſiſtance, and herein it is that oppoſition galls the moſt.

Theſe ſeveral matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be ſome diſcouragements; but nevertheleſs, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the ſame part I have ever done, and which I am more ſatisfied with myſelf for having done, ſince my conduct has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my ſincere thanks for the many kind expreſſions of your friendſhip, which I eſteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deſerve as well as I can. You enquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had liſtened to your admonitions and chidings about œconomy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will ſcarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleaſes to die *. I have ſeen ſeveral of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay (who needed them not) but true patriotiſm can have no other foundation. When I ſee lords of the greateſt eſtates, meanly ſtooping to take a dirty penſion, becauſe they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wiſhing to ſee ſome papers writ by you, that may, if poſſible, ſhame them out of it. This is the only thing can recover

* Lord Bolingbroke's father, lord St. John.

our

our conſtitution, and reſtore honeſty. I have often thought that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten diſhes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps ſhame thoſe who cannot afford two, from having conſtantly ten, and ſo it would be in every other circumſtance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave ſtuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to ſay to you, it is not, for I ſpeak from the ſincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made: if it be true, I am ſatisfied our miniſters did not ſo much as know of the negotiation: the articles, which are the oſtenſible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are ſome ſecret ones, that may coſt us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of theſe will furniſh our miniſters a pretence for not reducing a ſingle man of our army. I have juſt room to tell you a ridiculous ſtory has happened here. In the dioceſe of Wells the biſhop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the conſequence has been, the biſhop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A viſitation of the clergy was appointed; the biſhop not being able to go himſelf, directed his archdeacons to viſit for him. The chancellor alleges from the conſtitution of him, this cannot be, and that the biſhop can delegate his power to nobody but himſelf: ſo that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the biſhop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommu-

excommunicated by the chancellor. The biſhop in the cathedral, when the ſentence of excommunication was going to be read, ſent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumſtances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in ſupport of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no ſpace to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after ſome things I have ſaid it may be improper, and I am ſure it is needleſs, when I aſſure you no man can be with more ſincerity and regard than I am, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, Bath, 7th Jan. 1735-6.

I AM told you have ſome thoughts of coming here in the ſpring. I don't think it proper to tell you how well pleaſed I am with that faint proſpect; for ſuch I muſt call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all haſte to know if you really have any ſuch deſign; for if you have, I ſhall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old cuſtom of wiſhing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongſt our refined people of the preſent age; but I hope you will give

give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wiſh you many years of happineſs. The phyſicians have at laſt adviſed my ſiſter to the Bath waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not diſagree with her; that is all can be ſaid of them at preſent. I wrote to you from Paradiſe, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me: I think I have uſed you to a bad cuſtom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great aſſurance in writing to you at all, and to be ſure I muſt do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much eaſe as to any correſpondent I have; for I know you as much above criticiſing a letter of mine, as I ſhould be below your notice, if I gave myſelf any affected airs: you have encouraged my correſpondence, and I ſhould be a brute if I did not make the beſt of ſuch an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, ſuch as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my ſolace is Mrs. Barber, whoſe ſpirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or ſee her; ſhe is at preſent pretty well. Company is this moment coming up ſtairs, and I can only add that I am, Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

Mr. FAULKNER,

I AM anſwering a letter I had from Mr. Pope, when I was at Cavan. My abſence and ſickneſs, ſince I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckineſs that you could never find him at home, which, he ſays, ſince his mother's death, he is often abſent from. I here will tranſcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I deſire you will return an anſwer to it, time enough for me to ſend a letter to-night, and I will inſert the ſum of it.

" As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) deſign about my " works, I beg you will deſire him to poſtpone it, " until he ſees the duodecimo edition of them " here, with the firſt volume, publiſhed by Lin- " tot: for that, joined to the reſt by Gillever *, " will make the completeſt hitherto extant, and is " reviſed by me. I gueſs they will be out at " Chriſtmas."

Pray, let me know what anſwer I ſhall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and ſend it by any meſſenger, the ſooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night.

I am, yours, &c.

Jan. 8. 1735-6.

J. SWIFT.

I think you may ſend your anſwer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

* Lawton Gillever, a Bookſeller.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Feb. 10, 1735-6.

I AM ſorry to hear your complaints ſtill of giddineſs. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the cuſtom of all old women, I muſt recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they ſay does great good to that diſtemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your ſkin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the duke of Dorſet's club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehenſion, the parliament cannot but behave well, ſince they let him have ſuch a quiet ſeſſion. And as to all ſorts of politics, they are now my utter averſion, and I will leave them to be diſcuſſed by thoſe who have a better ſkill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; ſo ſhe may grow proud again upon that. The counteſs of Suffolk is your humble ſervant. Mr. Pope and ſhe appear to have a true value for one another, ſo I ſuppoſe there is no doubt of it; I will anſwer for my friend's ſincerity, and I do not queſtion Mr. Pope's. Why, pray, do you fancy I don't deſire to cultivate Mr. Pope's acquaintance? But perhaps, if I ſeek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you ſay her M. did. However, we do often dine

 together

together at third places; and as to my own houſe, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to ſpare me a day, unleſs you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. Biddy Floyd has paſſed thus far of the winter in better health than uſual, though her cough will not forſake her. She is much your humble ſervant, and ſo is moſt ſincerely your old friend,

E—— G——.

To Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM, Feb. 18, 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myſelf, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him *. I count already that you and I and the world muſt loſe him; but do not loſe yourſelf. I was born to a million of diſappointments: I had ſet my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no buſineſs in ſo corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Chriſtianity, which will aſſiſt you when humanity fails: I wiſh I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my ſhame be it ſpoken. I ſhall alſo loſe a ſort of a ſon as well as you: only our caſes are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preſerve

* Theophilus Harriſon, Eſq; a young gentleman of three and twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.

yourſelf

yourſelf for them. I am ever your moſt affectionate and obedient, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

From the Biſhop of KILMORE †.

REVEREND SIR, February 23, 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece ‡, ſuch as it is: I fear you will find the addition, purſuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the ſame degree as in the former part. I hope you will ſupply what ſhall be wanting of ſpirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the Ands and Thats, *&c.* you will ſend the Kite to the Faulconer, to ſet it a flying. I am your very faithful and obedient ſervant,

J. K.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

To Miſs HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, February 23, 1735-6.

I AM in all poſſible concern for your preſent ſituation: I heartily wiſh you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to ſome friend or neighbour's houſe, that ſhe may be out of the ſight

† Dr. Joſiah Harte, afterwards archbiſhop of Tuam.

‡ A ſatire on Quadrille, for which Mr. Faulkner the printer was ſent to Newgate.

and

and hearing of what muſt be done to-day. I wiſh your eldeſt brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to ſome part of the town where ſhe might continue until your houſe may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

To Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, February 25, 1735-6.

IN the midſt of your grief and my own for the ſame misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole courſe of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourſelf, but the greater part of thoſe who are left, and, by the ſame law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on Monday to Miſs Harriſon, that ſhe would beg you, in my name, to remove ſome hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be haraſſed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the ſame time, ſhe much feared ſhe muſt loſe you too. Some degree of wiſdom is required in the greateſt calamity, becauſe God requires it; becauſe he knows what is beſt for us; becauſe he never intended any thing like perfect happineſs in the preſent life; and, becauſe it is our

duty, as well as intereſt, to ſubmit. I will make you another propoſal, and ſhall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the ſcene that will be always putting you in mind of your loſs. Your daughter can manage the houſe, and ſometimes ſtep to ſee you. All care ſhall be taken of you, and Dr. Robinſon will viſit you with more eaſe, if you have occaſion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway ſhall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miſs Harriſon return me an anſwer, and things ſhall be ready for you. I am ever, with true eſteem and affection, dear Madam, your moſt obedient ſervant and couſin,

J. SWIFT.

From Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 29, 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unſpeakable loſs of Mr. Harriſon, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with ſuch ſevere trials in loſſes of this kind as you have; and for this laſt, I muſt own, that I have great compaſſion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; eſpecially at a time of life which requires ſuch a comfort.

God

God Almighty ſupport his poor mother; for none elſe can give her conſolation under ſuch a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his ſon claims your promiſe of getting him ſomething from the Concordatum; if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy ſuffering perſon, who has fallen a ſacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

From Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, April 3d, 1736.

I WOULD have written laſt poſt, but I had ſuch a violent head-ach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the buſineſs I have is to make you a paper viſit, only to aſk you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the queſtion; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I ſhould be afraid of loſing one of them; and therefore I muſt give you ſome rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride ſlow and often.
3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. Whiteway.
4. Do not ſtrain your voice.

5. Fret not at your ſervants blunders.
6. Take a cheerful glaſs.
7. Study as little as poſſible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get theſe precepts by heart, and obſerve them ſtrictly, and my life for yours we ſhall ſee better times in the next century.

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, London, April 22, 1736.

I AM ſorry you make uſe of ſo many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my ſtrongeſt reaſons for wiſhing you there, was the deſire I had of ſeeing you, I aſſure you the conſideration of your health took place of it. I left Bath laſt Sunday ſe'nnight, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a ſmall compaſs, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, juſt as it ſuits your humour. This town is grown to ſuch an enormous ſize, that above half the day muſt be ſpent in the ſtreets, going from one place to another. I like it every year leſs and leſs.

When I went out of town laſt autumn, the reigning madneſs was Farinelli *: I find it now

* A celebrated Italian ſinger.

turned

turned on Paſquin, a dramatic ſatire on the times *. It has had almoſt as long a run as the Beggar's Opera; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monſtrous preparations are making for the royal wedding †. Pearl, gold and ſilver, embroidered on gold and ſilver tiſſues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news-papers ſay, my lord Carteret's youngeſt daughter is to have the duke of Bedford ‡. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of Marlborough and his grand-mother are upon bad terms. The duke of Bedford, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of Marlborough to ſupply him with ten thouſand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of Chandois's marriage has made a great noiſe; and the poor ducheſs is often reproached with her being bred up in Burr-ſtreet, Wapping ‖.

Mrs. Donnellan, I am afraid, is ſo well treated in Ireland, that I muſt deſpair of ſeeing her here.

* This was written by the late Henry Fielding, and was a rehearſal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called "The Election, and the tragedy, "The Life and Death of Queen Common-Senſe." This and ſome other dramatic ſatires, by the ſame author, levelled againſt the adminiſtration of the late lord Orford, produced an act of parliament for licenſing the ſtage, and limiting the number of play-houſes, which was paſſed in 1737.

† Of Frederick, prince of Wales.

‡ His grace married Miſs Gower, daughter of the lord Gower by his firſt wife, on the 1ſt of April, 1737.

‖ She was lady Daval, widow of Sir Thomas Daval, and had a fortune of 40,000 l.

She is ſo good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I ſhall hear from you ſoon: you owe me that pleaſure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful, and obliged humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious obſervation upon the days of the week, and in rhime, worth your obſervation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tueſday's a new's-day, Wedneſday's a friend's-day, Thurſday's a curs'd-day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day. I intend ſomething of equal uſe upon the months: as January, women vary. I ſhall likewiſe in due time make ſome obſervation upon each year as it paſſes. So for the preſent year:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſix,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

Perge:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſeven,
When the whigs are ſo blind they miſtake hell for heav'n.

I will carry theſe predictions no farther than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all-cat a-ſtrow-fee.

The laſt is the period, two thouſand and one,
When m— and b— to hell all are gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the diſcovery came from me.

It is now time I ſhould begin my letter. I hope you got ſafe to Cavan, and have got no cold in thoſe two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I uſed to be. I received yours. My humble ſervice to your lady, and love to your children. I ſuppoſe you have all the news ſent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One dean Croſs, an eminent divine, we hear is to be biſhop of Cork.—Stay till I aſk a ſervant, what Patrick's bells ring for ſo late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or ſorrow? I believe it ſome of our royal birth-days.—Oh, they tell me, it is for joy a new maſter is choſen for the corporation of butchers. So farewel.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going-out of the laſt lord-mayor, and to-day the coming-in of the new, who is alderman Grattan. The duke * was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before ſix, with very little meat or drink. The club † meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as ſoon as poſſible, for I am not able to live within the air of ſuch raſcals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind miſgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a gueſt. I had your law-letter. Thoſe things require ſerious conſideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wiſe man will prepare a large fund of idioms; which are highly uſeful when literally tranſlated by a ſkilful, eloquent hand, and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the moſt neceſſary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we muſt take ſpecial care of infuſing the moſt uſeful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for inſtructing princes, and great miniſters, diſtributing our praiſes and cenſures with the utmoſt impartiality and juſtice. This is what I have preſumed to attempt, although very conſcious to myſelf of my inferior abilities for ſuch a performance. I begin with "lady;" and becauſe the judicious Mr. Locke

* The duke of Dorſet lord lieutenant.

† The Iriſh parliament.

ſays

ſays it is neceſſary to ſettle terms, before we write upon any ſubject, I deſcribe a certain female of your acquaintance, whoſe name ſhall be "Dorothy;" it is in the following manner: "Dolis aſtra "per, aſtra mel, a ſus, a quoque et; atra pes, an "id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi ſi "ter, age ipſi, aſtro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, "aram lar, an et, ades e ver, aſt rumpet, ad en, "agam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, "ape e per, as noti nos, araver, adhuc ſtare, aſſo "ſis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a "ſis lar, aſis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, anus lar, "a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, "a gallo per, a ſive." Moſt learned ſir, I entreat you will pleaſe to obſerve (ſince I muſt ſpeak in the vulgar language) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domeſtick deity Lar, to ſhew that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the ſame remark. I have likewiſe begun a treatiſe of Geography (the Anglo-anglarians call it erroneouſly Jog Ralph I) "Mei quo te ſummo ſit? Aſtra canis "a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. "Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des "arti here." I have a third treatiſe to direct young ladies in reading. "Ama dis de Gallis a ſine his "tori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summ as "eurus Valent in an Dorſo ne isthmos te legant "ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæſti "cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel I, ac at,

"arat,

" arat, ameſti, fanda lædi; I mæ ad amo uſto o;
" a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beaſti e verme
" et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari ſono dius
" orno ?"

I believe ſome evil ſpirit hath got poſſeſſion of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the D— of D——, or with any one biſhop or man of power. I did but glance a ſingle word to the D— about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to ſome other diſcourſe. You ſay one word of my mouth will do, &c. I believe the rhime of my word would do juſt as much. Am I not univerſally known to be one, who diſlikes all preſent perſons and proceedings? Another writes to deſire, that I would prevail on the archbiſhop of Dublin to give him the beſt prebend of St. Patrick's: Let biſhop Clayton allow the reſignation, ſince Donellan is provided for. I mentioned to the D--- that Donellan ſhould be dean of Cork, on purpoſe to further the reſignation of old Caulfield, but it would not do, though Caulfield ſeems to have ſome hopes, and it is biſhop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

April 24, 1736.

I HAVE been very ill for theſe two months paſt with giddineſs and deafneſs, which laſted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but

but ſtill am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to ſay, ſo it ſerves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occaſions ſo zealous to vindicate, is one whom I deſire you to chide; for during my whole ſickneſs, ſhe was perpetually plaguing and ſpunging on me; and though ſhe would drink no wine herſelf, yet ſhe encreaſed the expence by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, ſome I reject, ſome I cannot compaſs, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R—— never fails; I did within two days paſt ring him ſuch a peal in relation to you, that he muſt be the d——l not to conſider it; I will uſe him the ſame way if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a ſatire on Fairbrother, who is an errant raſcal in every circumſtance.

Every ſyllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to ſuppoſe I writ; the dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them ſo ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own juſtification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have ſhewn you a poem on the legion-club. *I do not doubt but that a certain perſon will pretend he writ it, becauſe there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are ſome people in the world will ſay any thing. I wiſh you could give ſome account of poor Dr.* Sheridan; *I hear*

the reaſon he did not come to town this Eaſter *is, that he waited to ſee a neighbour of his hanged.*

Whatever is ſaid in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but aſſure you, if it relates to me it is all a lie; for ſhe ſays you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and ſhe takes you for a wiſe man, ſhe ought to follow your practice. To be ſerious, I am ſorry you ſaid ſo little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for upon my conſcience you have half ſtarved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worſted for the dean's ſtockings ſo fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; ſo one anſwer will ſerve, if you write to us both, provided you juſtly give us both our ſhare, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that diſorder be better.

If the dean ſhould give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himſelf alive.

I am ſorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tueſday next for ſtealing a piece of Indian ſilk out of Bradſhaw's ſhop, and did not ſet the houſe on fire, as I adviſed her. I have writ a very maſterly poem on the legion-club; which, if the printer ſhould be condemned to be hanged for it, you will ſee in a three-penny book;

book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

The Drapier *went this day to the* Tholſel *as a merchant, to ſign a petition to the government againſt lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long ſpeech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God ſend hanging does not go round.*

Yours, &c.

To BISHOP HORTE.

MY LORD, May 12th, 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your lordſhip, and as often laid it aſide; until, by the unaſked advice of ſome friends of yours, and of all my own, I reſolved at laſt to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who ſuffered ſo much upon your lordſhip's account, confined to a dungeon, among common thieves, and others with infectious diſeaſes, to the hazard of his life; beſide the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and beſide the ignominy to be ſent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do alſo very highly and perſonally concern me. For, your lordſhip declaring your deſire to have that paper looked for, he did at my requeſt ſearch his ſhop, and unfortunately found it: and, although he had abſolutely refuſed before to print it, becauſe my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithſtanding there was a ſcratch through the words; yet,

yet, at my deſire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you ſent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: but your friends were the only perſons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your lordſhip's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue, "That "he is, in theſe dealings, the adventurer, and "muſt run the hazard of gain or loſs." Indeed, my lord, the caſe is otherwiſe. He ſells ſuch papers to the running-boys for farthings apiece; and is a gainer, by each, leſs than half a farthing; and it is ſeldom he ſells above a hundred, unleſs they be of ſuch as only ſpread by giving offence, and conſequently endanger the printer both in loſs of money and liberty, as was the caſe of that very paper: which, although it be written with ſpirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Betteſworth, would ſcarce have cleared above a ſhilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordſhip's commands to me. But, as your lordſhip has ſince been univerſally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me; ſo it is as generally known that you never gave him the leaſt conſideration, for his loſſes, diſgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every perſon of my acquaintance whom I ſee at home or abroad: and particularly from one perſon too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wiſhed, upon your account, that I could have aſſured him that the poor man had

had received the leaſt mark of your juſtice, or, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, your generoſity; which I would gladly inform that great perſon of before he leaves us.

Now, my lord, as God, aſſiſting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich; I may venture to ſay, that the printer has a demand, in all conſcience, juſtice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his diſgraces, his loſſes, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of ſome weight, becauſe I was an innocent inſtrument, drawn in by your lordſhip, againſt Faulkner's will, to be an occaſion of his ſufferings. And if you ſhall pleaſe to recompenſe him in the manner that all people hope or deſire, it will be no more in your purſe than a drop in the bucket; and as ſoon as I ſhall be informed of it, I ſhall immediately write to that very great perſon, in ſuch a manner as will be moſt to the advantage of your character; for which, I am ſure, he will rejoice, and ſo will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to ſilence.

Your lordſhip has too good an underſtanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewiſe mingled with pity to the innocent ſufferer. And I hope you will conſider, that this caſe is not among thoſe where it is a mark of magnanimity to deſpiſe the cenſure of the world: becauſe all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a ſparing temper, upon an occaſion where com-

mon

mon juſtice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with aſſuring your lordſhip again, that what I have written was chiefly for your lordſhip's credit and ſervice: becauſe I am, with great truth,

Your Lordſhip's moſt, &c.

From Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT and Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR, May 12th, 1736.

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother incloſed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world ſhould charge me with flattery, you will be ſo good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookſeller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I ſhould anſwer two perſons at once, except you ſhould think I had two heads; but this is not the only giddineſs you have been guilty of. However I ſhall not let the Dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would truſt Mrs. Whiteway to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman ſo betrayed and abuſed. She ſaid more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you ſaid of him to me, and that he has not ſuch a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the ſame of me.

SIR,

I wiſh you would baniſh her your houſe, and take my wife in her ſtead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care, if any ſickneſs ſhould ſeize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever ſhe did of me: and you know her to be a good-natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a moroſe, diſagreeable prater, and the moſt awkward devil about a ſick perſon, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any proteſtations to convince you, that you have not a more ſincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confeſſes that he had ſome little diſlikings to you (I fancy he hears ſome whiſpers againſt you) but I believe his ſhare of this letter will ſet all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to ſpeak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourſelves, is he not grown very poſitive of late? He uſed formerly to liſten to his friends advice, but now we may as well talk to a ſea-ſtorm.

I could ſay more, only I fear this letter may miſcarry.

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your bruſh; for I fear the colours are not ſtrong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wiſh you would; for he is a ſubject fit for the fineſt hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himſelf!

As to buſineſs, I have nothing to ſay about money yet a while; but by the next poſt you ſhall have two ſcholars notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. —— can force himſelf to do me juſtice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you muſt remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and ſend it to Mrs. ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, ſir, yours. My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me ſome money before this. Mr. Jones ſwears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reaſonable that you ſhould honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr. Coote would give three of his eyes to ſee you at Coote-hill. All the country long for you. My green geeſe, *&c.* are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as

puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yeſterday. A bull, a bull; hoh, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wiſh you all happineſs till I ſee you; and remain, with all reſpect, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dub. May 15, 1736.

MRS. Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, ſtorming, and fuming, that you had not ſent a letter ſince you got to your Caban (for the V conſonant was anciently a B) I mean Cavan: but however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from ſchool, and left the key under the door. We were much diſappointed, that the ſpring and beginning of ſummer had not introduced the muſes, and that your now walkable roads had not rouſed your ſpirits. We are here the happieſt people in the univerſe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged farther on the clergy, who never offended them; and in England their parliament are following our ſteps, only with two or three ſteps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, elſe in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin ſchools, as

popiſh and jacobite. I took leave of the duke and ducheſs to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promiſe to beſtow upon England 25,000l. a year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, againſt the petition of all the merchants, ſhopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own eſtate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now loſe by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to ſay a worſe) man by 60,000l. than he was when he came over; and the nation better (that is to ſay worſe) by above half a million; beſide the worthy method he hath taken in diſpoſal of employments in church and ſtate. Here is a curſed long libel running about in manuſcript on the legion-club; it is in verſe, and the fooliſh town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abuſed (as it is ſaid) in the original; but others have added more, which I never ſaw; though I have once read the true one. What has Fowlbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title ſhall be, "Upon a certain bookſeller (or printer) in Utopia."—Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and ſhe will anſwer your ſincere, open-hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

SIR,

"I am moſt ſincerely obliged to you for all the "civil things you have ſaid to me, and of me to

* Fairbrother. See the letter by Dr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway, p. 266, and the ſubſequent part of this.

"the

" the dean. I found the good effects of them this " day; when I waited on him, he received me " with great good-humour, ſaid ſomething had " happened ſince he ſaw me laſt, that had con- " vinced him of my merit; that he was ſorry " he had treated me with ſo little diſtinction, and " that hereafter I ſhould not be put upon the foot " of an humble companion, but treated like a lady " of wit and learning, and fortune; that if he " could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his " wife, he would make her his friend, his nurſe, " and the manager of his family. I approved en- " tirely of his choice, and at the ſame time ex- " preſſed my fears, that it would be impoſſible for " you to think of living without her; this is all " that ſticks with me. But conſidering the friend- " ſhip you expreſs to me for the dean, I hope you " will be perſuaded to conſider his good rather " than your own; and ſend her up immediately; " or elſe it will put him to the expence of giving " three ſhillings and four-pence for a wife; and he " declares that the badneſs of pay of his tythes, " ſince the reſolutions of the parliament of Ireland, " puts this out of his power."

I could not gueſs why you were ſo angry at Fowlbrother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, ſaid it was for publiſhing ſome works of yours and mine like a rogue; which is ſo uſual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to deſire that Mrs. Do-

naldſon * will let me know what I owe her, not in juſtice but generoſity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to paſs ſome part of the ſummer with you, if health would permit me; for I have ſome club-enemies, that would be glad to ſhoot me, and I do not love to be ſhot: it is a death I have a particular averſion to. But I ſhall henceforth walk with ſervants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. R——, who (money excepted) is a very honeſt man. How is your breathing? As to myſelf, my life and health are not worth a groat. How ſhall we get wine to your cabin? I can ſpare ſome; and am preparing diaculum to ſave my ſkin as far as Cavan; and even to Belturbut. Pray God preſerve you!

I am, *&c.*

To Mr. BENJAMIN MOTTE, Bookſeller, in London.

SIR, Dublin, May 25, 1736.

I LATELY received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievouſly complaining upon ſeveral articles of the ill * treatment he hath met with from you, and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to

* An innkeeper at Cavan.

* Motte filed a bill in Chancery in England, againſt Faulkner, for printing Swift's works, to ſtop the ſale of them there, which made the author write this letter.

comply.

comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one ſide; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppreſſions of this kingdom by England are not to be borne. You ſend what books you pleaſe hither, and the bookſellers here can ſend nothing to you that is written here. As this is abſolute oppreſſion, if I were a bookſeller in this town, I would uſe all the ſafe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England that I could, becauſe, whoever offends not the laws of God, or the country he lives in, commits no ſin. It was the fault of you and other bookſellers who printed any thing ſuppoſed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would ſell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. Faulkner came to me, and told me his intention to print every thing that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was diſcontented at it; but when he urged, that ſome other bookſeller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleaſed to order him, I ſaid no more, but that I was ſorry it ſhould be done here.——But I am ſo incenſed againſt the oppreſſions from England, and have ſo little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woollen manufactures to any country in Europe, or any where elſe; and conceal it from the cuſtom-houſe officers, as I would hide my purſe from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England

hath made a law to the contrary: and ſo I would encourage our bookſellers here to ſell your authors books printed here, and ſend them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with ſafety and profit; becauſe (I repeat it) it is no offence againſt God, or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt ſo fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honeſty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookſeller; but ſince my friends told me, thoſe things, called mine, would certainly be printed by ſome hedge-bookſeller, I was forced to be paſſive in the matter. I have ſome * things which I ſhall leave my executors to publiſh after my deceaſe, and have directed that they ſhall be printed in London. For, except ſmall papers, and ſome treatiſes writ for the uſe of this kingdom, I always had thoſe of any importance publiſhed in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power any where, I will do the beſt offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner. For, although I was not at all pleaſed to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends adviſed me to be angry with him; although, if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to ſome little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I ſhall I leave to be printed in London after my deceaſe, I will leave no other copies of them here; but, if Mr. Faulkner ſhould get the firſt printed copy,

* Directions to Servants, and the Hiſtory of the laſt Seſſion of Queen Anne, and of the Peace of Utrecht, both ſince printed.

and

and re-print it here, and ſend his copies to England, I think he would do as right as you London bookſellers, who load us with yours. If I live but a few years, I believe I ſhall publiſh ſome things that I think are important; but they ſhall be printed in London, although Mr. Faulkner were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and ſo I remain, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

From CHARLES FORD, Eſq.

DEAR SIR, London, June 3d, 1736.

THOUGH you have left off correſponding with me theſe two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the ſixth letter I have ſent you, ſince I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My lord Oxford told me laſt winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. Cæſar very lately told me the ſame. It is always the moſt welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleaſure to have it from yourſelf; and you know my ſincere regard for you may in ſome meaſure claim it.

I have been engaged theſe five months in a moſt troubleſome law-ſuit with an Iriſh chairman. Thoſe fellows ſwarm about St. James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a ſtreet, or even in the Park, on the faireſt day. This raſcal ruſhed into the entry

entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles againſt me, and would not let me paſs till I broke his head. He made a jeſt of it that night; but the next morning an Iriſh ſolicitor came, out of profound reſpect, to adviſe me to make the fellow amends: he told a diſmal ſtory of the ſurgeon and the bloody ſhirt, and ſpoke againſt his own intereſt, merely to hinder me, whom he had never ſeen before, from being expoſed. Neither his kind perſuaſions, nor the prudent counſels of our friend Mr. L——, and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the ſolicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant under the hand of three juſtices againſt John Ford, without any other addition. To ſhew his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but deſired I would go to any juſtice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter ſeſſions. By my not doing it, he found out the miſtake of the name, which he ſaid ſhould be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the aſſaults, they would bring an action of eighty or an hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I ſhould do, if a little child ſhould threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded againſt me, I thought it time to begin with them, and ſpoke to an acquaintance of mine, a juſtice of peace, who ſent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for aſſaulting me, and by a ſmall ſtretch of power, committed him to the Gate-houſe, where he remained ſome days for want

of

of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged ſufficient, if his Iriſh ſolicitor had not gone to another juſtice, and taken a falſe oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it ſeems, cannot be puniſhed, becauſe it was not upon record. We preſented bills againſt each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be ſome gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make uſe of againſt thoſe of better rank. Still the fellow bluſtered, and refuſed to make it up, unleſs I would pay his expences; for his lawyer had perſuaded him, that in the end he ſhould recover damages ſufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himſelf by law, he loſt his buſineſs; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud ſtomach; he came to me two days ago, made his ſubmiſſions, we gave reciprocal releaſes from all actions, &c. and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the ſtreets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the Yorkſhire petition, which has been the chief buſineſs of the houſe of commons this ſeſſion. Towards the end, indeed, they found a little time to ſhew their good will to the church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Teſt would have paſſed, if Sir Robert Walpole had not ſeen the neceſſity of his ſpeaking, which he

he did in the moſt artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted againſt him, as well as moſt of the patriots, and among others, lord Bathurſt's two ſons. In the houſe of lords, next to the duke of Argyle, your friend Bathurſt and lord Carteret have ſhewn moſt rancour againſt ———. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of ſtate, and the whole bench of biſhops, joined to the Tories, could not prevent any one queſtion in disfavour of the Church.

I am aſked every day, if there be no hopes of ever ſeeing you here again; and am ſorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with aſſuring you, that nobody wiſhes you all happineſs more than I do, who am moſt intirely yours, *&c.*

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dub. June 5, 1736.

YOU muſt pay your groat (as if you had been drunk laſt night) for this letter, becauſe I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, becauſe it is a mark of health, and a ſtrong conſtitution. I believe what you ſay of the legion-club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a legion-club, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the right, that

that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ ſo regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles, except thoſe of lime and ſtone, and yet piles are not ſo bad as the ſtone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room ſhall be ready for you, though I ſhall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I ſhall be peſtered with you. John R—— (for he does not deſerve the name of Jack) is gone to his ſix-miles-off country ſeat for the ſummer. I admire at your bill of 10 l. odd; for I thought your firſt was double: or is it an additional one? When you ſatisfy me, I will ſend down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man.——As to your veniſon, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs. *Addenda quædam.*

My wife a rattling,
My children tattling.
My money ſpent is,
And due my rent is.
My ſchool decreaſing,
My income ceaſing.
All people teaſe me,
But no man pays me.
My worſhip is bit,
By that rogue Niſbit.
To take the right way,
Conſult friend Whiteway.

Would

Would you get ſtill more?
Go flatter Kilmore *.
Your geeſe are old,
Your wife a ſcold.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but your old ones have forſaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have juſt as much ſpirits left as a drowned mouſe. Pray do not you give yourſelf airs of pretending to have flies in ſummer at Cavan; and ſuch a *no* ſummer as this: I, who am the beſt flycatcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to ſhow my ſkill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you ſay of your leanneſs is incredible; for when I ſaw you laſt you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but exerciſe can give) you may be ſafe with as little fleſh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter juſt before this was ſealed; but I cannot anſwer it now.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, June 15th, 1736.

I Write this letter to your ladyſhip, in the employment you have choſen of being a go-between the duke of Dorſet and me. I muſt preface this letter with an honeſt declaration, That I

* Dr. Joſiah Hort, then biſhop of Kilmore.

never

never propoſed any one thing to his grace, wherein I did not chiefly conſult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyſhip from a child; and yet, excepting great perſonal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconſiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my lord duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thouſand men: two of them are parſons, as you whigs call them; another is lord-mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another couſin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackſon, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own ſmall eſtate, four miles from this town, and in his own pariſh; but he has four children. He only wants ſome little addition of a hundred pounds a year; for he has laid out eight hundred pounds, to build upon his own ſmall eſtate in his own pariſh, which he cannot leave; and we cannot ſpare him. He has lain a weight upon my ſhoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a moſt deſerving perſon. His grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanery of ſmall value: it was a hedge deanery, my lord duke will tell you what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland: but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty

forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great eaſe to him. He is no party-man, but a loyal ſubject. It is the deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the biſhop, who is Dr. Berkeley: I have reaſons enough to complain of my lord duke, who abſolutely refuſed to provide for a moſt worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not conſent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackſon, I will fall out with him for ever. I deſire your ladyſhip to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newſpaper to me the other day, wherein your ſaucy niece is mentioned as married, with five and forty thouſand pounds to her fortune. I deſire to preſent her with my moſt humble ſervice, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyſhip ſtill preſerves your health and good-humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by conſtant practice, I pray God preſerve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happineſs hereafter.

I will (notwithſtanding your commands to the contrary) be ſo bold to tell you, that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and eſteem,

MADAM,

Your ladyſhip's
moſt obedient and
obliged humble ſervant.

The ANSWER.

June 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not anſwering yours of the 1ſt of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: but I don't queſtion the news-papers have informed you of the great loſs I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley. And what is an addition to the grief for the beſt natured, honeſt, ſincere, diſintereſted, friendly brother, is the having left a wife, three daughters, and two ſons, literally without bread to eat; though perhaps that part might ſoon be made eaſy, if thoſe of his relations were as willing, as they are able, to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only the benefit of from my two nieces.

She that you call my ſaucy niece, has beſtowed her very great fortune, (much more than you mention) on lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deſerving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but ſhall go, in about a fortnight, to Knowle; and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of Dorſet. My brother George and lady Suffolk are gone to France to make a viſit to lord Berkeley; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, for her health, which I am afraid is very neceſſary for her, and truly believe is all

ſhe wants to make her eaſy and happy; or elſe my brother George is not the honeſt good-natured man I really take him to be; and ſhe diſſembles well, if ſhe is not ſo happy as ſhe makes me believe, and I heartily wiſh her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may ſee by the nothingneſs of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to obſerve your orders, though in all things, and at all times, Your moſt ſincere and truly humble ſervant, E. G.

From Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, June 23d, 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can aſſure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan; and let me whiſper you in this letter, *nec deſunt pediculi nec pulices;* but I beſeech you not to ſpeak of it. *Si me non fallit obſervatio*, we ſhall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die craſtino adventura eſt in Cavanniam noſtram.* I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De noſtro cibo, niſi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, ſi guſtaverint.* The ladies are already beſpeaking ſeats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt, veniunt ſpectentur ut ipſæ.* Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic ſplendentes congregantur ut ipſis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye-witneſs, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt.* Our bakers are all ſo buſy upon this occaſion, that they double the heat

heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.* But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et ſpirabunt.* The noiſe of guns, the neighing of the horſes, and the women's tongues, *cælum atque terras miſcebunt.*

Grouſe pouts are come in,
I've ſome in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din—
—ner, through thick and thin
We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a ſin.
We make ſome folks grin,
By laſhing their kin, *&c.*

I could not mention troop-horſes, *quin Pegaſus noſter luſit exultim ut vides; ſed jam ſtabulo incluſus de verſibus nihil amplius.* You may be ſurprized at this motley epiſtle; but you muſt know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall ſhook away half my Engliſh and Latin, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hiſpanica, nec non Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had loſt her one tongue *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito niſi radicitus evelleretur tonitrui ſuperaret.*

I wiſh your reverence were here to hear the trumpets;
Miſtake me not, for I mean not the ſtrumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, might, could, would,

would or ought to come. My houſe is enlarging and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the provoſt, archdeacon Wall, the biſhop of Clogher, and ——, by way of enlivening the reſt. Do not let my lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleaſed with his company. My love to my ſweetheart Mrs. Whiteway, if ſhe continues conſtant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuſe my haſte. I hope by the next poſt to make up for this ſhort epiſtle. I am, dear Sir, with all affection and reſpect, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I ſend you a letter from Mr. Carte.

From Mr. DONNELLAN.

SIR, Corke, July 2, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands with relation to Mr. Dunkin *; and, in purſuance of them, have writ to two of my friends, among the ſenior fellows, and recommended his petition, and

* A female relation of Mr. Dunkin had bequeathed an eſtate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, upon condition that they ſhould take care of his education, and afterwards aſſiſt to advance him in the world. The college, in conſequence of this requeſt, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now ſoliciting to get increaſed to 100l. He ſucceeded in his application; and the earl of Cheſterfield, when he had the government of Ireland, in the year 1746, gave him the ſchool of Enniſkilling, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king Charles I.

your

your requeſt, in the beſt and ſtrongeſt manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleaſed to give me, with the greateſt readineſs and cheerfulneſs poſſible: which, I aſſure you, I do on this occaſion, and ſhall think myſelf very happy if I can any way promote the ſucceſs of an affair which you wiſh well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your requeſt will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the conſiderable ſervices you had done their houſe at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they muſt be very beaſts, if they do not ſhew their gratitude, when they have ſo fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchaſing the Dean's favour at ſo cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I muſt ſay in their favour, that they are not ſuch brutes as to be inſenſible of the Dean's merit. Ever ſince we came down, this town and country rung of your praiſes, for oppoſing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the ſtop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a ſecond deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am ſure it is what we have all reaſon to deſire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and ſincerely wiſhes, with all other happi-

neſs, than, Sir, your moſt obedient and obliged humble ſervant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

[The following letter to the provoſt and fellows of the univerſity of Dublin plainly ſhews the author's friendſhip to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, ſoon after this, Mr. Dunkin was introduced to the dean, who did him farther ſervices, by recommending him to Dr. Bolton, archbiſhop of Caſhel, who ordained him.]

To the PROVOST and SENIOR FELLOWS of Trinity-College, Dublin.

REV. AND WORTHY SIRS, July 5, 1736.

AS I had the honour of receiving ſome part of my education in your univerſity, and the good fortune to be of ſome ſervice to it while I had a ſhare of credit at court, as well as ſince, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excuſed for laying a caſe before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, ſent me ſome time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His requeſt is, that you would be pleaſed to enlarge his annuity at preſent, and that he may have the ſame

right in his turn, to the firſt church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the ſcheme of his aunt's will; becauſe the abſurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifeſt: and the intention of the teſtator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propoſe is this, that you would increaſe his penſion to one hundred pounds a year, and make him a firm promiſe of the firſt church-living in your diſpoſal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or ſomewhat more. This I take to be a reaſonable medium between what he hath propoſed in his memorial, and what you allow him at preſent.

I am almoſt a perfect ſtranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never ſeen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor ſhould I know his perſon if I met him in the ſtreets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the buſineſs of his function, inſtead of poetry (wherein it muſt be owned he ſometimes excels*), might be of great uſe and ſervice to him.

I hope you will pleaſe to remember, that, ſince your body hath received no inconſiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increaſe your reputation, rather to err on the generous ſide towards the nephew.

* See the tranſlation of *Carberiæ Rupes*.

Theſe are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the caſe under all its circumſtances; and ſo I leave it to your wiſer judgments.

I am, with true reſpect and eſteem,
Reverend and worthy Sirs,
Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

Deanry Houſe,
July 5, 1736.

From CHARLES FORD, Eſq.

London, July 8, 1736.

YOU cannot imagine how much I was tranſported to ſee a ſuperſcription in your hand, after two years and a half intermiſſion. The pleaſure I had in not being quite forgot, was ſoon abated by what you ſay of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourſelf; and retirement makes the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon thoſe who are formed for mirth and ſociety. I have not been theſe thirty years without a ſet of cheerful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a ſucceſſion of Grattans and Jackſons? Whatever reſentment the men in power may have, every body elſe would ſeek your company, upon your own terms; and for thoſe in great ſtations, I am ſure, at this time, you would be aſhamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is becauſe they fear you, and know your abilities better than you ſeem to do yourſelf:

yourſelf: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken ſpirits. Your giddineſs and deafneſs give me the utmoſt concern; though I believe you would be leſs ſubject to them, and as well taken care of here: nor need you ſpunge for a dinner, ſince you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will ſay no more upon this ſubject, becauſe I know there is no perſuading you.

My legs have been ſwelled many years: it is above twelve ſince Beaufort gave me a preſcription for them, which I never took till laſt winter. My lord Lichfield, and other of my acquaintance, perſuaded me to it; and they tell me it has had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myſelf perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk conſtantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and ſober, becauſe my meat is ſo much overdone that I don't like it, and my dining acquaintance reſerve themſelves for a ſecond meeting at night, which I obſtinately refuſe.

If your rents fall, I don't know what muſt become of us. I have conſiderable loſſes every year; and yet I think Croſthwaite a very honeſt man. Rents for ſome time have been ill paid here as well as in Ireland; and farms flung up every day, which have not been raiſed ſince king Charles the firſt's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cauſe is, their living much higher than they did formerly: another is, the great number of incloſures made

made of late, enough to ſupply many more people than England contains. It is certain, all laſt year a man came off well if he could ſell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftner from my ſiſter. She writes to me with great affection; but I find ſhe is ſtill wrong-headed, and will be ſo as long as ſhe lives. As ſhe expected unreaſonable preſents, ſhe makes them much more unreaſonably; and, in my opinion, ſo ill-judged, that I do not wonder more at her than at thoſe who receive them. I ſee no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the perſon you give it to muſt have paid. I have heard no reaſon to doubt lord Maſham. I know nothing of his ſon, not even by ſight. Our friend Lewis is in conſtant duty with his ſick wife, who has been ſome years dying, and will not die. Unleſs he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at moſt twice in a year, there is no ſeeing him. I heartily wiſh you health and proſperity; and am ever, moſt ſincerely, your, &c.

My lord Maſham was extremely pleaſed with your remembering him, and deſired me to make his compliments to you.

To

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

July 10, 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The firſt is mingled with Latin and Engliſh, one following t'other: now I ſcorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the ſake of order, I will begin with anſwering your ſecond letter before the firſt, becauſe it deſerves one on account of your preſents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, moſſes, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, *&c. &c. &c. &c.*——Mrs. Whiteway was pleaſed, although very unjuſtly, to criticiſe upon every curioſity; ſhe ſwears the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as ſhe found by the ſmell. That your whole artichoke leaf ſhows its mother to be ſmaller than a nutmeg, and I confeſs you were ſomewhat unwary in expoſing it to cenſure. Your raſpberry ſhe compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were inviſible, and we could not diſtinguiſh the red from the black. Your purſlane paſſed very well with me, but ſhe ſwore it was houſe-leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, but will have it, that for the credit of your town you would have it born there, although Mrs. Donaldſon confeſſes it was ſent her in a box of brown ſugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your naſtartium to be only a p-ſs-a-bed; your beans as brown

as herſelf, and of the ſame kind with what we fatten hogs in Leiceſterſhire. In one thing ſhe admires your generoſity, that for her ſake you would ſpare a drop or two of your canal-water, which by the ſpongy bottom needs it ſo much. The only defects of them all, were, that they wanted colour, ſight, and ſmell; yet as to the laſt, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fuſtineſs, which however did much reſemble that of your Cavan air.

To the SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter, which begun with "lings." You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and ſixty; a trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will ſend you when health permits and I have nothing elſe to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my diſorder will let me hold out ſo long. You were born to be happy, for you take the leaſt piece of good fortune cheerfully. I ſuppoſe your arithmetick is, that three boys a week are a hundred and fifty nine in a year; and ſeven guineas a week are three hundred and ſixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen ſhall be lodgers? Does the

the cheapneſs of things anſwer your expectation? Have you ſent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you ſend away the other? Let me deſire you will be very regular in your accounts; becauſe a very honeſt friend of yours and mine tells me, that with all your honeſty, it is an uneaſy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts by your frequent forgetfulneſs and confuſion: for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, conſidering the ſcattered, confuſed manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her, and I know ſhe always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I ſhall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to ſee the biſhop of Oſſory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some ſudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a ſcheme of living with you, when the College-green club is to meet; for in theſe times I deteſt the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and ſlaviſh practices of thoſe miſ-repreſentative brutes; and reſolve, if I can ſtir, to paſs that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I ſay again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who to ſave paper confuſe every thing. Your mind is honeſt, but your memory a knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the ſame thing by "minding," that we do by "remembering." Sirrah, ſaid I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go that errand? Becauſe

Becauſe I did not "mind" it, quo' Sawny. A curſe on theſe twenty ſoldiers drumming through my liberty twice a day, and going to a barrack the government hath placed juſt under my noſe. I think of a line in Virgil Traveſty. "The d—l "cut their yelping weaſons." We expect lord Orrery and biſhop Rundle next week.—This letter was intended for laſt poſt, but interruptions and horſes hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheſon is relapſed at Grange, and worſe than ever; I was there yeſterday and met Dr. H—m, who hopes ſhe was a little better.——16. Here has nobody been hanged, married, or dead that I hear of; Dr. Grattan is confined by a boil; if you aſk him where, he will ſell you a bargain. My chief country companion now is philoſopher Webber; for the Grattans and Jackſons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot ſtir a foot.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

July 11, 1736.

SINCE, it ſeems, my letters are not for your own peruſal, but kept for a female couſin, to her this ought to be addreſſed; only that I am not yet in ſpirits to joke. I did not do ſo ill by your requeſt, as you apprehended by my letter, for I ſpoke to the duke much ſooner than I told you I ſhould, and did ſo as ſoon as it was poſſible for me, or as ſoon as I could have ſent it. The anſwer was, that he had that moment received a letter from

from lord Orrery, with the moſt preſſing inſtances for a deſerving friend of his, that the duke could not refuſe, eſpecially as my lord Orrery had been moſt extremely obliging, and, for this whole ſeſſion, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his adminiſtration eaſy. Though, at the ſame time he aſſured me, he would otherwiſe have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deſerving. All this you ſhould have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not neceſſary to make uſe of a ſecretary, ſince I had nothing more pleaſing to tell you. I ſhall always be extremely willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any queſtion but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, on any one occaſion; becauſe, the very firſt you did employ me about, was inſtantly complied with, though againſt a rule he thought right, and I knew before, he had ſet himſelf.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spa, with my brother George, for her health; and as I ſhall go, for my own, to the Bath, in September, I fear we ſhall not meet this great while. And now I muſt finiſh this long letter, which has not been quite eaſy to write, being ſtill your gouty, but faithful humble ſervant.

From

From THOMAS CARTE, Esq.

SIR, August 11, 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my History of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his Time, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and construction of this nation. Rapin de Toiras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects; and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's Fœdera; but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want of understanding the phraseology of acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties

ties as were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of Chancery: he knew nothing of ſuch as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a liſt of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made uſe of that vaſt collection of materials for an Engliſh hiſtory, which is preſerved in the Cotton library: nor ever conſulted any journal of our privy council, whenever he refers to any, ſtill quoting biſhop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either houſe, where the chief affairs within the nation are tranſacted; and did not ſo much as know there was ſuch a place as the paper office, where all the letters of the Engliſh ambaſſadors abroad, and all the diſpatches of our ſecretaries of ſtate at home, from the time of Edward the fourth to the revolution (ſince which the ſecretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; ſo that he wanted likewiſe the beſt materials for an account of our foreign affairs. Theſe defects have made ſeveral of our nobility and gentry deſire a a new hiſtory to be wrote, in which the abovementioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made uſe of. They have propoſed it to me, and my objections regarding the vaſtneſs of the expence as well as labour, that, to ſatisfy myſelf, I muſt have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, *&c.* in England; but even copies of negociations of foreign ambaſſadors at this court (*e. g.* of the French; all

the negociations and letters of which, for two hundred years paſt, I knew where to have copied) they have propoſed a ſubſcription of a thouſand a year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expence. The ſubſcription is begun, and will (I believe) be completed this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this deſign, having been offered ſeveral collections and memoirs of particular perſons, conſiderable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would elſe no part of them ever ſee the light: and the manner of the hiſtory's being carried on, will probably make every body open their ſtores.

This is one reaſon, among many others, which makes me very deſirous of having your judgment of the work I have now publiſhed, and that you would point out to me ſuch faults as I would fain correct in my deſigned work. It will be a very particular favour to a perſon who is, with the greateſt eſteem and reſpect, Sir, your very obliged and obedient ſervant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. Awnſhaw's, in Red-lion Court, in Fleet-ſtreet, London.

From

From Mrs. PENDARVES.

SIR, Sept. 2, 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of eaſe you threaten me with; don't flatter yourſelf with any ſuch hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correſpondence of ſuch conſequence to me. I am really grieved that you are ſo much perſecuted with a giddineſs in your head: the Bath and travelling would certainly be of uſe to you. Your want of ſpirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happineſs of your acquaintance. I am uneaſy to know how you do, and have no other means for that ſatisfaction, but from your own hand; moſt of my Dublin correſpondents being removed to Corke, to Wicklow Mountains, and the Lord knows where. I ſhould have made this enquiry ſooner, but that I have this ſummer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir John Stanley's garden at North-End: it is chiefly compoſed of ſhells I had from Ireland. My life, for two months paſt, has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but ſociety, and have found living quite alone a pleaſanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could ſpend in reading have been entertained by Rollin's Hiſtory of the Ancients, in French. I am very

well pleaſed with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyrus's, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and muſic have had their ſhare in my amuſements. I roſe between five and ſix, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you ſo much about myſelf, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before laſt; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at preſent, I ſhall return to my ſolitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the ſummer at Tunbridge.

I ſuppoſe you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one; he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own ſtairs, her foot miſſed the ſide of the boat, ſhe fell into the water, and pulled Mr. Pope after her; the boat ſlipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with ſome difficulty they were ſaved. The young lady's name is Talbot: ſhe is as remarkable for being a handſome woman, as Mr. Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unleſs I had named you, inſtead of him. I ſhall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great ſincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to anſwer, on the other ſide, that part of your letter that concerns my ſiſter. I do not know whether you would like her perſon

as well as mine, becauſe ſickneſs has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my intereſt not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. Delaney *. Sir John Stanley ſays, if you have not forgot him, he deſires to be remembered as your humble ſervant.

To the Right Honourable Sir JOHN STANLEY, Bart.

SIR,

I HAVE had, for ſeveral months, a ſtrong application made me, by a perſon for whoſe virtue, honour, and good ſenſe, I have a great eſteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whoſe caſe I ſend you incloſed; and if he relates it with truth and candor, I expect you will comply with his requeſt, becauſe I have known you long, and have always highly eſteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me, or any one, to interfere in a buſineſs of property: but I very well underſtand the practice of Iriſh tenants to Engliſh landlords, and of thoſe landlords to their tenants. Yet, if

* This lady was ſome time afterwards married to Dr. Delaney.

what Mr. Wilding deſires is rightly repreſented, that he has been a great improver, his offers reaſonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither muſt nor ſhall act as an Iriſh racking ſquire. I have enquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honeſty; and that worthy friend, who recommends him to me, durſt not deceive me: ſo I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or ſhew me ſtrong reaſons to the contrary; in which caſe I will break with that friend, and drive your tenant out of doors, whenever he preſumes to open his lips again to me on any occaſion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occaſion of enquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leiſure, and what ſhare I keep in your good-will. As to myſelf, years and infirmities have ſunk my ſpirits to nothing. My Engliſh friends are all either dead or in exile, or, by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having lov'd this preſent world. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love becauſe I know none elſe who deſerve it. May you live long happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the beſt and wiſeſt of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and ſhall ever continue, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem, Sir,

Your moſt obedient and
obliged ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 30,
1736.

I know not the preſent ſtate of your family; but, if there be ſtill near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I deſire to preſent them with my moſt humble ſervice.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, ſyllables, words, and half ſentences, as you ſee, and muſt pardon.

From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Nov. 2, 1736.

I AM ſorry to be ſo unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he alſo is troubled at it, as the perſon you recommend, is, indeed, what you ſay, a very worthy perſon; but Mr. Molloy, who was lord George's ſecond tutor, had the promiſe of the next preferment, ſo he cannot put him by in this. I wiſh I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to moſt men in power, that they are often, by neceſſity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court anſwer, or not, I am very poſitively ſure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you ſhould have heard from me before: and I am now literally ſetting out for Bath. So adieu! dear Dean.

From Mrs. BARBER.

SIR, Bath, Nov. 3, 1736.

I SHOULD long ſince have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head ſo diſordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; ſo I humbly beſeech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the leaſt inſenſible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How ſhall I expreſs the ſenſe I have of your goodneſs, in inviting me to return to Ireland, and generouſly offering to contribute to ſupport me there. But would it not be baſe in me, not to try to do ſomething for myſelf, rather than be burthenſome where I am already ſo much indebted?

As to the friend who you ſay, Sir, is in ſo much better circumſtances, I ſhould be very unjuſt, if I did not aſſure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to purſue the ſcheme of letting lodgings. Your goodneſs and compaſſion for my unhappy ſtate of health, has made you think of it for me; 'tis impracticable, but I am deſirous to try if I can do any good by ſelling Iriſh linen, which I find is coming much into repute here: in that way, my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of ſervice, but never in the other.

If

If I ſhould go from Bath, I have reaſon to think, that the remainder of my life would be very miſerable, and that I ſhould ſoon loſe the uſe of my limbs for ever; ſince I find nothing but the bleſſing of God on theſe waters does me any good; beſide this, the intereſt of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the beſt proſpect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My ſon, who is learning to paint, goes on very well; and, if he be in the leaſt approved of, in all probability he may do very well at Bath; for I never yet ſaw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more buſineſs than he could do, let him be ever ſo indifferent: and I am in hopes that Con. may ſettle here. Dr. Mead, whoſe goodneſs to me is great, may be of vaſt uſe to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And if God bleſſes my ſons with ſucceſs, they are ſo well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleaſure in ſupporting me, if I can make a ſhift to maintain them and myſelf till then: and I find Mr. Barber is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumſtances are far from being what you are told they are; nor, I fear, half ſo good.

But though I cannot hope to be ſupported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a houſe a little larger than I want for myſelf, if I could meet with it on reaſonable terms; that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and if I live till my ſon,

the

the painter, goes into buſineſs, he might be with me. As for Con. if he does not chooſe to ſettle here, good Dr. Helſham, with his uſual friendlineſs, has promiſed to honour him with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, Sir, told you my ſchemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpreſſible goodneſs to me. I have at length got reſolution enough to beg a favour; which, if you, Sir, condeſcend to grant, would make me rich, without impoveriſhing you.

When Dr. King, of Oxford, was laſt in Ireland, he had the pleaſure of ſeeing your Treatiſe on Polite Converſation, and gave ſuch an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very deſirous to ſee it. Lady Worſeley, who heard of it from Mrs. Cleland *; and many more of my patroneſſes preſſed me to beg it of you, and aſſured me I might get a great ſubſcription if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publiſh an advertiſement, that you had made me a preſent of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters ſince upon that account; but, conſcious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a ſhame to preſume farther upon your goodneſs: but, when I was laſt

* 'Lady Worſeley, wife of Sir Robert Worſeley. Mrs. Cleland, wife of major William Cleland, a friend of Mr. Pope, and author of the Letter to the Publiſher of the Dunciad, prefixed to the firſt correct edition of that poem.'

in

in London, they made me promiſe I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and indeed I have attempted it many a time ſince, but never could till now.——I humbly beſeech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for aſking it; for it was others, that out of kindneſs to me, put me upon it. They ſaid you made no advantage for yourſelf, by your writings; and, that ſince you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reaſon in the world to think it would be a pleaſure to you, to ſee me in eaſy circumſtances; that every body would gladly ſubſcribe for any thing Dr. Swift wrote; and indeed, I believe in my conſcience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this ſeaſon; among others, lady Carteret, and Mrs. Spencer *; who commanded me to make their beſt compliments to you. They came on Mrs. Spencer's account, who is better in her health ſince ſhe drank theſe waters. I daily ſee ſuch numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wiſh you would try them: as you are ſenſible your diſorders are chiefly occaſioned by a cold ſtomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world ſo likely to cure that diſorder as the Bath waters; which are daily found to be a ſovereign remedy for diſorders of that kind: I know, Sir, you have no opi-

* 'Daughter of lord Carteret, married, firſt to the honourable John Spencer, brother to the duke of Marlborough, and afterwards to the late earl Cowper.'

nion of drugs, and why will you not try ſo agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for your own ſake, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inſpired you to be its defence in the day of diſtreſs, influence you to take the beſt method to preſerve a life of ſo much importance to an oppreſſed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. Temple * was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a preſent of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he ſaid was good for the gout, and diſtinguiſhed me in the kindeſt manner. He commanded me to make his beſt compliments to you, and ſays, he flatters himſelf, you will viſit Moor-Park once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be ſo bleſt as to ſee you, who am, with infinite reſpect and gratitude, your moſt obliged, moſt dutiful, humble ſervant,

MARY BARBER.

* 'John Temple, eſq; nephew of Sir William Temple, whoſe grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord viſcount Palmerſtone.'

Dr.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Paris, Nov. 9th, O. S. 1736.

AS ſoon as ever you caſt your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was tranſported from Edinburgh to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a ſmall hint; you know I am a Laplander*, and conſequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with ſome witches of diſtinction. I ſpeak in the phraſe of this country: for the firſt man I ſpoke to in Paris, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr. Knight's, hatter. But to our buſineſs. I would not have you imagine I forgot my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me ſhall be dated from London, where I propoſe to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the preſs, and oblige the whole Engliſh nation. As to the hiſtory, the Dean may be aſſured I will take care to ſupply the dates that are wanting, and which can eaſily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleaſes, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed leſs trouble than the

* This alludes to the Doctor's fine ſatire called The TOAST, which he pret nds was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander.

interweaving

interweaving them in the body of the hiſtory, and will do the author as much honour, and anſwer the purpoſe full as well. This is all I need ſay in anſwer to that part of your letter, which is ſerious: for I hope you are not in earneſt, when you throw out ſuch horrible reflections againſt my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greateſt politeneſs and delicacy during my ſhort ſtay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houſes, where I had my quarters, as even you could deſire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the ſ——ks, which are ſo much complained of there, are not more offenſive, than I have found them in every ſtreet in this elegant city, which the French ſay is the miſtreſs of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris.* As to my own thoughts of this nation, you ſhall know them, when I am out of it; and then I will write to the Dean, and give him ſome account of his old friend my lord Bolingbroke. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to haſten the publication of his hiſtory. In the mean time, I beg of you to aſſure him, that nothing ſhall be wanting on my part to execute his commiſſions very faithfully. I am truly ſenſible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French ſenſe of that word.

I deſire

I deſire my humble ſervice to Miſs Harriſon, and tell Mr. Swift* I ſhall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real ſervice. At the ſame time I aſſure you, with the greateſt truth, that I am, Madam, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. KING.

From Lord CASTLEDURROW†.

SIR, Caſtledurrow, Dec. 4, 1736.

IT is now a month ſince you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may perſuade you to excuſe my acknowledgments of it; but I am too ſenſible of the honour you do me, to ſuffer a correſpondence to drop, which I know ſome of the greateſt men in this age have gloried in. How then muſt my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I ſhall rather compare myſelf to a worm enlivened by the ſun, and crawling before it. I I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meaneſt inſect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itſelf in its curls and twiſts before its benefactor? This is more than the greateſt philoſopher can determine. Gueſſes are the privilege of the

* Mr. Swift was at this time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford the Spring following.

† This was William lord baron of Caſtledurrow, whoſe ſon Henry was created lord viſcount Aſhbrook in the year 1751.

ignorant,

ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your ſervant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your œconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for ſuet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as moſt you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happineſs to be ſo qualified as to merit that intimacy you profeſs for a few. It is now to little purpoſe to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean Aldrich, the greateſt man who ever preſided in that high poſt; that over Virgil and Horace, Rag * and Phillips ſmoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, beſide the expence of a buſhel of nuts, and that now I am ſcarce able to reliſh their beauties. I know it is death to you to ſee either of them mangled; but a ſcrap of paper I deſign to incloſe, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of ſeventy, who takes the laſt line ſo heinouſly, that, thanks to my ſtars, ſhe hates me in earneſt. So I devote myſelf to ladies of fewer years, and more diſcretion.

This, and ſuch other innocent amuſements, I devote myſelf to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began

* Meaning the celebrated Edmund Smith, uſually called Rag Smith.

to

to contract ſtrange old-faſhioned ruſt, and adviſed me to burſt out of my ſolitude, and refit myſelf for the public; but my own notion of the world, for ſome time paſt, is ſo confirmed by the ſanction of your opinion of it, that I reſolve this ſame ruſt ſhall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's ſhield; though it gave ſuch offence to his cleanly maid, that ſhe poliſhed it to none at all.

I ſhall appear very inconſiſtent with myſelf in now telling you, that I ſtill deſign the latter end of next month for England. You allow I have ſome pretence to go there. My progreſs with my ſon will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I ſhall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I deſign to ſend you a pot of woodcocks for a Chriſtmas-box: ſmall as the preſent is, pray believe I am, with ſincere reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CASTLEDURROW.

Verſes by lord CASTLEDRURROW, incloſed in the former letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

Old women ſometimes can raiſe his deſire;
The young, in their turn, ſet his heart all on fire.
And ſometimes again he abhors womankind.
Was ever poor wretch of ſo fickle a mind!

The Lover's Anſwer.

Parcius junctas quatiunt Feneſtras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi Somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua Limen. HOR. Lib. I. Ode 25.

No more ſhall frolic youth advance
In ſerenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling ſtroke no more ſhall beat
Againſt thy window and thy gate;
In idle ſleep now lie ſecure,
And never be unbarr'd thy door.

From Dr. KING.

SIR, London, December 7th, 1736.

I ARRIVED here yeſterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a poſitive reſolution concerning the hiſtory. You need not heſitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can ſupply them without the leaſt trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of thoſe public pieces, which you determined ſhould be inſerted at length; I mean Sir Thomas Hanmer's repreſentation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publiſh the two tracts as an appendix to the hiſtory, you will be pleaſed to ſee if the character given of the E. of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the ſame perſon in the hiſtory. Perhaps on a review,

review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiſcard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Meſnager. But as theſe are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiſs if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the Gazettes, or any other news-papers of thoſe times. This is all I have to offer to your conſideration; and you ſee here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this hiſtory ſhould be publiſhed from the original manuſcript, it muſt be done while you are living: and if you continue in the ſame mind to intruſt me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thouſand obligations, which I ſhall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. KING.

From WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq.

SIR, London, Dec. 21, 1736.

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of laſt month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I reſolved not to hazard another by the croſs poſt, but ſtay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God

be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all phyſic and water-drinking. My conſtitution muſt certainly be a pretty good one; for, it has reſiſted the attacks of five eminent phyſicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worſe for any of them.

For the future I will preſerve myſelf by your advice, and follow your rules, of riſing early, eating little, drinking leſs, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of uſe to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. Stopford's good ſucceſs, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of Dorſet, who I dare ſay will in time do more for him, becauſe he has promiſed it. My firſt deſire to ſerve him was ſolely becauſe I knew you eſteemed him. I was confident he muſt be a deſerving man, ſince John Gay aſſured me he was a very particular friend of yours. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own ſake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to thoſe who recommend them. There is a ſentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and ſhould be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodeſſe, nemini nocere.* It is a noble ſentiment, and ſhall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming ſo many ſucceſſors to the duke of Dorſet, than becauſe he has ſerved, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather ſince I am told he gave great ſatisfaction the laſt time he

he was with you. Lord Eſſex will hardly be the perſon to ſucceed him, though I ſhould be glad he was, ſince I flatter myſelf he would be willing, on many occaſions, to ſhew ſome regard to my recommendations. I have lately ſeen a gentleman who is come from France, who aſſures me, the perſon you enquire after, and to whom you gave ſo many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am ſure it cannot laſt long, unleſs an old gentleman would pleaſe to die, who ſeems at preſent not to have the leaſt inclination towards it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope ſhewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you ſo full of complaints, and we wiſhed heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in ſpring. Shifting the ſcene was of great ſervice to me; perhaps it may be ſo to you. I mended from the moment I had croſſed the ſeas, and ſenſibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majeſty is ſtill on the other ſide. He has eſcaped being at ſea in the tempeſtuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Cheſterfield ſays, if he does not come by Twelfth-day, the people will chooſe king and queen without him. I muſt tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. Mapp, a famous ſhe bone-ſetter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and ſix horſes, on the Kentiſh road was met by a rabble of people, who ſeeing her very

oddly and tawdrily dreſſed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded ſhe muſt be a certain great perſon's miſtreſs. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glaſs, and ſcreamed louder than any of them, She was no Hanover whore! ſhe was an Engliſh one! Upon which they cried out, God bleſs your ladyſhip! quitted the purſuit, and wiſhed her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the houſe next ſeſſions; but not with that aſſiduity as I have formerly done. Why ſhould I riſque the doing myſelf any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be aſtoniſhed; and yet I dare ſay I don't know of half that are practiſed in one little ſpot of ground only; you may eaſily gueſs where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord Carteret, when he comes to town. I am ſure he will be pleaſed with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I ſhall look on the continuance of your correſpondence as a very particular honour; for I aſſure you, that I am, with the greateſt truth and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

From Lord CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, Caſtledurrow, Jan. 11, 1736.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleaſure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than uſual, I ſhould not be at a loſs to make an excuſe, if I could be ſo vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at leaſt to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I muſt write rather than reproach myſelf, and bluſh at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, bluſhes ſhould proceed rather from the pen than from ſilence; which pleads a modeſt diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the ſketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be preſented to your firſt miniſter, Sir Robert *. Your puddings I have been acquainted with theſe forty years; they are the beſt ſweet thing I ever eat. The œconomy of your table is delicious; a little and perfectly good, is the greateſt treat; and that elegance in ſorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's *orcaſtro* †, in forming which he excelled mankind. In this reſpect no man ever judged

* A name he gave his houſekeeper, Mrs. Brent.

† His lordſhip probably uſes this word for *orcheſtre*. Corelli, the famous Italian muſician and compoſer, being eminent for his ſkill in forming and diſpoſing the ſeveral muſicians in a concert.

worſe than lord chancellor Middleton; his table the neateſt ſerved of any I have ſeen in Dublin, which to be ſure was intirely owing to his lady. You really ſurprize me, when you ſay you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the miſtaken luxury of ſome of our grandees, and feaſting thoſe who come to laugh at us from the other ſide of the water, have done us as much prejudice as moſt of our follies. Not any lord-lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence, than our preſent viceroy *. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always diſtinguiſhed me with affection and friendſhip. I truſt mine are no leſs ſincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wiſh that he had gratified you in your requeſt. Thoſe he has done moſt for, I dare affirm, love him leaſt. It is pity there is any allay in ſo beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a puſillanimity, which ſinks him into complaiſance for men who neither love nor eſteem him, and has prevented him buoying up againſt their impotent threats, in raiſing his friends. He is a moſt amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to England for ſo inſignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them againſt the beginning of next month. At my ar-

* The duke of Dorſet.

rival

rival in town, I ſhall ſend a meſſage in form for audience; but I beg to ſee you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for, as both your miniſtry and ſenate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too ſmall to grant me a penſion. And as I am not fit for buſineſs, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to beſtow. Thus, without any view of your highneſs's favour, I am independent, and with ſincere eſteem, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CASTLEDURROW.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, Jan. 29, 1736.

I OWE your ladyſhip the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a requeſt I made to my lord duke. I now diſmiſs you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my viſits or application. His buſineſs in this kingdom is to make himſelf eaſy; his leſſons are all preſcribed him from court; and he is ſure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of moſt corrupt ſlaves and idiots at his devotion. The happineſs of this kingdom is of no more conſequence to him, than it would be to the great Mogul; while the very few honeſt or moderate men of the Whig party, lament the choice he makes of perſons

ſons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the laſt time, that I never made him a requeſt out of any views of my own; but intirely by conſulting his own honour, and the deſires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wiſh, and had no other fault than that of modeſtly ſtanding up for preſerving ſome poor remainder in the conſtitution of church and ſtate.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the point of promiſes and employments; but a plain honeſt Engliſh farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a chriſtening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a ſcrap for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I ſhall only grieve in ſilence, when I hear of employments diſpoſed of to the diſcontent of his grace's beſt friends in this kingdom; and the rather, becauſe I do not know a more agreeable perſon in converſation, one more eaſy, or of a better taſte, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of Dorſet.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyſhip's want of health has driven you to the Bath; the ſame cauſe has hindered me from ſooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life when I am to expect a great deal worſe; for I have neither fleſh nor ſpirits left; while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing thoſe virtues which heaven beſtowed on you, for the delight of your friends,

the

the comfort of the diſtreſſed, and the univerſal eſteem of all who are wiſe and virtuous.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my lady Suffolk, and your happy brother.

I am, with the trueſt reſpect,

Madam, your, &c.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq;

SIR, Dublin, Feb. 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your couſin, Mrs. Dingley, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleaſed to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or enquire after her. She is quite ſunk with years and unwieldineſs; as well as a very ſcanty ſupport. I ſometimes make her a ſmall preſent, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her neareſt relations conſider her in the leaſt.

Jervas told me that your aunt's picture* is in Sir Peter Lilly's beſt manner, and the drapery all in the ſame hand. I ſhall think myſelf very well paid for it, if you will be ſo good, as to order ſome mark of your favonr to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a penſion, but a ſmall ſum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I ſhall ſee that ſhe keep herſelf clear of the world; for ſhe is a woman of as much piety and diſcretion as I have known.

* Picture of Lady Giffard, ſiſter of Sir William Temple.

I am

I am ſorry to have been ſo much a ſtranger to the ſtate of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumſtances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-houſe at Moorpark. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved thoſe words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of thoſe elms that ſtand in the hollow ground juſt before the houſe: but I ſuppoſe the letters are widened and grown ſhapeleſs by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he has an Iriſh title (I ſhould be ſorry to ſee you with ſuch a feather) and that ſome reaſon or other drew us into a correſpondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord Caſtledurrow, who is a gentleman of very good ſenſe and wit. I ſuſpect, by taking his ſon with him, that he deſigns to ſee us no more. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to your Lady* with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, Sir,

your moſt humble faithful ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

* Mr. Temple was the nephew, and his lady the grand-daughter, of Sir William Temple, by his only ſon, who died young.

To

To Mr. PULTENEY.

SIR, March 7, 17$\frac{3}{6}$.

I MUST begin by aſſuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a ſettled correſpondence with ſo uſeleſs a man as I here am; and ſtill more ſo, by the daily increaſe of ill health, and old age; and yet I confeſs, that the high eſteem I preſerve for your public and private virtues, urges me on to retain ſome little place in your memory, for the ſhort time I may expect to live.

That I no ſooner acknowledged the honour of your letter is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country, with more than an old Roman ſpirit; which has reached this obſcure enſlaved kingdom, ſo far, as to have been the conſtant ſubject of diſcourſe and of praiſe among the whole few of what unproſtituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for ſome months paſt, that the meddlers in the poſt-offices here and in London have grown weary of their curioſity, by finding the little ſatisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of phyſicians; I have eſteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the leaſt benefit from their advice or preſcriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who ſeemed to underſtand

derſtand my caſe; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five phyſicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæſar could never pretend to. I deſire that my preſcription of living may be publiſhed (which you deſign to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a ruſh, nor the animal itſelf, as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myſelf as a Philanthropus, becauſe it is now a creature (taking a vaſt majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a waſp, a ſtork, a fox, or any other that you will pleaſe to add.

Since the date of your letter, we underſtand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. Stopford was with me laſt night; he is as well provided for, and to his own ſatisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to preſent his beſt reſpects and acknowledgments to you. Your modeſty, in refuſing to take a motto, goes too far. The ſentence is not a boaſt, becauſe it is every man's duty in morals and religion †.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of Dorſet's having given great ſatisfaction the laſt time he was with us; particularly in his diſpoſal of two biſhopricks, and other church as well as civil preferments. I wrote to a lady in London, his grace's near relation, an intimate, that ſhe would no more continue the office of a go-between (as ſhe called herſelf) betwixt the duke and me, becauſe I never deſigned to attend him

† *Amicis prodeſſe, nemini nocere.* See Mr. Pulteney's letter, dated Dec. 21, 1736.

again;

again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a perſon in converſation as I have almoſt any where met. I ſent my letter to that lady under a cover addreſſed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints againſt ſome proceedings, which I ſuppoſe he has ſeen. I never made him one requeſt for myſelf; and if I ſpoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles; and failed in both.

The father of our friend in France † may outlive the ſon; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldeſt men in England, nineteen of them have been the moſt worthleſs fellows in the kingdom. You tell me, with great kindneſs as well as gravity, that I ought, this ſpring, to make a trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that ſhifting the ſcene was of great ſervice to you, and therefore it may be ſo to me. I anſwer as an Academic, *Nego conſequentiam.* And beſides compariſons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie.* As you are much younger, ſo I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual deteſtation of all public perſons and affairs in both kingdoms. I ſpread the ſtory of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us: there was ſomething humorous in it throughout, that pleaſed every body here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret that he will oppoſe any ſtep towards arbi-

† 'The friend in France appears to be lord viſcount Bolingbroke, whoſe father, Sir Henry St. John, bart. had been created baron St. John of Batterſea, and viſcount St. John, July 2, 1716.

trary

trary power? He has promiſed me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet ſome reports go here of him, that have a little diſconcerted me. Learning and good ſenſe he has, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he has beſtowed you, to be the chief ſupport of liberty to your country, and let all the people ſay, Amen.

I am with the trueſt reſpect, and higheſt eſteem,
Sir, your, *&c.*

From the Earl of ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, Corke, March 15, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to write to you. But what can I ſay? The ſcene of Corke is ever the ſame; dull, inſipid, and void of all amuſement. His ſacred majeſty was not under greater difficulty to find out diverſions at Helvoetſluys, than I am here. The butchers are as greaſy, the quakers as formal, and the preſbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as uſual: all things are in *ſtatu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the ſame cadence as of yore. Unfurniſhed with variety, and drooping under the natural dulneſs of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, ſenſe, honeſty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my lord Grimſtone, have done the ſame before me.

I have

I have not yet been upon the Change; but am told, that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. They have ſent you your freedom. The moſt learned of them having read a moſt dreadful account, in Littleton's dictionary, of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimouſly agreed, not to venture ſo valuable a preſent in ſo dangerous a metal. Had theſe ſage counſellors conſidered, that Pandora was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. Littleton forgets to mention) they would have ſeen, that the enſuing evils aroſe from the ſex, and not from the ore. But I ſhall ſpeak with more certainty of theſe affairs, when I have taken my ſeat among the grey-beards.

My letters from England ſpeak of great combuſtions there. Abſalom continues a rebel to royal David: the Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-ſpirited. The influence of the comet ſeems to have ſtrange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of Corke, wrapp'd up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine.* Heaven, and all good ſtars protect you! For let the thunder burſt where it will, ſo that you are ſafe, and unſinged, who cares whether Perſia ſubmits its government to the renowned Kouli Khan, or that beardleſs, unexperienced youth, the Sophi. At leaſt, the vicar of Bray and I ſhall certainly be contented.

From the SAME.

DEAR SIR, Corke, March 18, 1736.

THIS is occaſioned by a letter I have † received from Mr. Pope, of which I ſend you a copy in my own hand, not caring to truſt the original to the accidents of the poſt. I likewiſe ſend you part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr. Pope, the other from lord Bolingbroke) juſt publiſhed, with an impudent preface, by Curll. You ſee, Curll like his friend the Devil, glides through all key-holes, and thruſts himſelf into the moſt private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is ſtill uneaſy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I ſent him from Dublin (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the laſt diſcourſe I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me, he ſhould have his letters; and I loſt no time in letting him know your reſolution.

I have ſaid ſo much on this ſubject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to paſs with you at the deanry, that there is little occaſion for adding more upon it at preſent; eſpecially as you will find, in Mr. Pope's letter to me, a ſtrength of argument that ſeems irreſiſtible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a ſafe carriage of any papers you think fit to

† See the next letter.

ſend

ſend him. I ſhould think myſelf particularly fortunate, to deliver to him thoſe letters he ſeems ſo juſtly deſirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleaſure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the lateſt hours of my life; which, whether long or ſhort, ſhall be conſtantly ſpent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wiſe. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble ſervant.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled ſeveral times with you on your own illneſs, and that of our friends, I now claim ſome ſhare myſelf; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Juſt before, I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, preſſed him (which, I muſt acquaint your lordſhip, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth paſt) to ſecure me againſt that raſcal printer, by returning me my letters, (which if he valued ſo much) I promiſed to ſend him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into ſuch ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expoſe me to the miſconſtruction of many, the malice of ſome, and the cenſure, perhaps, of the whole world. A freſh incident made me preſs this again, which I incloſe to you, that

you may ſhew him. The man's declaration, "That he had theſe two letters of the Dean's "from your ſide the water," with ſeveral others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, becauſe I never had a copy of either) is ſurely a juſt cauſe for my requeſt. Yet, the Dean, anſwering every other point of my letter, with the utmoſt expreſſions of kindneſs, is ſilent upon this; and, the third time ſilent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and in whatever hands, while they are Iriſh hands, allow me, my lord, to ſay, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in theſe caſes alike, to an author's diſparagement or uneaſineſs. I think this I made the Dean, ſo juſt a requeſt, that I beg your lordſhip to ſecond it, by ſhewing him what I write. I told him, as ſoon as I found myſelf obliged to publiſh an edition of letters, to my great ſorrow, that I wiſhed to make uſe of ſome of theſe: nor did I think any part of my correſpondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleaſure to me, than what might preſerve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the ſame opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wiſh ſome of thoſe ſort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to ſome little intereſt in getting the whole of theſe into their poſſeſſion: I will venture, however, to ſay, they would not add more credit to the Dean's memory,

by

by their management of them, than I by mine: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it ſome judgment, at leaſt, I preſume, my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this ſilence is ſo remarkable, it ſurpriſes me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather ſuffer from any other cauſe, than what would be ſo unhappy to him. My ſincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and purſue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are abſolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condeſcenſion, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taſte to be equally valued. When all this muſt die, (this laſt I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of ſo great a part of it, as ſhines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as ſo many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and every body elſe, may ſay and lie of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the taſk to defend me.

From Lord CARTERET.

SIR, Arlington-ſtreet, March 24, 1736.

I THIS day attended the cauſe you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of January: the decree was affirmed moſt unanimouſly, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100l. coſts given to the reſpondent. Lord Bathurſt attended likewiſe. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; ſo I cannot deliver your meſſages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I muſt tell you, that my ſon, not ſixteen, underſtands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, ſtudy Greek κ᾽ ουδεν ουδεποτε ταπεινον ενθυμηθηση ουτε αγαν επιθυμησεις τινος. He knows how to conſtrue this, and I have the ſatisfaction to believe he will fall into the ſentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant * told me, ſome time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and ſhewed him the article of your letter, relating to himſelf: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or miniſters; but becauſe it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, ſome of which I had the honour to promote at your deſire, for

* The duke of Dorſet.

which

which I ſtill think myſelf obliged to you. And I have not heard, that ſince they have diſturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been Jacobites, in diſgrace to you and me.

I deſire you will make my ſincere reſpects acceptable to Dr. Delaney. He ſent me potted woodcooks in perfection, which lady Granville, my wife, and children, have eat, though I have not yet anſwered his letter. My lady Granville reading your poſtſcript, bids me tell you, that ſhe will ſend you a preſent; and if ſhe knew what you liked, ſhe would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it ſhall be done, that the firſt of the family may no longer be poſtponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady Worſeley deſire their reſpects ſhould be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I ſhall ſay nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

CARTERET.

When people aſk me, how I governed Ireland? I ſay, that I pleaſed Dr. Swift.

Quæſitam meritis ſume ſuperbiam.

To Mr. Alderman BARBER.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, March 30, 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he will deliver to you, ſigned by the magiſtrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine. It ſeems, your ſociety has raiſed the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within

three years paſt, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the moſt ſcrewing landlords of this kingdom: and the conſequence has already been, that many of your tenants in that town, and the lands about it, are preparing for the plantations of America, for the ſame reaſons that are driving ſome thouſands of families in the North to the ſame plantations: I mean, the oppreſſion of landlords. My dear friend, you are to conſider, that no ſociety can, or ought, in prudence or juſtice, let their lands at ſo high a rate as a ſquire, who lives upon his eſtate, and is able to diſtrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate muſt give eaſy bargains, ſo as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are ſubject. Thus biſhops, deans and chapters, as well as other corporations, ſeldom or never let their lands even ſo high as half the value: and when they raiſe thoſe rents which are unreaſonably low, it is by degrees. I have inſtances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter; although my own lands, as dean, are let four-fifths under their value. On the other ſide, there is no reaſon why an honourable ſociety ſhould rent their eſtate for a triſle. And therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, "That, if you could be prevailed on "juſt to double the rent, and no more, I hoped "the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable "manner." For, I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppreſſed country muſt neceſſarily decline for ever.

If,

If, by a miracle, things ſhould mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increaſe of rent; but not by ſuch leaps as you are now taking: for, you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who laid every ſecond day a golden egg; upon which, her miſtreſs killed her, to get the whole lump together. I am told, that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of Engliſh in thoſe parts. If that be ſo, you are too wiſe to let it be a colony of Iriſh beggars. I would not have ſaid thus much in an affair, and about perſons to whom I am a ſtranger, if I had not been long aſſured of the poor condition thoſe people in and about Coleraine have lain under, ſince that enormous raiſing of their rents. The bearer, whom I never ſaw until yeſterday, ſeems to be a gentleman of truth and good ſenſe: yet, if he has miſrepreſented this matter to me, I ſhall never be his advocate again.

My health is very indifferent: ſpirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you deſire! for I have loſt ſo many friends without getting any new, that I muſt keep you as a ſample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Yours, *&c.*

From

From the Earl of ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, Corke, April 3d, 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thouſand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thouſand arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the ſame ſtate of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidſt tyrants and monſters——Do you not remember the deſcription of Polypheme and his den?

—— Domus ſanie dapibuſque cruentis
Intus opaca, ingens, ipſe arduus, altaque pulſat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite peſtem!)
Nec viſu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
Viſceribus miſerorum & ſanguine veſcitur atro.

Remember alſo, that

Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.

Tranſlate theſe lines and come away with me to Marſton; there you ſhall enjoy *otium cum dignitate;* there you ſhall ſee the famous *Sacſockiſhkaſh*, and his two pupils, who ſhall attend your altars with daily incenſe; there no archbiſhops can intrude; there you ſhall be the ſole lord and maſter; whilſt we your ſubjects ſhall learn obedience from our happineſs.——If you ever can think ſeriouſly, think

ſo

ſo now; and let me ſay with the curate of my pariſh, Conſider what has been ſaid unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you!—Mrs. Whiteway ſhall be truly welcome to Marſton's homely ſhade. Hector ſhall fawn upon the Doctor; and I myſelf will be under the direction and government of Sir R. W.

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you to England; the moſt acceptable load will be yourſelf, and that I would carry with as true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchiſes on his ſhoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our ſtation to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and ſix is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to ſtart a hare in Steven's Green about the firſt of next month. In the middle of June I will hope to ſet ſail with you to England. Mr. Pope will come out beyond the ſhore to meet you: you will exchange Cyclops for Men; and if one muſt fall, ſurely the choice is right.

Si pereo, manibus hominum periiſſe juvabit.

My next ſhall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and converſation; you ſhall certainly have the cheeſes. If you will come to Somerſetſhire, I will eat

eat one for joy*. The beſt in England are made in my manor.

I am ſo well, that I had almoſt forgot to anſwer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happineſs to your very affectionate obliged and faithful ſervant,

ORRERY.

From the Earl of OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, Dover-ſtreet, April 7th, 1737.

I AM extremely obliged to you for ſeveral letters, which I, with great ſhame and concern, acknowledge that I have not anſwered, as alſo ſeveral remembrances of me and my family in your letters to ſeveral of your friends, but particularly in your letters to Mr. Pope: I ſtand very ſtrongly obliged to you upon theſe accounts; I dare ſay you will do me that juſtice, that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulneſs: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmeſt eſteem and ſincereſt regard for you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what has paſſed, and I promiſe to amend, if my letters would in the leaſt be agreeable to you.

* The Earl of Orrery hated cheeſe to ſuch a degree, that he could ſcarce bear the ſight of it.

One

One reaſon of my writing to you now is (next to my aſking your forgiveneſs) this; I am told that you have given leave and liberty to ſome one or more of your friends to print a hiſtory of the laſt four years of queen Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am moſt truly ſenſible of your conſtant regard and ſincere friendſhip for my father, even to partiality (if I may ſay ſo) I am very ſenſible of the ſhare and part he muſt bear in ſuch a hiſtory; and as I remember, when I read over that hiſtory of yours, I can recollect that there ſeemed to me a want of ſome papers to make it more complete, which was not in our power to obtain; beſides there were ſome ſevere things ſaid, which might have been then very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to ſupport; for theſe reaſons it is that I do intreat the favour of you, and make it my earneſt requeſt, that you will give your poſitive directions, that this hiſtory be not printed and publiſhed, until I have had an opportunity of ſeeing it; with a liberty of ſhewing it to ſome family friends, whom I would conſult upon this occaſion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be ſo good as to grant my requeſt: I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I could ſoon ſay ſomething to you that would convince you I am not wrong: they are not proper for a letter, as you will eaſily gueſs.

My wife deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice; my daughter is extremely pleaſed with the notice you are pleaſed to take of her, ſhe is very well: ſhe brought me another granddaughter

daughter laſt month: ſhe deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice, and would be glad of the pleaſure of ſeeing you here in England.

The duke of Portland ſo far anſwers our expections, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the beſt huſband, the beſt father, and the beſt ſon; theſe qualities are, I aſſure you, very rare in this age.

I wiſh you would make my compliments to my lord Orrery; do you deſign to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true eſteem and regard, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

I wiſh Maſter Faulkner, when he ſends any thing to me, would ſay how you do.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

April 9, 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your laſt letter, wherein you complain of my long ſilence; what will you do when I am ſo long in anſwering? I have one excuſe which will ſerve for all my friends, I am quite worn out with diſorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafneſs, which ſtill continues, hath unqualified me for converſing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehenſion of giddineſs, whereof I have frequently ſome frightful touches. Beſides, I can

hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will ſee by the number of ſcratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forſaken me, except Mrs. Whiteway, who preſerves ſome pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that coſt them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am juſt as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to ſpeak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*; *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at Eaſter, as you were uſed to do. Your muſter-roll of meat is good, but of drink in ſup port able. Yew wann twine. My ſtreſs Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and ſaid it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miſs Molly hath iſſued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harriſon: which cauſed many ſpeck you'll aſh owns.——I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the ſtrength of my own wit upon points of the high eſt imp or taunts. I have been very curious in conſidering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies, ſuch as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling* (ſeldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puſs ling*, *buſs ling*, *ſtrow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. Theſe are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth

in

in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble: ——Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50 l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your ſchool, I will declare I was never ſo ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finiſhed my will for the laſt time, wherein I left ſome little legacy, which you are not to receive till you ſhall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the conſideration of my leaving theſe legacies to you.

Explain this proverb, *Salt dry fiſh, and the wedding-gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old hunks Shepherd has buried his only ſon, who was a young hunks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhime; it is a ſatire on an inconſtant lover.

You are as faithleſs as a Carthaginian,
To love at once, Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A ſpecimen of Latinitas Grattaniana.

EGO ludam diabolum ſuper duos baculos cum te.
Voca ſuper me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.

Sine

Sine me ſolum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid peſtis velles tu eſſe apud.
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni ſuper.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te ſecare ſaltum.
Veni, veni, ſolve tuum ſcotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id eſt plus expenſi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid eſt materia tecum.
Tu habes vetus proverbium ſuper tuum latus: Nihil eſt nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et ſuſpende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore.
Eſt formoſus corporatus homo in facie.
Eſne tu ſuper pro omni die.
Morſus: Eſne tu ibi cum tuis urſis.
Ille eſt ex ſuper ſuam ſervationem.
Tu es carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: hic eſt magnus clamor, et parva lana,
Quid! tu es ſuper tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam ſervaſti tuum verbum.
Hic eſt diabolus et omne agere.
Viſne tu eſſe tam bonus, quam tuum verbum.
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego ſervo hoc pro pluvioſo die.
Ego poſſum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.
Eſne tu in aure nido.

Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula ſuper.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis ſtultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes ſocii apud pedem pilam.
Faeminae et linteum aſpiciunt optimè per candelae lucem.

From WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq.

REVEREND SIR, April 17th, 1737.

I RETURNED laſt night from Derry, where I have been for ſome time paſt, and where you will be received with great reſpect. I pleaſed myſelf with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you deſign being here —— My diſappointment occaſions you this trouble; and I hope you will ſuffer that which can do it beſt to plead my excuſe for being ſo importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleaſant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayeſt liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their ſweeteſt notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I muſt brag of my ſituation, and will pawn my credit with you in thoſe matters, that you will pronounce it the moſt delightful you have ſeen in Dublin at leaſt.

Sir,

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a ſelf-intereſt I have in honouring this place with your preſence. All the incloſures I intend in my demeſne are now finiſhed, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the ſcheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the beſt manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final reſolution, till I ſhall have the opportunity of intreating your opinion and aſſiſtance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourſelf no diſagreeable amuſement, and occaſion ſomething elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almoſt done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your ſtages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewartſtown. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troubleſome to you; and that I am, with the greateſt truth, as well as eſteem, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

To Dr. SHERIDAN.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22, as you will read below in the date) ſend to talk to Mr. Smith: but I diſtruſt your ſanguinity ſo much (by my own deſponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your juſtice-ſhip be fixed, but I ſhall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke

and his clan againſt the lowering of gold, which is juſt a kind ſettlement upon England of 25,000l. a year for ever: yet ſome of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the abſentees will be juſt ſo much gainers. I am exceſſively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our noſtrils, but our lungs. You muſt in ſummer ride every half holy-day, and go to church every Sunday ſome miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to out-do the original. I wiſh I were to be born next century, when we ſhall be utterly rid of parſons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at preſent; and until your biſhop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witneſs, relating to his printer of quadrille (did you ever ſee it) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promiſes (againſt his nature) to conſider him, but interpoſed an exception, which I believe will deſtroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herſelf airs of loving you; but do not truſt her too much for ſhe grows diſobedient, and ſays ſhe is going for to get another favourite. In ſhort, ſhe calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, elſe ſhe would read this in ſpite of me; and, between ourſelves, ſhe ſets up to be my governor. I wiſh you had ſent me the chriſtian name of Knatchbull, and I

would have writ to him; but I will ſee him on Monday, if he will be viſible. The poem on the legion-club is ſo altered and enlarged, as I hear (for I only ſaw the original) and ſo damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great perſonal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some ſay they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others ſay the privy-council will ſummon the ſuſpected author. If I could get the true copy I would ſend it you. Your biſhop writes me word, that the real author is manifeſt by the work.——Your loſs of fleſh is nothing, if it be made up with ſpirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myſelf. I believe I ſhall ſay with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my body is already ſpent.

May 22, 1737.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, June 14, 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your lordſhip, dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to anſwer until this time. Your lordſhip muſt needs have known, that the hiſtory you mention, of the four laſt years of the queen's reign, was written at Windſor, juſt upon finiſhing the peace; at which time, your father and my lord Bolingbroke had a miſunderſtanding with each other, that was attended with very bad conſequences. When I

came to Ireland to take this deanry (after the peace was made) I could not ſtay here above a fortnight, being recalled by a hundred letters to haſten back, and to uſe my endeavours in reconciling thoſe miniſters. I left them the hiſtory you mention, which I had finiſhed at Windſor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldneſs increaſed. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord Maſham's, at St. James's. My lord and lady Maſham left us together. I expoſtulated with them both, but could not find any good conſequences. I was to go to Windſor next day with my lord treaſurer: I pretended buſineſs that prevented me; expecting they would come to ſome * * * * * [a]. But I followed them to Windſor; where my lord Bolingbroke told me, that my ſcheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the ſame rate: they grew more eſtranged every day. My lord treaſurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the queen died, I had my laſt meeting with them at my lord Maſham's. He left us together; and therefore I ſpoke very freely to them both; and told them, "I would retire, for I found "all was gone." Lord Bolingbroke whiſpered me, "I was in the right." Your father ſaid, "All "would do well." I told him, "That I would go "to Oxford on Monday, ſince I found it was im-"poſſible to be of any uſe." I took coach to Ox-

[a] Here is a blank left for ſome word or other; ſuch as *agreement*, *reconciliation*, or the like.

ford

ford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkſhire; there ſtaid until the queen's death; and then to my ſtation here; where I ſtaid twelve years, and never ſaw my lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years: and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publiſh it in London, to the confuſion of all thoſe raſcals who have accuſed the queen and that miniſtry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Proteſtant ſucceſſion. I was then in the greateſt truſt and confidence with your father the lord treaſurer, as well as with my lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the adminiſtration. I had all the letters from the ſecretary's office, during the treaty of peace: out of thoſe, and what, I learned from the miniſtry, I formed that Hiſtory, which I am now going to publiſh for the information of poſterity, and to controul the moſt impudent falſehoods which have been publiſhed ſince. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time: and I do impartially think him the moſt virtuous miniſter, and the moſt able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your lordſhip has any particular circumſtances that may fortify what I have ſaid in the Hiſtory, ſuch as letters or other materials, I am content they ſhould be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment; having been driven

to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropt here, and was a year old before I left it; and to my ſorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lady Oxford, and your daughter the ducheſs. As to the Hiſtory, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages poſſible to know, when you were in ſome ſort but a lad. One great deſign of it is, to do juſtice to the miniſtry at that time, and to refute all the objections againſt them, as if they had a deſign of bringing in popery and the Pretender: and farther to demonſtrate, that the preſent ſettlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to ſee England: I am now too old and too ſickly, added to almoſt a perpetual deafneſs and giddineſs. I live a moſt domeſtic life: I want nothing that is neceſſary; but I am in a curſed, factious, oppreſſed, miſerable country; not made ſo by nature, but by the ſlaviſh, helliſh principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myſelf. I deſire again to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lady Oxford, and the ducheſs your daughter. Pray God preſerve you long and happy! I ſhall diligently inquire into your conduct, from thoſe who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right; let me hear that you perſevere ſo.

Your

Your taſk will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and ſo ſhould be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enſlaved country. I am, with the trueſt love and reſpect, my lord, your lordſhip's moſt obedient and moſt obliged, *&c.*

From Alderman BARBER.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND, London, June 23, 1737.

I WAS favoured with a letter ſome time ſince by the hands of the bearer Mr. Lloyd, and by him take the opportunity of anſwering it.

I do aſſure you, Sir, that as the Society have always had the greateſt regard for your recommendation, ſo, in this affair, they have given a freſh inſtance of their reſpect; for they have reſolved to relieve their tenants in Colrain from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire ſatisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great ſatisfaction to all honeſt men who wiſh well to their country.

Our friend Mr. Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with ſeveral things in his way; among the reſt, a tranſlation of Horace's Odes; in one of which you are mentioned "as ſaving your nation:" which gave great offence; and, I am aſſured, was under debate in the council, whether he ſhould not be taken up for it: but

but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they paſſed it by.

I hope you ſee the paper called Common Senſe, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kiſſing your hand this ſummer; but we are all in confuſion at Derry about power, which will prevent my coming at preſent; but I am in hopes of having that happineſs before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almoſt; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the Hiſtory of his own Time: he is well. You will pleaſe to make my compliments to lord Orrery and Dr. Delany.

I have many things to ſay, which in prudence I muſt defer.

I ſhall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preſerve your moſt valuable life for many years, as you are a public bleſſing to your country, and a friend to all mankind; and to aſſure you that I am, with ſincerity, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

From Dr. KING.

SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, June 24, 1737.

I DO not know for what reaſon the worthy gentlemen of the poſt-office intercepted a letter, which I did myſelf the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I ſaid

any thing that could give them the leaſt offence. I did not mention the new half-pence; I did not praiſe the royal family; I did not blame the prime miniſter; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had juſt then received from you. It is true I incloſed in that letter a printed paper called Common Senſe, in which the author propoſes a new ſcheme of government for the people of Corſica, adviſing to make their king of the ſame ſtuff of which the Indians make their gods *. I thought to afford you ſome diverſion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. Whiteway, in which ſhe tells me that I am to expect the manuſcript by lord Orrery. I will have the pleaſure to wait on him as ſoon as I can do it without croſſing the Iriſh channel: and as ſoon as I receive the papers, you ſhall hear from me again. I ſhall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. Dean Swift, who propoſes to ſet out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly obſerved his conduct ever ſince I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modeſt, ſober, ingenious young man. He is a hard ſtudent, and will do an honour to the ſociety of which he is now a member.

Mrs. Whiteway ſays, that notwithſtanding all your complaints, you are in good health and good

* This paper of Common Senſe was written by Dr. King himſelf.

ſpirits.

ſpirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine ſeaſon, and viſiting our Alma Mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the ſummer, and a warm bed-chamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton-commons ſhall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promiſe to meet you at Cheſter, and to conduct you to king Edward's lodgings: and then St. Mary-Hall may boaſt of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, Sir Thomas More, Eraſmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be with the greateſt eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, WILLIAM KING.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, June 24, 1737.

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleaſure: however, I could not help beſtowing ſome maledictions on thoſe gentlemen of the poſt-office, who have been ſo impertinent as to intercept our correſpondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one incloſed for our friend in ſome few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in anſwer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As ſoon as I hear of my lord Orrery's arrival on this ſide the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers.

papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I don't know why the Dean's friends ſhould think it derogatory, either to his ſtation or character, to print the Hiſtory by ſubſcription, conſidering how the money ariſing by the ſale of it is to be applied. I am not for ſelling the copy to a bookſeller: for, unleſs a ſufficient caution be taken, the bookſeller, when he is maſter of the copy, will certainly print it by ſubſcription, and ſo have all the benefit which the Dean refuſes. But I ſhall be better able to ſend you my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with ſome of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at laſt got ſtore of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and ſilver in exchange for this new coin? This ſerves to verify an obſervation I have frequently made, that the groſſeſt impoſition on the publick will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The exciſe ſcheme, which made ſuch a noiſe here a few years ago, paſſed here laſt winter with little oppoſition, under a new ſhape and title. How would the ghoſt of Wood triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper-chains, if the ſpectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politicks, without conſidering that theſe reflexions may occaſion the loſs of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper *.

* With great reſpect to Dr. King, he is ſomewhat miſtaken in his politicks; for the great force of Dr. Swift's reaſoning, in the character of an Iriſh Drapier, was not ſo much levelled againſt a moderate

You can't imagine how greatly I am vexed and diſappointed, that I have been ſo long obliged to keep back my converſation piece *. I have, in this reſpect, wholly complied with the reaſoning, or rather with the humours, of ſome of my friends. They were willing to try their ſkill in accommodating my Iriſh affairs; in which, after all, I believe they will be diſappointed as much as I have been: for the adverſaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will hear no reaſon, and do no good, not even to themſelves, if others are at the ſame time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, ſince you ſeem ſo earneſtly to deſire a ſecond view of this work, I will ſend you a book by Mr. Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be ſo kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

rate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in Ireland in the year 1724) as againſt Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three-pence in a ſhilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity; as he had neither given ſecurity for his honeſty, nor obliged himſelf, like other patentees, to give either gold or ſilver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troubleſome. Whereas the halfpence, ſent over to Ireland in the year 1737, were coined in the Tower, by the expreſs order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any miſchief; or, in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time ſufficiently and thoroughly apprized, that halfpence were not ſterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatſoever; the only uſe of them being a ſort of change in the ſmall crafts and traffick of the world. However, it is certain that an advertiſement of three lines, by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occaſion for it, as there was not, would inſtantly have ſtopt their currency.

* Meaning The Toaſt.

As

As I think it proper to write a poſtſcript in your letter to a certain perſon, that muſt be nameleſs, and finding I have but room for my addreſs to him, I will ſay no more to you now than that I am, and always muſt be, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the poſt-office who intercepted my laſt letter addreſſed to Mrs. Whiteway, at her houſe in Abbey-ſtreet, together with a letter incloſed and addreſſed to the Dean of St. Patrick's.

SIR,

WHEN you have ſufficiently peruſed this letter, I beg the favour of you to ſend it to the lady to whom it is directed. I ſhall not take it ill though you ſhould not give yourſelf the trouble to ſeal it again. If any thing I have ſaid about the copper halfpence and exciſe ſhould offend you, blot it out. I ſhall think myſelf much obliged to you, if, at the ſame time, you will be pleaſed to ſend Mrs. Whiteway thoſe letters which are now in your hands, with ſuch alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will juſtify you in detaining letters of buſineſs: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a licence to rob on the highway. If I happen to be miſtaken, of which I ſhall be convinced if this letter ſhould be likewiſe intercepted, I will hereafter change my addreſs, and enrol you and your ſuperiors in my catalogue of heroes.

From

From ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq. *

London, June 30, 1737.

OUR friend Pope tells me, you could wiſh to revive a correſpondence with ſome of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what paſſes in this country: on this occaſion I would offer myſelf with pleaſure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the leaſt contribute to your amuſement; but as you yourſelf judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and ſee things at too great a diſtance; and, beſide this, my age, and the uſe I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candle-light, have now reduced me almoſt to blindneſs, and I ſee nothing leſs than the pips of the cards, from which I have ſome relief in a long winter evening. However, to ſhew my dear Dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to ſcratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him moſt of thoſe he and I uſed to converſe with are dead; but I am ſtill alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Maſham is much in the ſame way: he has married his ſon, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together: the old gentleman walks afoot, which makes me fear that he has made ſettlements above

* There is an anſwer to this letter in Johnſton's collection, No. 69.

his

his ſtrength. I regret the loſs of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day: he was the beſt conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the moſt cheerful; yet his poor ſon George is under the utmoſt dejection of ſpirits, almoſt to a degree of a delirium; his two ſiſters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the firſt figure in parliament, and is one of the moſt amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife lady Blandford; but I fear his eldeſt ſon will not come into his meaſures: this may create him ſome uneaſineſs.

Lord Bathurſt is in Gloceſterſhire, where he plants, tranſplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himſelf independent of a court.

I have the happineſs to live near lord Oxford, who continues that kindneſs and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to ſupport the numerous family of his ſiſter, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man lord K——; now I name him, I mean lord Oxford, let me aſk you if it be true, that you are going to print a Hiſtory of the four laſt years of the Queen; if it is, won't you let me ſee it before you ſend it to the preſs? Is it not poſſible that I may ſuggeſt ſome things that you may have omitted, and give you reaſons for leaving out others? The ſcene is changed ſince that period of time: the conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by moſt part of mankind, even in the two houſes of

parliament; Should not matters reſt here, at leaſt for ſome time? I preſume your great end is to do juſtice to truth; the ſecond point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: permit me to ſay as to the firſt, that tho' you know perhaps more than any one man, I may poſſibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, *viz.* by inſerting *parva* inſtead of *magna*, apply to myſelf that paſſage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui.* As to the ſecond point, I do not conceive your compliment to lord Oxford to be ſo perfect as it might be, unleſs you lay the manuſcript before him, that it may be conſidered here.

Our little captain bluſters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing; for the firſt miniſter ſtands poſſeſſed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the houſe, and, by corruption, is abſolute maſter of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are abſurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of ſkill: he has a low way of thinking. My dear Dean adieu: believe me to be, what I really am, moſt affectionately yours.

From

From the Earl of OXFORD.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Dover ſtreet, July 4, 1737.

YOUR letter of June 14th, in anſwer to mine of the 7th of April, is come to my hands; and it is with no ſmall concern that I have read it, and to find that you ſeem to have formed a reſolution to put the Hiſtory of the four laſt years of the Queen to the preſs; a reſolution taken without giving your friends, and thoſe that are greatly concerned, ſome notice, or ſuffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over, and to conſider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be ſo good as to let ſome friends ſee them, before they are put to the preſs; and, as you propoſe to have the work printed here, it will be eaſy to give directions to whom you will pleaſe to give the liberty of ſeeing them; I beg I may be one: this requeſt I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will perſuade you to publiſh it; but they are not proper judges: their reaſons may be of different kinds, and their motives to preſs on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely ſenſible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is, that I now re-

new my requeſt, that you would at leaſt defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the hiſtory to read when you were in England ſince my father died; I do remember it well. I would aſk your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am ſo nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmoſt to prevent it, I ſhould never forgive myſelf.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice: my daughter deſires the ſame: they both are ſenſible of your good wiſhes for them. I am, with true eſteem and reſpect, dear Sir, your obliged and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

Mr. POPE to JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD, July 12, 1737.

THE pleaſure you gave me, in acquainting me of the Dean's better health, is one ſo truly great, as might content even your own humanity; and whatever my ſincere opinion and reſpect of your lordſhip prompts me to wiſh from your hands for myſelf, your love for him makes me happy. Would to God my weight, added to yours, could turn his inclinations to this ſide, that I might live to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myſelf it was partly through my own! But this, I fear, will never be the caſe; and I think it more

probable his attraction will draw me on the other ſide, which, I proteſt, nothing leſs than a probability of dying at ſea, conſidering the weak frame of my breaſt, would have hindered me from, two years paſt. In ſhort, whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent paſſions, that carry us out of ourſelves only to ſpoil our quiet, and make us return to a reſignation, which is the moſt melancholy of all virtues.

From the Earl of ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, July 23d. 1737.

IF I were to tell you who enquire for you, and what they ſay of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I ſtay in town. Yet London is empty: not duſty, for we have had rain: not dull, for Mr. Pope is in it: not noiſy, for we have no cars †: not troubleſome, for a man may walk quietly about the ſtreets: in ſhort, 'tis juſt as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St. Paul's, for my little church at Marſton.

Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo, Mrs. Barber her converſation, and Mr. Pope his letters. To-morrow I paſs with him at Twickenham: the *olim meminiſſe* will be our feaſt. Leave Dublin, and come to us. Methinks there are many ſtronger reaſons for it than hereto-

† Alluding to the Iriſh cars.

fore; at leaſt I feel 'em: and I'll ſay with Macbeth, Would thou could'ſt!

My health is greatly mended; ſo, I hope, is yours: write to me when you can, in your beſt health, and utmoſt leiſure; never break through that rule. Can friendſhip increaſe by abſence? Sure it does; at leaſt mine riſes ſome degrees, or ſeems to riſe: try if it will fall by coming nearer: no, certainly it cannot be higher. Yours moſt affectionately,

ORRERY.

To ERASMUS LEWIS, Eſq.

DEAR FRIEND, July 23, 1737.

WHILE any of thoſe who uſed to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But ſince your ſecretaryſhip in the queen's time, I believed you were ſo glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an abſent uſeleſs acquaintance: and I find I owe yours to my lord Oxford.' The Hiſtory you mention was written above a year before the queen's death. I left it with the treaſurer and lord Bolingbroke, when I firſt came over to take this deanry. I returned in leſs than a month; but the miniſtry could not agree about printing it. It was to conclude with the peace. I ſtaid in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between thoſe two, I went to a friend in Berkſhire, and on the queen's death, came hither

for good and all. I am confident you read that Hiſtory; as this lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the laſt of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were univerſally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cauſe of my writing was, not to let ſuch a queen and miniſtry lie under ſuch a load of infamy, or poſterity be ſo ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong, to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his miniſtry; which is ſo drawn, that his greateſt admirers will rather cenſure me for partiality: neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of: nor do I know any body but yourſelf who could give me more light than what I then received; for I remember I often conſulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to lord Oxford, or to you; for the perſon who has it will not truſt it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps that may be too late. If my health would have permitted me, for ſome years paſt, to have ventured as far as London, I would have have ſatisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that lord Bolingbroke is now buſy in France, writing the hiſtory of his own time; and how much he grew to hate the treaſurer you know

too well; and I know how much lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the preſent lord Oxford ſhould be in moſt pain at, not about me. I have had my ſhare of affliction ſufficient, in the loſs of Dr. Arbuthnot, and poor Gay and others; and I heartily pity poor lord Maſham. I would fain know whether his ſon be a valuable young man; becauſe I much diſlike his education. When I was laſt among you, Sir William Wyndham was in a bad ſtate of health: I always loved him, and rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know ſo little of what paſſes, that I never heard of lady Blandford, his preſent wife.

Lord Bathurſt uſed to write to me, but has dropped it ſome years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive? for he has dropped me too; or perhaps my illneſs has hindered me from provoking his remembrance: for I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafneſs, which uſed to be occaſional and for a ſhort time, has ſtuck by me now ſeveral months without remiſſion; ſo that I am unfit for any converſation, except one or two Stentors of either ſex; and my old giddineſs is likewiſe become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former ſhort fits.

I was never ſo much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable lord K****; whom I loved extremely, and now deteſt beyond expreſſion.

You ſay ſo little of yourſelf, that I know not whether you are in health or ſickneſs, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a ſign of health. I find you have not,

not, like me, loſt your memory; nor, I hope, your ſenſe of hearing, which is the greateſt loſs of any, and more comfortleſs than even being blind; I mean, in the article of company. Writing no longer amuſes me, for I cannot think. I dine conſtantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave houſe-keeper, whom I call Sir Robert; and ſometimes receive one or two friends, and a female couſin, with ſtrong high tenor voices. I am, *&c.*

To the Right Worſhipful the MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, and COMMON-COUNCIL of the City of CORKE.

GENTLEMEN, Deanry-Houſe, Dublin, Aug. 15, 1737.

I RECEIVED from you, ſome weeks ago, the honour of my freedom in a ſilver box, by the hands of Mr. Stannard *; but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks more; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he was too full of more important buſineſs. Since that time I have been wholly confined by ſickneſs, ſo that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and, it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great diſorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who ſets out this morning for Corke.

I could have wiſhed, as I am a private man, that, in the inſtrument of my freedom, you had

* Eaton Stannard, eſq; then recorder of Dublin, and afterwards made his majeſty's prime ſerjeant at law, in the room of Anthony Malone, eſq; ſince promoted to the chancellorſhip of the exchequer.

pleaſed

pleaſed to aſſign your reaſons for making choice of me. I know it is a uſual compliment to beſtow the freedom of the city on an archbiſhop, or lord-chancellor, and other perſons of great titles, merely upon account of their ſtations or power: but a private man, and a perfect ſtranger, without power or grandeur, may juſtly expect to find the motives aſſigned in the inſtrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus diſtinguiſhed. And yet I cannot diſcover in the whole parchment ſcrip any one reaſon offered. Next, as to the ſilver * box, there is not ſo much as my name upon it, nor any one ſyllable to ſhew it was as a preſent from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, ſent back the box and inſtrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you; leaving to your choice, whether to inſert the reaſons for which you were pleaſed to give me my freedom, or beſtow the box upon ſome more worthy perſon, whom you may have an intention to honour, becauſe it will equally fit every body.

I am, with true eſteem
and gratitude, Gentlemen,
Your moſt obedient, and
obliged ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

* In conſequence of this letter, there was an inſcription, and the city arms of Corke, engraved on the box, and reaſons on the parchment ſcrip for preſenting him with the freedom of that city.

The

The ANSWER.

REVEREND SIR, Corke, Sep. 14th, 1737.

I AM favoured with yours by Mr. Faulkner, and am ſorry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at heart, ſhould be ſo much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the Recorder, to be preſented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expreſſed their grateful acknowledgments for the many ſervices the publick has received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needleſs to make any inſcription on the box, and eſpecially as we have no precedents on our books for any ſuch. But, as ſo great and deſerving a patriot merits all diſtinction that can be made, I have, by the conſent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope, what is inſcribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit is intitled to, will however demonſtrate the great regard and reſpect we have for you, on account of the many ſingular ſervices your pen and your counſel have done this poor country; and am, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS FARREN, Mayor.

From Lord BATHURST.

DEAR MR. DEAN, Cirenceſter, Oct. 5, 1737.

THAT I often think of you is moſt certain, but if I ſhould write to you as often, you would think me extremely troubleſome. I was alarmed ſome time ago with hearing that you were much indiſpoſed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I ſhould be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: however, I write to you now under that ſuppoſition, for which reaſon I have cut out a liltle buſineſs for you.

That very pretty epiſtle which you writ many years ago to lord Oxford, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I ſend you a tranſcript) which has ſome very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and beſides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epiſtle. The fable of the country and city mouſe is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: poſſibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finiſhed the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a taſk, to go through with it: and I beg of you, do not ſuffer an imperfect copy to ſtand, while it is in your power to rectify it*. Adieu!

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. Swift has obſerved, that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the ſixth ſatire of the ſecond book of Horace, and is printed, with the additional lines, in Pope's works, vol. vi. Dr. Warburton's edition.

and

and do me the juſtice to believe me, moſt faithfully, aud unalterably, yours.

From CHARLES FORD, Eſq.

November 22d, 1737.

I CAN'T help putting you in mind of me ſometimes, though I am ſure of having no return. I often read your name in the news-papers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to ſee lord Orrery. He told me the laſt time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publiſh two volumes more of your works. I ſee no reaſon why all the pamphlets publiſhed at the end of the queen's reign might not be inſerted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. Killing no Murder, and many other old tracts, are ſtill read with pleaſure, not to mention Tully's Letters, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will ſome time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and poſterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great houſe, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an inſupportable noiſe, and have taken a little one to myſelf in a little court, merely for the ſake of ſleeping in quiet. It is in St. James's Place, and called Little Cleveland-Court. I believe you never obſerved it; for

I never

I never did, though I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to ſee the houſe I have taken. Though coaches come in, it conſiſts of but ſix houſes in all. Mine is but two ſtories high, contrived exactly as I would wiſh, as I ſeldom eat at home. The ground-floor is of ſmall uſe to me; for the fore-parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous cuſtom of tacking a cloſet almoſt of the ſame bigneſs to it, is ſo dark, that I can hardly ſee to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of ſtairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the ſecond floor is divided in two, and makes room for my whole family, a man and a maid, both at board-wages. Over my bed-chamber is my ſtudy, the pleaſanteſt part of the houſe, from whence you have a full view of Buckingham-houſe, and all that part of the Park. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapeſt things I could find out. The moſt valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am ſtill in great hopes I ſhall one day have the happineſs of ſeeing you in it.

Every body agrees the queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which ſhe would not diſcover: and the ſurgeon who opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days ſooner, ſhe ſhould have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her diſtemper, they gave her ſtrong cordials for the gout in her ſtomach, which did her great miſchief. The king

is

is ſaid to have given her the firſt account of her condition; ſhe bore it with great reſolution, and immediately ſent for the reſt of her children, to take formal leave of them, but abſolutely refuſed to ſee the prince of Wales; nor could the archbiſhop of Canterbury, when he gave her the ſacrament, prevail on her, though ſhe ſaid, ſhe heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loſs, at leaſt in point of eaſe, to ſome of the miniſters.

Since Lewis has loſt his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the ſame life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and ſees nobody.

It was reported, and is ſtill believed by many, that Sir Robert Walpole upon the loſs of his, made Miſs Skirret an honeſt woman; but if it be ſo, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happineſs, ſee many 30th of Novembers, is the moſt ſincere and hearty wiſh of yours, *&c.*

If you will be ſo kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa-Tree, or to Little Cleveland-Court, in St. James's Place.

From

From the Chevalier RAMSAY.

REVEREND SIR, At Paris, Nov. 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only ſome weeks ago the works you were pleaſed to ſend me, and have peruſed them with new pleaſure. I ſtill find in them all the marks of that original genius and univerſal beneficence which compoſe your character. I cannot ſend you in return, any ſuch valuable compoſitions of mine; but you will receive, by the firſt ſhips that go for Ireland, my Hiſtory of the mareſchal de Turenne, the greateſt French hero that ever was. I ſhall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, dear Sir, with the greateſt reſpect, veneration, and friendſhip, your moſt humble, and moſt obedient ſervant,

The Chevalier RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover. *A ſon Alteſſe Monſeigneur le Compte d'Evreux, General de la Cavallerie à Paris.*

From

From Lord BATHURST.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at Cirenceſter, full of life and ſpirit, which gave me ſingular ſatisfaction; but thoſe complaints you make of the deplorable ſtate of Ireland, made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; poſſibly the only difference is, that we ſhall be the laſt devoured *. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new ſcheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a ſmall farm-houſe in Derbyſhire, and my chief buſineſs is to take care that my agents do not impoſe upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honeſt fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I ſhall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of Kingſton has imported one †; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I paſſed through London in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were ſo full of ſpeculations upon the great event

* The promiſe of Polypheme to Ulyſſes.
† 'Madame la Touche, a French lady.'

which lately happened *; but I am of opinion ſome time will be neceſſary to produce any conſequences. Some conſequences will certainly follow; but time muſt ripen matters for them. I could ſend you many ſpeculations of my own and others upon this ſubject; but it is too nice a ſubject for me to handle in a poſt-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuſe their ſuperiors: if a man has ſo much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his ſide, he is often ſafe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuſe ſtick cloſe, he is ſtill ſafer. You may ſay, where is the occaſion of abuſing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of perſons, who would rather you had abuſed them in the groſſeſt manner.

I may ſay in parliament, that we are impoveriſhed at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, becauſe nobody will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put that in a letter, at leaſt in a letter to a diſaffected perſon; ſuch you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may ſtand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend Pope in town; he is as ſure to be there in a buſtle, as a porpus in a ſtorm. He told me, that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found, by your laſt, that your hand and your head are both

* 'The death of queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, Nov. 20, 1737.'

in

in ſo good a condition, let me hear from you ſometimes. And do not be diſcouraged that I ſend you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with no body, for ſome time paſt, but farmers and plowmen; when I come into good company again, I may poſſibly be leſs inſipid; but in whatever condition I am, I ſhall always be moſt ambitious of your friendſhip, and moſt deſirous of your eſteem, being moſt faithfully and ſincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

BATHURST.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

Mr. FAULKNER, Deanry Houſe, Dec. 15, 1737.

THE ſhort Treatiſe * that I here ſend you incloſed, was put into my hands by a very worthy perſon †, of much antient learning, as well as knowledge in the laws of both kingdoms. He is likewiſe a moſt loyal ſubject to king George, and wholly attached to the Hanover family, and is a gentleman of as many virtues as I have any where met. However, it ſeems, he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the miſtaken conduct of his country in a point of the higheſt importance to its welfare. He hath learnedly ſhewn, from the practice of all wiſe nations in paſt and late ages, that Tillage was the great principle and foundation of their wealth; and recommends the practice of it to this

* On Tillage.

† Alexander MacAulay, eſq.

kingdom with the moſt weighty reaſons. He mentions the prodigious ſums ſent out yearly for importing all ſorts of corn, in the miſerable moneyleſs condition we now are in. To which I cannot but add, that, in reading the reſolutions of the laſt ſeſſions, I have obſerved in ſeveral papers that the honourable houſe of commons ſeem to be of the ſame ſentiment, although the increaſe of tillage may be of advantage to the clergy, whom I conceive to be as loyal a body of men to the preſent king and family as any in the nation: and, by the great providence of God, it is ſo ordered, that, if the clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increaſes their maintenance will more largely increaſe the eſtates of the landed men, and the profits of their farmers.

I deſire you, Mr. Faulkner, to print the treatiſe in a fair letter and a good paper. I am

Your faithful friend and ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

To Dr. CLANCY.

SIR, Deanry-houſe, Chriſtmas-day, 1737.

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy *, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, and with much pleaſure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no intereſt with the people of the play-houſe, elſe I ſhould

* The Sharper, the principal character of which performance was deſigned to repreſent colonel Chartres.

gladly

gladly recommend it to them. I ſend you a ſmall preſent *, in ſuch gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loſs of ſight †, which if it pleaſed God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honeſt ſupport, and have eaſed you of your preſent confinement. I am, Sir, your well-wiſhing friend and humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you, I will ſend it back to-morrow.

From Lady HOWTH.

DEAR SIR, December 26th, 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have ſent you a couple of wild ducks, a couple of partridges, a ſide of veniſon, and ſome plover, which will help to keep your houſe this Chriſtmas. You may make a miſer's feaſt, and drink your blue-eyed Nymph in a bumper, as we do the Drapier; and when theſe are out, let me know, and you

* This pacquet contained five pounds in ſmall pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largeſt did not exceed the value of five ſhillings. A little time after (ſaith Dr. Clancy) I ſent him a parcel of tickets: he kept but one, which he ſaid he had paid for, and afterwards ſent me two four pound pieces for more. Vid. Clancy's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 56.

† Dr. Clancy had purſued the ſtudy of phyſic, and was patronized by Dr. Helſham; but having loſt his ſight before he could regularly engage in the buſineſs of his profeſſion, he kept a Latin ſchool for his ſupport. He has been dead ſome years.

ſhall have a freſh ſupply. I have ſent them by a black-guard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and huſband joins with me in wiſhing you a merry Chriſtmas, and many of them; and am ſincerely your affectionate friend and Sea-nymph.

If I ſigned my name, and the letter ſhould be found, you and I might be ſuſpected.

From Dr. CLANCY.

REVEREND SIR, December 27th, 1737.

WHEN I ſtrive to expreſs the thorough ſenſe I have of your humanity and goodneſs, my attempt ceaſes in admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with ſome degree of approbation, and you have conſidered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: from my very ſoul I ſincerely thank you. That approbation, which in ſome more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my diſtreſs comforted and ſoothed my miſery.

If I did not fear being troubleſome, I ſhould do myſelf the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleaſed to permit me to do ſo. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmoſt reſpect and gratitude, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

MIC. CLANCY.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

SIR, Deanry-Houſe, Dublin, Jan. 6, 1737-8.

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earneſt deſire I had, and ſtill have, to record the merit and ſervices of the lord-mayor, Humphrey French; whom I often deſired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many paſſages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulneſs, but in reality of his modeſty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his ſucceſſors, as far as their genius can reach. I deſire you therefore to enquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to preſs them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, whereever he had any power of authority in the city; but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him beſt, and could give the moſt juſt character of himſelf and his actions.

When I ſhall have got a ſufficient information of all theſe particulars, I will, although I am oppreſſed with age and infirmities, ſtir up all the little ſpirit I can raiſe, to give the public an account of that great patriot; and propoſe him as an example to all futute magiſtrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miſerable kingdom.

I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

To Miſs RICHARDSON*.

MADAM, Jan. 28, 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correſpondence by letting you know that your uncle is the moſt unreaſonable perſon I was ever acquainted with; and next to him, you are the ſecond, although I think impartially that you are worſe than he. I never had the honour and happineſs of ſeeing you; nor can ever expect it, unleſs you make the firſt advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's ſteps, by maliciouſly bribing a uſeleſs man, who can never have it in his power to ſerve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendſhip with alderman Barber, who is governor of the London-ſociety about your parts; whereupon Mr. Richardſon came to the deanry, although it was not in my power to do him the leaſt good office, farther than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me ſeveral times: and, I believe, after ſeveral invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breaſt, and you ſhall hear how he gratified it. Firſt, he was told, "That my ill ſto-
"mach, and a giddineſs I was ſubject to, forced
"me, in ſome of thoſe fits, to take a ſpoonful of

* Afterwards Mrs. Pratt.

"uſque-

" uſquebaugh:" he diſcovered where I bought it, and ſent me a dozen bottles, which coſt him three pounds. He next was told, " That, as I never " drank malt-liquors, ſo I was not able to drink " Dublin-claret without mixing it with a little " ſweet Spaniſh wine:" he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and ſent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid ſix pounds. But what can I ſay of a man, who, ſome years before I ever ſaw him, was loading me every ſeaſon with ſalmons, that ſurfeited myſelf and all my viſitors; whereby it is plain, that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myſelf? At laſt, to complete his ill deſigns, he muſt needs force his niece into the plot; becauſe it can be proved that you are his prime miniſter, and ſo ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and ſeconder in miſchief, by ſending me half a dozen of ſhirts, although I never once gave you the leaſt cauſe of diſpleaſure. And what is yet worſe, the few ladies that come to the deanry aſſure me, they never ſaw ſo fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happineſs they were not ſtockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I muſt deal ſo plainly as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to ſuch a degree, that if my health and a good ſummer can put it in my power to travel to Summer-Seat, I muſt take that journey on purpoſe to expoſtulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have

ſeen

ſeen ſome perſons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have enquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all, by never ſending them any ſuch dangerous preſents: for they ſwore to me, "That you were a lady adorned with "all perfections, ſuch as virtue, prudence, wit, "humour, excellent converſation, and even good "houſewifery;" which laſt is ſeldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take ſo ill your manner of treating me, that I ſhall not believe one ſyllable of what they ſaid, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much leſs dare to write, for fear (as their expreſſion is) of being expoſed. So that when I ſee any of your ſex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and aſk pardon. And therefore, becauſe princes are ſaid to have long hands, I wiſh I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this diſtance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cauſe to change, in any ſingle article, the opinion and idea I have of your perſon and qualities! may you very long continue the delight of your uncle, and your neighbours round, who deſerve your good-will, and of all who have merit enough to diſtinguiſh you!

I am, with great reſpect and the higheſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient and
moſt obliged humble ſervant.

From

From the Earl of ORRERY to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, Feb. 14, 1737-8.

I MUST anſwer a letter I never received. The Dean tells me you wrote to me; but the ſeas, or the poſt-maſters, are in poſſeſſion of the manuſcript. Should it fall into Curll's hands, it may come into print, and then I muſt anſwer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and ſervant.

I agree entirely with the perſon who writes three or four paragraphs in the Dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and ſilver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable Dean, the bane of all learning, ſenſe, and virtue. I wiſh we had him here to puniſh him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear dear faſhions of this polite age. Pray, madam, ſend him, and you will hear what a ſimple figure he will make among the great men of our iſland, who are every day improving themſelves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

From

From Miſs RICHARDSON.

SIR, Summer-Seat, February 23d, 1737-8.

I WAS favoured ſome time ago with your moſt obliging letter, wherein you are pleaſed to ſay ſo many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loſs how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are ſo good as to beſtow upon me, would make my vanity inſufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conſcious that I do not deſerve them; and although I ſhall always account it a great unhappineſs to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I ſincerely own myſelf indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myſelf by the uſeful inſtructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my ſex in general (although I believe ſome of them do not think ſo) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleaſed to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been ſo kind as to take pains to make perſons unacquainted with me, think better of me than afterwards they found I deſerved. I have great reaſon to complain of his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have

met

met with ſo much kindneſs from him, that I muſt think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a viſit at Summer-Seat, where all the ſkill I have in houſekeeping ſhould be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be moſt pleaſing to you, which I know is the moſt agreeable ſervice I could do for him. You are pleaſed to wiſh in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happineſs would I eſteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction? but I fear you would find my faults ſo numerous, that you would think me one of thoſe ladies that do not deſerve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greateſt pleaſure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a moſt ſenſible concern, as they ought to do every body that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will ſet you right, and that the ſummer will induce you to viſit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reaſon to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me; I will forbear to be longer troubleſome to you, only I beg leave to add my beſt wiſhes for your good health, that you may live many years to be a bleſſing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am,

with

with the higheſt eſteem, and greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

SIR, March 8, 1737-8.

SOME of my friends wonder very much at your delaying to publiſh that treatiſe of Polite Converſation, &c. when you ſo often deſired that I ſhould haſten to correct the ſeveral copies you ſent me; which, as ill as I have been, and am ſtill, I diſpatched as faſt as I got them. I expect you would finiſh it immediately, and ſend it to me; I hope you have obſerved all the corrections. I hear you have not above four or five pages remaining. I find people think you are too negligent; and, if you delay longer, what you fear may come to paſs, that the Engliſh edition may come over before you have your own ready.

I am your humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

From

From Alderman BARBER.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

London, March 13th, 1738.

IT was with great pleaſure I received yours of the 9th of March, with the ſtate of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our news-papers take the privilege of killing all perſons they do not like as often as they pleaſe. I have had the honour to be decently interred about ſix times in their weekly memoirs, which I have always read with great ſatisfaction.

I am very well ſatisfied with your character of Mr. Dunkin, and deſire that he would immediately draw up a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c. which petition I deſire that you only would under-write, with your recommendation, and a character of him; which you will pleaſe to ſend to me, to be made uſe of at my diſcretion. He need not come over, but inform me, as ſoon as poſſible, of Dr. Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to lord and lady Oxford, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordſhip is very well pleaſed with your preſent of the medals, and deſires you would ſend them by the firſt ſafe hand that comes over. Is it

not ſhocking that that noble lord, who has no vices (except buying manuſcripts and curioſities may be called ſo) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is ſelling a great part of his eſtate to pay his debts? and that eſtate of his produces near 20,000 l. a year. I ſay, is it not ſhocking! But indeed moſt of our nobility with great eſtates are in the ſame way. My lord Burlington is now ſelling, in one article, 9000 l. a year in Ireland, for 200,000 l. which wont pay his debts.

Dr. Mead is proud of your compliments, and returns his thanks and ſervice.

Mr. Lewis I have not ſeen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. Ford, I am told, is the moſt regular man living; for from his lodgings to the Mall—to the Cocoa—to the tavern—to bed, is his conſtant courſe.

Theſe cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though, I thank God, I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other bleſſings I enjoy, I am of a cheerful diſpoſition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the ſpring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I ſhall have the pleaſure to hear ſo from your own hand.

You will pleaſe to obſerve that I am proud of every occaſion of ſhewing my gratitude to you, Sir, to whom I muſt ever own the greateſt obligations.

Pray

Pray God bleſs you and preſerve you, and believe me always, dear Sir, your moſt faithful and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

From Dr. KING to DEANE SWIFT, Eſq. *

SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, March 15th, 1737-8.

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yeſterday. It was ſent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot ſee you before you go to Ireland, becauſe I intended to have ſent by you a pacquet for the Dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both incloſed to Mrs. Whiteway) ſince I received the manuſcript from lord Orrery. I wrote again to Mrs. Whiteway, when I was laſt week in London, to acquaint her, that I would write to the Dean by a friend of mine, who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the poſt have been intercepted, ſince they wholly related to the publication of —— †, which, I am aſſured, is a matter by no means agreeable to ſome of our great men, nor indeed to ſome of the Dean's particular friends in London. In ſhort, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the Dean's anſwer to ſatisfy the objections which have been made by

* Then at Monmouth.

† Dr Swift's Hiſtory of the four laſt years of Q. Anne.

ſome of his friends. I had likewiſe a particular reaſon of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the Dean with.

I muſt beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the Toaſt, at leaſt to ſhew it to nobody in Ireland: for as I am upon the point of accommodating my ſuit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, Sir, your moſt affectionate and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

Notwithſtanding your letter, I am ſtill in ſome hopes of ſeeing you before you go for Ireland.

From Mr. POPE to the Earl of ORRERY.

April 2, 1738.

I WRITE by the ſame poſt that I received your very obliging letter. The conſideration you ſhew towards me, in the juſt apprehenſion that any news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is moſt kind and generous. The very laſt poſt I writ to him a long letter, little ſuſpecting him in that dangerous circumſtance. I was ſo far from fearing his health, that I was propoſing ſchemes, and hoping poſſibilities, for our meeting once more

in

in this world. I am weary of it; and ſhall have one reaſon more, and one of the ſtrongeſt that nature can give me (even when ſhe is ſhaking my weak frame to pieces) to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preſerve to this wretched age a relique and example of the laſt.

Dr. KING to DEANE SWIFT, Eſq.

DEAR SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, April 25, 1738.

I HAVE juſt received your letter by Mr. Birt, for which I thank you. 'Tis now more than a month ſince I wrote to Mrs. Whiteway, to acquaint the Dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his Hiſtory, and to deſire his advice and directions in what manner I ſhould proceed. I have not yet had any anſwer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth; in which caſe I may trouble you with a pacquet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimſies (as you call them) when I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you here again. I heartily wiſh you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuſe you for having been ſo long abſent from us. I wiſh you had returned to this place, tho' for one week; becauſe I might have talked over with you

all the affair of the Hiſtory, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, ſince the Dean has continually expreſſed his diſſatisfaction that I have ſo long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have conſulted the Dean's honour, and the ſafety of his perſon. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publiſher, author, and every one concerned, in the greateſt difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be abſolutely neceſſary to omit ſome of the characters.

I thank you for the promiſe you make me concerning the Toaſt.

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

To ROBERT COPE, Eſq.

SIR,

I WAS juſt going to write to you, when your clerk brought me your note for thirty-ſix pounds, which was more by a third part than I deſired, and for which I heartily thank you. I have been uſed ſince my illneſs to hear ſo many thouſand lies told of myſelf and others, and ſo circumſtantially, that my head was almoſt turned; and if I gave them any credit, it was becauſe one thing I knew perfectly, that we differed entirely in our opinions of public management. I did and do deteſt

deteſt the lowering of the gold, becauſe I ſaw a reſolution ſeven years old of your houſe of commons of a very different nature, and have ſince ſeen tracts againſt it, which to me were demonſtrations; and am aſſured, as well as know by experience, that I have not received a penny except from you. However, although I know you to be ſomewhat of what we call a giber; yet I am convinced by your aſſertions that I was ill informed; and yet, we differ ſo much in preſent politicks, that I doubt it will much affect the good-will you formerly ſeemed to bear me. I grant, that the biſhops, the people in employments of all kinds who receive ſalaries, and ſome others, will not loſe a penny by lowering the money, becauſe they muſt ſtill have their pay; and, if your eſtate be ſet much under value, you will be no ſufferer; though I, and thouſands of others, will ſoundly feel the ſmart, and particularly the lower clergy, who I find are out of every body's good graces; but for what reaſons I know not. I hear your houſe is forming a bill againſt all legacies * to the church, or any public charity, which puts me under a great difficulty; becauſe, by my will, I have bequeathed my whole fortune to build and endow an hoſpital for lunatics and ideots †. I wiſh I had any certainty

* The bill did not paſs; nor is there any ſuch law in Ireland at this time (Auguſt 1768). F.

† The Dean drew up a petition to the houſe of lords in Ireland, to be excepted in the heads of the bill for a mortmain act, then in agitation; that he might be at liberty to fulfil his benevolent intention: but the bill did not paſs. The hoſpital (endowed by Dr. Swift's legacy of above 10,000 pounds) was incorporated by charter,

tainty in that matter. You miſtook me in one expreſſion; what I ſaid was, that I wiſhed all who were for lowering the gold, were lowered to the duſt; and I might explain it, ſo that it would bear the ſenſe of cauſing them to repent in duſt and aſhes. I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Deanry Houſe,
Nov. 11, 1738.

J. SWIFT.

To Mrs. HAMILTON, of CALENDON.

MADAM,

SOME days ago, my lord Orrery had the aſſurance to ſhew me a letter of yours to him, where you did me the honour to ſay many things in my favour; I read the letter with great delight; but at the ſame time I reproached his lordſhip for his preſumption, in pretending to take a lady from me, who had made ſo many advances, and confeſſed herſelf to be nobody's goddeſs but mine. However, he had the boldneſs to aſſure me, that he had your conſent to take him for a huſband. I therefore command you never to accept him, without my leave, under my own hand and ſeal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of ſo good ſenſe, or ſo many accompliſhments, I have at laſt, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make him-

Aug. 1746. By a printed ſtate, in 1770, it appears, that, by the addition of other legacies, the truſtees were enabled at that time to admit thirty-four patients on the eſtabliſhment; and had alſo ſixteen boarders under cure, at the rate of thirty guineas a year for each.

ſelf the happieſt man in the world; for I know no fault in him, except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourſelves, and each other; and believe me to be, with the trueſt eſteem and reſpect,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient and obliged ſervant,

Deanry-houſe, Dublin,
June 8, 1738. J. SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt, at this time; and if I had, I could not tell which I ought to chooſe.

From the Earl of ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, June 13, 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and ſend you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs. Whiteway or not. To ſhew you what a generous rival I am (now I am ſure of the lady) I ſhould be glad to carry down a letter from you to my miſtreſs on Friday. She never drinks any wine; but ſhe told me the other day, to do you good, ſhe would drink a bottle. I wiſh you would inſiſt on it, that I might ſee whether wine would alter the ſweetneſs of her temper, for I am ſure nothing elſe can.

I rejoice to find there is ſome little amendment in your health, and I pray God to encreaſe it.

From Lord ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, June 29, 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea eſt Lavinia conjux.* To-morrow Mrs. Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to ſee the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered ſquires, and awkward beaux, join with the Dean of St. Patrick's in the loſs of one and the ſame object? My happineſs is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to ſee grief for this loſs ſtrongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

From Alderman BARBER.

London, July 2, 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deferred anſwering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31ſt of March, in hopes to have ſomething to entertain you with, and I have ſucceeded in my wiſhes; for I am ſure I give you great pleaſure when I tell you the incloſed I received from the hands of my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope, your deareſt friends. My lord has been here a few days, and is come to ſell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the Hiſtory

of

of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at (though I am not likely to live to ſee it publiſhed) becauſe ſo able a hand can do nothing but what muſt be inſtructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordſhip is fat and fair, in high ſpirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our preſent unhappy ſituation. Mr. Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; ſo well, that he throws out a twelve-penny touch in a week or ten days, with as much eaſe as a friend of ours formerly uſed to roaſt the enemies to their country.

The report of the duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handſome manner, and has Mr. Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who eſcaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of yours and mine paſſed through Avignon about a month ſince, and dined with his Grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. Squire's departure: I believe I may ſay that matter is ſecured for Mr. Dunkin.

I have ſeen lord and lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is ſelling Wimple, to pay off a debt of 100,000 l. That a man without any vice, ſhould run out ſuch a ſum, is monſtrous. It muſt be owing to the roguery of his ſtewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord

Lord Bathurſt is heartily yours; ſo is Mr. Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) ſince the loſs of his wife.

I do not ſee lord —— in an age: his ſon is married, and proves bad enough; ill-natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend Ford lives in the ſame way, as conſtant as the ſun, from the Cocoa-tree to the Park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the hiſtorical way, to obey your ſeveral commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I ſhall have the great pleaſure of ſeeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God, I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints; for my aſthma ſticks cloſe by me, but leſs gout than formerly, ſo that though I cannot walk far, I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and I impute my being ſo much better to my drinking conſtantly the aſſes milk, which is the beſt ſpecific we have. I wiſh to God you would try it, I am ſure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little ſleep, and often a ſmall breathing or ſweat.

If Mr. Richardſon has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendſhip to him, he is much to blame; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of Derry came from thence on purpoſe to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty, out of twenty-four, of our ſociety

ſociety againſt him: and the cry has been againſt him for two or three years paſt, and I had no way to ſave him many times, but only by ſaying, that while I had the honour to preſide in that chair, I would preſerve the great privilege every Engliſhman had, of being heard before he was condemned: and I never put any queſtion againſt him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came, and, after a long and tedious hearing of both ſides, the ſociety were of opinion, that he had acted juſtly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politics; I have left them off a long while, only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in Germany has put the —— in good humour they ſay.

I ſhall trouble you no more at preſent, but to aſſure you I never think of you but with the utmoſt pleaſure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the preſent and ſucceeding ages.

I am, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

SIR,

I deſire you will print the following paper, in what manner you think moſt proper. You ſee my deſign in it: I believe no man had ever more difficulty, or leſs encouragement, to beſtow his whole fortune for a charitable uſe.

I am your humble ſervant,

Thurſday, July 13, 1738. J. SWIFT.

IT is known enough, that the above-named Doctor has, by his laſt will and teſtament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except ſome legacies) to build and endow an hoſpital, in or near this city, for the ſupport of lunatics, ideots, and thoſe they call incurables: But the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune conſiſts in mortgages on lands, and other the like ſecurities; for, as to purchaſing a real eſtate in lands, for want of active friends, he finds it impoſſible; ſo that, much againſt his will, if he ſhould call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient eſtate, in a tolerable part of the kingdom, which can be bought; and in the mean time, his whole fortune muſt lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is, that there ſeems not ſo much public virtue left among us, as to have any regard for a charitable deſign; becauſe none but the aforeſaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it: However,

However, the ſaid Doctor, by calling in the ſeveral ſums he has lent, can be able, with ſome difficulty, to purchaſe three hundred pounds *per annum* in lands, for the endowment of the ſaid hoſpital, if thoſe lands could be now purchaſed; otherwiſe he muſt leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honeſt, wiſe, and conſiderable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known ſome of very fair and deſerved credit, prove very negligent truſtees. The Doctor is now able to lend two thouſand pounds, at five *per cent.* upon good ſecurity; of which the principal, after his deceaſe, is to be diſpoſed of, by his executors, in buying lands for the farther endowment of the ſaid hoſpital.

From WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq.

July 25, 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the Dean of St. Patrick's becoming indifferent towards me; and yet I fear one of thoſe few things is the cauſe I have not had a line from you ſince I came hither. I beſeech you eaſe me of my preſent pain, by telling me that you are well; that ſummer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the leaſt inclination to oblige me, you will let me know it.

My

My hurry here is almoſt over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October, if I get away then. I cannot ſay I paſs my time diſagreeably. I have had ſome opportunities of doing good offices; and, when I am not engaged by buſineſs, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and, for the moſt part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at preſent with Mr. Pope. I am told he has ſold Dawly, Alderman Barber, who has promiſed me to write to you by the next poſt, tells me his lordſhip enquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards ſo as that his credit in the city daily encreaſes. There is nothing but the vacancy wanting to put Mr. Dunkin in poſſeſſion of the pariſh of Colrain.

I hear you have ſeen Pope's fifth Dialogue, 1738. Have you ſeen his Univerſal Prayer? This ſecond Dialogue, together with a copy of the inſcription intended by the old ducheſs of Marlborough for a ſtatue ſhe is to erect of queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to lord Cheſterfield, on another ſubject, wait on you incloſed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the moſt perfect reſpect, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This pacquet goes franked by the ſecretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime ſerjeant * here this night in his way to France.

To Mr. Alderman BARBER.

Auguſt 8, 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of July 27th; and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is juſt going to France, and I ſuppoſe, deſigns to continue there as long as he lives. I am very ſorry he is under a neceſſity of ſelling Dawley. Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably eaſy in his fortunes; for he has theſe ſeveral years lived very expenſively. Is his lady ſtill alive? and has he ſtill a country-houſe and an eſtate of hers to live on! I ſhould be glad to live ſo long, as to ſee his Hiſtory of his own Times; which would be a work very worthy of his lordſhip and will be a defence of that miniſtry, and a juſtification of our late glorious queen, againſt the malice, ignorance, falſehood, and ſtupidity, of our preſent times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's laſt poem, entitled MDCCXXXVIII. called Dialogue II; but I live ſo obſcurely, and know ſo little of what paſſes in London, that I cannot know the names of perſons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of Ormond lives ſo well at eaſe and in ſo good health, as well

* Singleton.

as

as with ſo valuable a companion. His grace has an excellent conſtitution at ſo near to fourſcore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will ſend to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my lord and lady Oxford; but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a raſcally butcher, one Morley, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his lordſhip's manager, and has been the principal cauſe of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakneſs and credulity. I deſire you will pleaſe, upon occaſion, to preſent my humble ſervice to my lord and lady Oxford, and to my lord Bathurſt. I juſt expected the character you give of young * * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps, walking preſerves him.

I very much lament your aſthma. I believe temperance and exerciſe have preſerved me from it.

I ſeldom walk leſs than four miles, ſometimes ſix, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the houſe, up and down ſtairs: and if it were not for this cruel deafneſs, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England; pox on the modern phraſe Great-Britain, which is only to diſtinguiſh it from Little-Britain, where old clothes and old books are to be bought and ſold! However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the beſt ſcholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible aſthma. I wiſh you were rich enough to buy and keep a horſe, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

Mr.

Mr. Richardſon is, I think, ſtill in London. I aſſure you, he is very grateful to me, and is too wiſe and diſcreet to give any juſt occaſion of complaint, by which he muſt be a great loſer in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written ſo much this many a day. I have tired myſelf much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr. Alderman, with very great eſteem,

Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

SIR, Auguſt 31, 1738.

I BELIEVE you know that I had a Treatiſe, called Advice to Servants, in two volumes. The firſt was loſt, but this minute Mrs. Ridgeway brought it to me, having found it in ſome papers in her room; and truly, when I went to look for the ſecond, I could not tell where to find it: if you happen to have it, I ſhall be glad; if not, the meſſenger ſhall go to Mrs. Whiteway. I am,

Your humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

From the Biſhop of FERNS *.

SIR, September 18, 1738.

A MESSAGE which I juſt now received from you by Mr. Hughes, gives me ſome hopes of being reſtored to my old place. Formerly I was your miniſter *in muſicis*: but when I grew a great man (and by the by you helped to make me ſo) you turned me off. If you are pleaſed again to employ me, I ſhall be as faithful and obſervant as ever.

I have heard Mr. Hughes ſing often at Percival's †, and have a good opinion of his judgment: ſo has Percival, who, in theſe affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and, if I miſtake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the muſical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is deſirous to improve himſelf. If Maſon and Lamb were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themſelves. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

EDWARD FERNS.

* Dr. Synge. † At Dean Percival's.

To

To Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MR. Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls *, in order to my convenient ſhaving with eaſe and diſpatch, together with the preſcription on half a ſheet of paper, was exactly followed, but ſome inconveniencies attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was juſt twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth paſt. I return him therefore all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, becauſe he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and ſo adieu. I am ever, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

Oct. 3d or 4th, or rather as the butler ſays, the ſecond on Tueſday 1738.

My ſervice to all your litter, I mean Mrs. Harriſon, *&c.* but you will call this high treaſon. I am ſtill very lame of that left foot. I expect to ſee as many of you as you pleaſe.

* A box of ſoap and a bruſh.

From Mr. POPE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Twitnam, Oct. 12, 1738.

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that paſs in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendſhip to me; but I am not ſo willing to put you to the trouble of ſhewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occaſions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuſe the requeſt of a very particular and very deſerving friend; one of thoſe whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had ſworn never to love a man more, ſince the ſorrow it coſt me to have loved ſo many, now dead, baniſhed, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttleton, one of the worthieſt of the riſing generation. His nurſe has a ſon, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurſe, and ſo does Lyttleton: he loves, and is loved, through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any perſon to pleaſe me, or to ſerve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whoſe name is William Lamb; and he is the bearer of this letter. I preſume he is qualified for that which he deſires; and I doubt not, if it be conſiſtent with juſtice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you——What?——what I cannot tell; the kindneſs I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty

hearty wiſhes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or (the beſt ſoftenings of the want of either) quiet and reſignation. You loſe little by not hearing ſuch things as this idle and baſe generation has to tell you: you loſe not much by forgetting moſt of what now paſſes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the paſt ſcenes of our country, and forgets the preſent, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though ſufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at leaſt we ſhould, nay we muſt (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the beſt of what we cannot make better, but may make worſe. To hear that this is your ſituation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends who are tender about you, would be a great eaſe to me to know, and know from yourſelf. Tell me who thoſe are whom you now love or eſteem, that I may love and eſteem them too; and if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can ſerve you, or pleaſe you, be certain it will mend my happineſs; and that no ſatisfaction any thing gives me here will be ſuperior, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolneſs, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and reſpect. Lord Orrery, lord Bathurſt, lord Bolingbroke, lord Oxford, lord Maſham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount, allow one woman to the liſt, for ſhe is

as conſtant to old friendſhips as any man. And many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can ſuffer, nothing of you can be obſcured, or locked up from eſteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry; juſt as much of you only as God made mortal. May the reſt of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honeſt men may expect, and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful! Adieu.

Yours ever,

A. POPE.

From Mr. POPE to the Earl of ORRERY.

Twitnam, Nov. 7.

WHEN you get to Dublin (whither I direct this, ſuppoſing you will ſee our dear friend as ſoon as poſſible) pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my laſt. Tell him how dearly I love, and how greatly I honour him: how greatly I reflect on every teſtimony of his friendſhip; how much I reſolve to give the beſt I can of my eſteem for him to poſterity; and aſſure him, the world has nothing in it I admire ſo much; nothing, the loſs of which I ſhould regret ſo much, as his genius and his virtues.

To

To Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Nov. 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your uſual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily ſorry for your ſon's continuing his illneſs, and that you have now two patients in your houſe. In the mean time pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked cholic, and Mrs. Harriſon's diſpoſition to a fever. I hope at leaſt things will be better on Thurſday *, elſe I ſhall be full of the ſpleen, becauſe it is a day you ſeem to regard, although I deteſt it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning †. I am deafer than when you ſaw me laſt, and indeed am quite caſt down. My hearty love and ſervice to Mrs. Harriſon. I thoroughly pity you in your preſent circumſtances. I am ever yours entirely. God ſupport you!

J. SWIFT.

* Dr. Swift's birth-day.

† This chapter he always read upon his birth-day.

From Miſs RICHARDSON to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, Belturbet, November 29, 1738.

IT was a very unequal match that the Dean and you ſhould join in a plot againſt my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the Dean hath a hand in, is done in the moſt genteel and ſurpriſing manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himſelf when he hears the part he acted in it. I have been ſo well accuſtomed to receive preſents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or ſome light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I ſo ſurpriſed as I was when I read your letter, to think that I had received a preſent from ſo great a perſon as the Dean; but when I looked upon it, and knew the expence it muſt be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deſerve the leaſt favour from him: it is a moſt beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the Dean's hair and name have made it a treaſure to me, and I really believe it will be thought ſo a thouſand years hence, if it can be kept ſo long. I am ſure it ſhall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My

My ſiſter, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very ſafe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her moſt ſincere thanks, with her humble ſervice. Pray give mine moſt affectionately to Miſs Harriſon. I am, dear Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

From WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq.

SIR, London, January 2d, 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment againſt you, and a female accomplice of yours *; for that by the uſe of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well-meaning country girl of plain ſenſe, who had been very uſeful to me, and eſteemed by her acquaintance. I have ſeen of late many ſymptoms of her diſorder: it is true, that the faſcination of your works had before operated ſtrongly upon her; for ſcarce any opportunity occurred but ſhe poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechiſm; however, ſhe could attend to domeſtic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when ſhe did not pore upon your writings, or ſome other books (I

* Mrs. Whiteway.

cannot

cannot ſay of the like kind) ſhe was at work, or ſeeing that things in her province were as they ſhould be: but now truly it appears ſhe apprehends that heretofore ſhe had not diſcovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a perſon ſhe has long thought to be the greateſt genius any age hath produced, and whom ſhe worſhips with an adoration that to any mortal riſes almoſt to idolatry, hath, it is much to be feared, tranſported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention towards me, as well as the poor girl; and I reſent it accordingly, as I hope ſhe will do when ſhe returns to her ſenſes.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear Sir, to learn from the prime-ſerjeant Singleton, that he found you extremely well in every reſpect, except your hearing; and in that he ſaid you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, moſt intirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at preſent. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet ſay when they will allow me to return. I paſs my time, now and then, with ſome of Mr. Pope's moſt intimate friends; and although I would have great pleaſure in being known to him, that of the preſent age comes next to you in fame, I ſhall not be introduced to him, unleſs I ſhall have the honour not to be thought wholly

unworthy

unworthy to deliver him a letter from the Dean of St. Patrick's.

Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is ſtill ſomewhat lame in his hip; but otherwiſe in very good health and ſpirits.

Doctor Squire holds out ſurpriſingly: as ſoon as the vacancy ſhall happen, I ſhall have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. Dunkin will ſucceed him.

I am ever, dear Sir, with the higheſt eſteem and reſpect, your moſt obliged and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

From Dr. KING.

SIR, St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, January 5th, 1738-9.

AT length I have put Rochefaucault to the preſs, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be publiſhed. But I am in great fear leſt you ſhould diſlike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of thoſe among your friends in this country, who love and eſteem you moſt, and zealouſly intereſt themſelves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily ſubmitted to their opinion; however, if after having received the printed copies, which I will ſend you next week, you

you ſhall ſtill reſolve to have the poem publiſhed as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper perſon to undertake the work. I ſhall go to London the latter end of the next week, when I'll write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the poſt.

I was at Twickenham in the Chriſtmas week. Mr. Pope had juſt then received a letter from you, and I had the pleaſure of hearing you were well and in good ſpirits. May thoſe good ſpirits continue with you to the laſt hour!

Believe me to be, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt faithful ſervant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Mrs. Whiteway.

From Dr. KING.

SIR, London, Jan. 23d, 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford, about the thirtieth of laſt month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefaucault; and as I intereſt myſelf moſt heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, ſo I take great pleaſure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I obſerve this with more than ordinary ſatisfaction, becauſe I may

I may urge the approbation of the public as ſome kind of apology for myſelf, if I ſhall find you are diſſatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that ſhould happen, all the reſt of your friends on this ſide of the water muſt ſhare the blame with me; for I have abſolutely conformed myſelf to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are ſome lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reaſon, but becauſe I durſt not inſert them, I mean the ſtory of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almoſt every reader may be able to ſupply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of queen Anne, and ſo well deſcribes the deſigns of the miniſtry, which ſucceeded upon the acceſſion of the late king, I would likewiſe willingly have publiſhed, if I could have done it with ſafety; but I don't know whether the preſent worthy ſet of miniſters would not have conſtrued this paſſage into high treaſon, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendos: at leaſt a lawyer, whom I conſulted on this occaſion, gave me ſome reaſon to imagine this might be the caſe. I am in truth more cautious than I uſed to be, well knowing that my ſuperiors look on me at preſent with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have ſent you by the ſame gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: for although that piece hath eſcaped the ſtate inquiſition, by being written in a language that is not at preſent very well underſtood at court,

and

and might perhaps puzzle the attorney-general to explain, yet the ſcope of the poem and principal characters being well underſtood, the author muſt hereafter expect no mercy, if he give his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithſtanding all my caution, if I perceive you diſlike this manner and form of the poem, I will, ſome way or other, contrive that it may be publiſhed as you ſhall direct.

I ſend you my beſt wiſhes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect ſtate, for the ſake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. K.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, January 30, 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have juſt received from you, has put me into great confuſion. I beg of you to be aſſured, that I think myſelf under the higheſt obligations to you, and that I ſet a true value on the friendſhip with which you have honoured me, and ſhall endeavour to preſerve it as long as I live. If our correſpondence has been interrupted, it hath been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the poſt-office; for ſome time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered

delivered to me with the ſeals torn off. Whether thoſe poſt-officers really thought me, what I never thought myſelf, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for ſome greater name, I don't know; but for my part, I grew peeviſh, to find my friendſhips, and all my little chit-chat, muſt conſtantly be expoſed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leiſure or curioſity enough to examine my letters. However, for ſome little time paſt, I have not had the ſame cauſe of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my ſuperiors no longer ſuſpect me of holding any unwarrantable correſpondence, eſpecially ſince I find I may now venture to write to the Dean, even by the Oxford poſt. Notwithſtanding what you ſay, I am in ſome pain about Rochefaucault, and doubt much whether he will be ſatisfied with the manner in which he finds it publiſhed; to which I conſented in deference to Mr. Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the Dean's friends in this country, who, I am ſure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themſelves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece ſo well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the Dean's friends, but his greateſt enemies, acknowledge that he hath not loſt any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour ſo peculiar to himſelf. For my part, I never read any of his works, either in proſe or verſe, that I do not call to mind that ſhort character which cardinal

Polignac gave him in ſpeaking to me, *Il a l' eſprit createur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiſs to tell you, that one Gally, or Gaillie, ſince this poem was printed, offered it to ſale to a bookſeller at Temple-bar; and I am now told, that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is juſt come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publiſh the poem here; ſo that perhaps the whole may at laſt appear, whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. Swift is well. When are we to ſee him again in Oxford? Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewiſe do me the juſtice to tell you, that he never heard me mention your name but with the greateſt eſteem and reſpect; with which I ſhall ever be, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt faithful ſervant,

W. K.

I ſent the Dean a pacquet by the gentleman under whoſe cover I ſend you this.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, London, March 6, 1738-9.

I DO not remember any thing publiſhed in my time, that hath been ſo univerſally well received as the Dean's laſt poem. Two editions have been already ſold off, though two thouſand were printed at firſt. In ſhort, all people read it, all agree to commend

commend it; and I have been well aſſured, the greateſt enemies the Dean hath in this country, allow it to be a juſt and beautiful ſatire. As I am very ſincerely and ſenſibly affected by every thing that may raiſe the Dean's character as a writer (if any thing can raiſe it higher) ſo you may believe I have had the greateſt pleaſure in obſerving the ſucceſs and general approbation which this poem hath met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yeſterday, when the bookſeller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the ſame time put into my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the Dean is much diſſatisfied with our manner of publication, and that ſo many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner ſpeaks truth, and knows as much of the Dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner hath ſent over ſeveral other copies to other bookſellers; ſo that I take it for granted this poem will ſoon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition; and then it may be perceived how much the Dean's friends have been miſtaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occaſion without any reſerve; for I know you love the Dean, and kindly and zealouſly intereſt yourſelf in every thing that concerns his character; and if you will believe the ſame of me, you will do me great juſtice.

The Doctor's friends, whom I conſulted on this occaſion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if ſo much were ſaid by himſelf of himſelf.

They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind ſhould lie againſt this poem, conſidering there is not the leaſt tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that theſe lines,

> He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
> No individual could reſent
> Where thouſands equally were meant——

might be liable to ſome objections, and were not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a juſt part of his character; becauſe ſeveral perſons have been laſhed by name, a Betteſworth, and in this poem, Chartres and Whitſhed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever ſhall think, that it is an imputation on a ſatiriſt to laſh an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

> Here's Wolſton's Tracts, the twelfth edition, *&c.*

are plainly a miſtake, and were omitted for that reaſon only: for Wolſton never had a penſion; on the contrary he was proſecuted for his blaſphemous writings; his book was burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himſelf was impriſoned, and died in priſon. Woolaſton, the author of a book called, "The Religion of Nature "delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book univerſally read, his buſto ſet up by the late queen in her grotto at Richmond with Clarke's and Locke's; but this Woolaſton was not a clergyman.

The two laſt lines,

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better——

I omitted, becauſe I did not well underſtand them; a *better* what?——There ſeems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, ſo as to make it ſenſe, and there is no other antecedent. The Dean is, I think, without exception, the beſt and moſt correct writer of Engliſh that hath ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing ſhould be cavilled at as ungrammatical: he is beſides the moſt patient of criticiſm of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the leaſt ſign of a great genius——I have therefore ventured to make theſe objections to you; in which, however, for the moſt part, I ſubmitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had ſomething to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant.

W. K.

From WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Eſq;

DEAR SIR, London, April the 10th, 1739.

IT is an age ſince I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. Alderman Barber, whoſe veneration for you prompts him to do any thing he can think of that can ſhew his reſpect and

affection, made a preſent to the univerſity of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jarvis, to do honour to the univerſity by your being placed in the gallery among the moſt renowned and diſtinguiſhed perſonages this iſland hath produced; but firſt had a copy taken, and then had the original ſet in a fine rich frame, and ſent it to Oxford, after concerting with lord Bolingbroke, the vice chancellor, and Mr. Pope, as I remember, the inſcription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is incloſed. The alderman had a very handſome compliment from the vice chancellor, in the name of all the heads of houſes there, and by their direction; wherein there is moſt honourable mention of the Dean of St. Patrick's on that occaſion.

Seeing an article in the London Evening-Poſt upon your picture, which was drawn at the requeſt and expence of the chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanry; alderman Barber took the hint, and cauſed what you ſee in the London Evening-Poſt of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time; but I thought it right that you ſhould be acquainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to ſhew the effects of the higheſt friendſhip, kindled to a flame by the warmeſt ſenſe of gratitude, and the moſt exalted eſteem and veneration.

Mrs. Whiteway, and Mr. M‘ Aulay, can inform you how abſolute your commands are with me. Since you recommend him, he is ſure of the utmoſt I can do for him.

Sir,

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I ſhall conclude that you think me troubleſome, and are reſolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home: but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My beſt reſpects wait upon Mrs. Whiteway.

From Lord CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, Dublin, Feb. 2, 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your preſence, I think I ſhould be more explicit in my reaſon of thanks to you for Dr. Delaney's obliging preſent, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered meſſage by a ſervant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at firſt imagined his boundleſs generoſity diſtributed his book among the lords, and that it was ſent me, as a member, though an unworthy one, of that auguſt body. I ſoon found myſelf miſtaken; and as all preſents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of diſtribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having ſo obligingly diſtinguiſhed me. He has honoured me with an anſwer to it, which highly elates me; for, weak minds are eaſily made vain; but whoſe would not be ſo, on the compliment he makes me, on having read

ſome of my letters to you? They were writ, (as moſt of mine are) in the wantonneſs of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expreſſion, or dreſs of words, lucky methods of gilding nonſenſe; yet, that he ſhould approve, I will not wonder when I conſider the benignity of your friendſhip. Oh! is it not ſometimes too ſtrong a bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his peruſal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be ſilent; yet muſt I riſque depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myſelf farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I ſuggeſt may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as ſoon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I ſhall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradiſe, which I long much to ſee, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuſe of deafneſs and dizzineſs. Yielding to ſuch a complaint, always ſtrengthens it; exerting againſt it, generally leſſens it. Do not immerge in the ſole enjoyment of yourſelf. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am ſure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you ſtill admit ſuch companions as are capable of adminiſtering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my beſt wiſhes ſhall attend you.

I have

I have incloſed ſome verſes. The Latin I believe will pleaſe you; one of the tranſlations may have the ſame fortune, the other cannot. The verſes written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, inſcribed to his miſtreſs. I have made the author of it vain (who I am ſure had never read Pope's Heloiſe to Abelard) in telling him his ſix laſt lines ſeem a parody on ſix of Pope's. They are on the other ſide, that you may not be at a loſs.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the moſt paſſionate I ever read, except Heloiſe's own, on the ſubject of love. I am equally ſtruck with Cadenus to Vaneſſa. I have often ſoothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wiſh, and the aſſuring you I am, with great ſincerity, as well as eſteem,

Sir, your moſt faithful,
Affectionate humble ſervant,
CASTLEDURROW.

My boy ſends you his reſpects, and would fain pay them in perſon to you.

Dr. DUNKIN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, April 25, 1739.

AS it was through your countenance I had the honour of being firſt introduced to the moſt worthy Dean of St. Patrick, I muſt have thought myſelf under the higheſt obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendſhip, through ſo many repeated acts of generoſity, and the courſe of his gracious endeavours to raiſe my reputation and fortune, are ſuch things as I muſt ever remember and expreſs with a very deep ſenſe of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing ſo many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reaſon expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only ſay, the Dean of St. Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and that he who could riſe to preſerve a nation, will deſcend to relieve an individual.

The ſenſe of my own demerit, and the juſt awe in which I ſtand before ſo great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of ſpeech or writing, which is requiſite to let him underſtand with what love, veneration, and reſpect of his perſon, I reflect upon the many inſtances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I moſt earneſtly wiſh, but am altogether unable to perform, and ſuch as I intreat

you,

you, dear Madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your moſt dutiful, obedient, devoted ſervant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

To Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, April 28, 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any ſort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reaſon, becauſe they are a numerous race degenerating from their anceſtors, who were of good eſteem for their loyalty and ſufferings in the rebellion againſt king Charles the firſt. This couſin of mine, who is ſo deſirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, becauſe his great grandfather by the grandmother's ſide was admiral Deane, who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to ſave his neck by dying a year or two before the Reſtoration.

I have a great eſteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the moſt valuable of any in his family: he was firſt a ſtudent in this univerſity, and finiſhed his ſtudies in Oxford, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, aſſured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himſelf with good reputation and credit: he hath

hath a very good taſte for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verſes, and is a perfect maſter equally ſkilled in the beſt Greek and Roman authors. He hath a true ſpirit for liberty, and with all theſe advantages is extremely decent and modeſt. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal eſtate of our family, at Goodrich in Herefordſhire. My grandfather was ſo perſecuted and plundered two-and-fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's helliſh crew, of which I find an account in a book called Mercurius Ruſticus, that the poor old gentleman was forced to ſell the better half of his eſtate to ſupport his family. However, three of his ſons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchaſed good eſtates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good ſhare, but with ſome incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman ſhould have the honour of being known to you; which is all the favour I aſk for him: and that if he ſtays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you ſometimes. I am, my deareſt friend,

Your moſt obedient
and moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

To the Same.

May 10, 1739, at a conjecture.

YOU are to ſuppoſe, for the little time I ſhall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and eſpecially of any thing that was told me laſt night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high eſteem and friendſhip you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttleton, whom you call "the riſing genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early ſpread even among us. I find he is ſecretary to the prince of Wales; and his royal highneſs hath been for ſeveral years chancellor of the univerſity in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a requeſt I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great diſtinction for ſkill and honeſty, zealous for the liberty of the ſubject, and loyal to the houſe of Hanover; and particularly to the prince of Wales, for his highneſs's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now ſoliciting for a ſeat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the perſons choſen for this univerſity: and, as his royal highneſs continues ſtill chancellor of it, there is no perſon ſo proper to nominate the repreſentative as himſelf. If this favour can be procured, by your good-will and Mr. Lyttleton's intereſt, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland,

Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to repreſent this univerſity.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he hath at preſent but half a vicarſhip: the value of it is not quite fifty pounds *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour ſome months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar choral, Mr. Lamb ſhall certainly have a full place, becauſe he very well deſerves it: and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

From Mr. Secretary L——*.

SIR, London, May 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr. Lamb. I know that I ought to aſcribe it wholly to Mr. Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happineſs to be known to you myſelf; but give me leave to take this occaſion of aſſuring you how much I wiſh to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be ſo even at this diſtance, and though we ſhould never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of ſome men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their perſons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any ſervice in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant,

G. L——.

* Now lord L——.

To Mr. LYTTLETON.

SIR, June 5th, 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deſerves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending ſo uſeful a perſon to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happineſs to ſee and know ſo great a genius in poetry, and ſo agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (ſeveral years older than you) was much ſurprized to ſee his junior in ſo high a ſtation as ſecretary to his royal highneſs the prince of Wales, and to find himſelf treated by you in ſo kind a manner. In one article, you are greatly miſtaken: for, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your maſter's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politicks: for, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I deſired him to recommend Mr. M‘ Aulay to your favour and protection, as a moſt worthy, honeſt, and deſerving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the univerſity to chooſe him for a member to repreſent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceaſed.

I have been juſt now informed, that ſome of the fellows have ſent over an apology, or rather a remonſtrance,

monſtrance, to the prince of Wales; pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tiſdal; and therefore have deſired his royal highneſs to withdraw his recommendation. A modeſt requeſt indeed, to demand from their chancellor, what they think is diſhonourable in themſelves, to give up, an engagement! Their whole proceeding, on this occaſion, againſt their chancellor, heir of the crown, is univerſally condemned here; and ſeems to be the laſt effort of ſuch men, who, without duly conſidering, make raſh promiſes, not conſiſtent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldneſs to deſire, that his royal highneſs may know from you the profound reſpect, honour, eſteem, and veneration, I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your ſide the water repreſent him to me in the moſt amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it ſhall pleaſe God to make him the reſtorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuſe you highly for your ill-treatment of me, by wiſhing yourſelf in the number of my friends: but you ſhall be pardoned, if you pleaſe to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You ſhall therefore make it up, in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me loſe my memory in every thing but friendſhip and gratitude: and you, whom I have never ſeen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honourable Sir, with the higheſt reſpect,

Your moſt obedient and
obliged humble ſervant.

From

From WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq.

SIR, London, June 3, 1740.

I HAD, ſome time ago, a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me, that you enjoyed a better ſtate of health laſt year than you had done for ſome time paſt. No one wiſhes you more ſincerely than I do the continuance of it. And ſince the gout has been your phyſic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the reſt of it perfect health and ſpirits.

I am perſuaded you will do me the juſtice to believe, that if I have not writ to you for ſome time, it has proceeded from an unwillingneſs alone of engaging you in a very uſeleſs correſpondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true eſteem. Mr. Pope can be my witneſs how conſtantly I enquire after you, and how pleaſed and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodneſs frequently to mention me in your letters to him.

I fear you have but little deſire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at preſent. Three camps, near forty thouſand troops, and ſixteen kings *, and moſt of them ſuch as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raiſed on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the leaſt notion, that even our expedition under lord Cathcart † is intended to be

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

† Againſt Carthagena. It went, and miſcarried.

ſent

ſent any where; and yet every miniſter we have (except Sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our ſituation is very extraordinary; Sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are ſo averſe to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking; then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we ſhall all grow tired of ſtruggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promiſe you not to reply to it too ſoon. You muſt give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verſes at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Weſtminſter-ſchool on this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat.

Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, Ingenioque Celer;
Dum lepido indulges Riſu, et mutaris in Horas,
Quò nova vis Animi, Materieſque rapit;
Nunc gravis Aſtrologus, Cœlo dominaris & Aſtris,
Filaque pro libitu Partrigiana ſecas.
Nunc Populo ſpecioſa Hoſpes miracula promis,
Genteſque Æquoreas, aëriaſq; creas.
Seu plauſum captat queruli Perſona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo Fabula ſumpta cado.

Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magiſter,
Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque ſapit.
Socraticæ minor eſt vis, & Sapientia Chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis Opus.

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to preſent her ſervices, when I aſſure you that I am moſt faithfully and ſincerely

Your obedient humble ſervant,
W. PULTENEY.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

SIR, December 4, 1739.

I CANNOT find a manuſcript I wrote, called, Directions for Servants, which I thought was very uſeful, as well as humourous. I believe, you have both ſeen and read it. I wiſh you could give me ſome intelligence of it, becauſe my memory is quite gone; therefore, let me know all you can conjecture about it. I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

From the Rev. Mr. THROP.

REV. SIR, December 10, 1739.

THE many profeſſions of kindneſs you have made, and friendſhip you have ſhewn, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and deteſtation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monſter —— to my

unfortunate and innocent brother, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that caſe, to diſperſe among ſuch members of the houſe of commons as were of your acquaintance. The reaſon of our troubling you to do this, is becauſe we intend preſenting a petition to the members of the houſe of commons this ſeſſion, to oblige —— to wave his privilege, every other attempt we have tried ſince my brother's death proving fruitleſs.

Your appearing, Sir, in this affair, will not only make —— the more ready to do juſtice, but prevent others from ſupporting him in his villanies, which will be of infinite ſervice to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of caſes; and if you ſhould have occaſion for any more, they ſhall be ſent you by, Reverend Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ROBERT THROP.

I have written the names of the ſeveral perſons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title page.

To

To Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, Dec. 31, 1739.

IT is impoſſible to have health in ſuch deſperate weather; but you are worſe uſed than others. Every creature of either ſex are uneaſy; for our kingdom is turned to be a Muſcovy, or worſe. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good againſt rheumatic pains? I hope Deane Swift * will be able to aſſiſt you both. I wiſh for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly deſolate, and wiſh I could ſleep until the ſun would comfort us. Would neither your ſon or daughter ſave you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thouſand of them. Adieu. I am ever yours.

J. SWIFT.

To the SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or ſide, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to ſtir, and ſo was Croker not to ſuffer you. I am not yet worſe for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily ſorry for yourſelf and daughter; but Mr. Swift dares not be ſick, for his chief buſineſs is to look after you and your

* Then married to Mrs. Harriſon.

daughter. I walk only in my bed-chamber and cloſet, which hath alſo a fire. I am ever yours.

New-year's day, 1739-40. JON. SWIFT.

I wiſh you may have many, and all healthy ones.

To the SAME.

DEAR MADAM, Jan. 18, 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days ſince we have found nothing but froſt and miſery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldeſt of them all. Dr. Wilſon and I are both very uneaſy to find no better meſſage from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the incloſed letter from your beloved of ——, which I ſhall make you happy with. It will ſhew you the goodneſs, the wiſdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (ſpelling) fit for himſelf. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it an hundred times. My love and ſervice to your ſon and daughter; let them both read the incloſed.

I would not loſe your lover's letter for 100l. It muſt be ſent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that will take up your time too much. I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

From

To the SAME.

Feb. 3, 1739-40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days, or rather weeks, hath made me continually uneaſy to the laſt degree; and Mr. Swift, who was with me ſo long yeſterday, could not in conſcience give me any comfort: but your kind letter hath raiſed my ſpirits in ſome meaſure. I hope we have almoſt done with this curſed weather, yet ſtill my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr. Wilſon, who is ſomewhat better, and he reſolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you preſcribe to add to his ſurgeon's method. I am ever, dear Madam entirely yours, J. SWIFT.

To the SAME.

DEAR MADAM, April 29, 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow-ſufferers almoſt equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been theſe two days in ſo miſerable a way, and ſo cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole laſt night I was equally ſtruck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this inſtant unable to move without exceſſive pain, although not the thouſandth part of what I ſuffered all laſt night and this morn-

ing. This you will now ſtyle the gout. I continue ſtill very deaf. Doctor Wilſon's left eye is ſtill diſordered, and very uneaſy. You have now your family at home: I deſire to preſent them with my kind and hearty ſervice.

I am ever entirely yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

From Mrs. WHITEWAY to ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq.

SIR, May 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be aſked why I did ſo? If I have erred, my deſign at leaſt is good, both to you and the Dean of St. Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuſe. As I ſaw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is ſo much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment ſound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finiſh or correct them, as you have deſired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafneſs, lately returned, is all the bodily uneaſineſs he hath to complain of. A few years ago he burnt moſt of his writings unprinted, except a few looſe papers, which are in my poſſeſſion, and which I promiſe you (if I out-live him) ſhall never be made public without your approbation.

There

There is one treatiſe in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfiniſhed and incorrect, yet what is done of it, hath ſo much humour, that it may appear as a poſthumous work. The Hiſtory of the four laſt years of queen Anne's reign I ſuppoſe you have ſeen with Dr. King, to whom he ſent it ſome time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except Gulliver) which he ever propoſed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that deſign, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, leſt the Doctor ſhould die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to diſpoſe of it. I intreat, Sir, you will not take notice to any perſon of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only deſigned for yourſelf: to the Dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and ſtarvling wits cauſe of triumph. I incloſe this to alderman Barber, who I am ſure will deliver it ſafe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of anſwering women's letters, may perhaps make you think it neceſſary to anſwer mine; but I do not expect it, becauſe your time either is or ought to be better employed, unleſs it be in my power to ſerve you in buying Iriſh linen, or any other command you are pleaſed to lay on me, which I ſhall execute, to the beſt of my capacity, with the greateſt readineſs, integrity, and ſecrecy; for whether it be my years, or a leſs degree of vanity in my compoſition than in ſome of my ſex, I can receive ſuch an honour from you with-

out mentioning it. I ſhould, ſome time paſt, have writ to you on this ſubject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a perſon of conſequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I diſlike.

I have ſeveral of your letters to the Dean, which I will ſend by the firſt ſafe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourſelf; I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the Dean recommended through your friendſhip to the prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without aſking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your diſtinguiſhable virtue. I am, Sir, with very high reſpect, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr. Swift, who waited on you laſt ſummer, is ſince that married to my daughter: he deſires me to preſent you his moſt obedient reſpects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to ſpend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

The

The ANSWER.

MADAM, Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

I AM extremely ſenſible of the favour of your letter, and very well ſee the kindneſs as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourſelf) a ſincere friend to the Dean, though much a leſs uſeful one; for all my friendſhip can only operate in wiſhes, yours in good works. He has had the happineſs to meet with ſuch in all the ſtages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the laſt. Never imagine, Madam, that I can do otherwiſe than eſteem that ſex, which has furniſhed him with the beſt friends.

The favour you offer me, I accept with the utmoſt thankfulneſs; and I think no perſon more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I know you have ſo good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your truſt, I ſhall think deſerves mine, in a point I am ever ſo tender of.

I wiſh the very ſmall opportunity I had of ſhewing Mr. Swift, your ſon, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wiſh it now more, ſince he is become ſo near to you, for whom my reſpect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wiſh well for the one without doing ſo for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy ſubject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate

your

your concern, and his complaints, as much as poſſible in this ſtate of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderneſs, Madam, prevent any thing after his death which may any way depreciate his memory. I dare ſay nothing of ill conſequence can happen from the commiſſion given to Dr. King.

You ſee, Madam, I write to you with abſolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit. I will ſay no more, that you may find I treat you with the ſame delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the leaſt compliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with eſteem, Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

A. POPE.

To Mrs. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miſerable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am ſo ſtupid and confounded, that I cannot expreſs the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can ſay is, That I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly underſtand one word I write. I am ſure my days will be very few; few and miſerable they muſt be.

I am, for thoſe few days, yours entirely,

J. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday, I ſhall hope to ſee you, perhaps for the laſt time.

To the SAME.

DEAR MADAM, January 13, 1740-41.

YOUR ſon *, who was with me yeſterday, and ſtaid the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I ſend a ſervant with this letter, and you will pleaſe to employ Mr. Swift to anſwer it, becauſe I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is ſo extremely ſharp, that it muſt needs add to your diſorders. Pray let your ſon or daughter write a few lines to give me ſome ſort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your ſon or daughter gives me ſome hopes. I am ever your aſſured friend and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

From the Earl of ORRERY.

Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, July 7, 1741.

THANKS to you, dear Sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron Maſter George Faulkner: thanks to you for the honours you have ſhewed my wife; but above

* Mr. Swift.

all

all, thanks to you for uſing exerciſe and taking care of your health. It is the ſtrongeſt inſtance of affection your friends either deſire or deſerve. In mentioning your friends, I muſt particularize Mr. Pope: he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus*; Doctor King does the ſame. Thus deities condeſcended to viſit and converſe with mortals.

Poor lord Oxford is gone to thoſe regions from whence travellers never return, unleſs in an airy viſit to faithleſs lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to deſtruction, as Hector amidſt the flames of Troy. The deceaſed earl has left behind him many books, many manuſcripts, and no money: his lady brought him five hundred thouſand pounds, four of which have been ſacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wiſdom: and there will ſtill remain, after proper ſales, and right management, five thouſand pounds a year for his widow.

Mr. Cæſar died about two months ago. Mrs. Cæſar is ſtill all tears and lamentations, although ſhe certainly may be numbered *inter felices, ſua ſi bona norint.*

Lord Bathurſt is at Cirenceſter, erecting pillars and ſtatues to queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France: poſterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The duke of Argyle reigns or ought to reign in Scotland.—Such is the ſtate of Europe; but our diſappointment in America has caſt a gloomy face over London and Weſtminſter. The citizens have recourſe to mum

and

and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep diſmay at a proper diſtance; in the mean time, my friends the ducks and geeſe in the Park cackle on, and join in chorus to the ſounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmoſphere of Whitehall. —— What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithſtanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleaſure of thinking of you, yet I ſweat to aſſure you how much I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

From the Earl of ORRERY to DEANE SWIFT, Eſq.

SIR, Marſton, Dec. 4, 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy, account you have ſent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of ſenſes many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him deſcribe perſons in that condition, with a livelineſs and a horror, that on this late occaſion have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, ſhould have an addition of a particular prayer againſt this moſt dreadful misfortune. I am ſure mine ſhall.

The

The bite of a mad dog (a moſt tremendous evil) ends ſoon in death; but the effects of his loſs of memory may laſt even to the longeſt age of man; therefore I own my friendſhip for him has now changed my thoughts and wiſhes into the very reverſe of what they were, I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am ſorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there ſeemed an approaching mortification in his eye-lid. In one word, the man I wiſhed to live the longeſt, I wiſh the ſooneſt dead. It is the only bleſſing that can now befal him. His reaſon will never return; or if it ſhould, it will only be to ſhew him the miſery of having loſt it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceaſes, and where perfection begins; where Wilſons cannot break in and ſteal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. Whilſt he continues to breathe, he is an example, ſtronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, againſt pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! Doctor Swift beaten and marked with ſtripes by a beaſt in human ſhape, one Wilſon. But he is not only an example againſt preſumption and haughtineſs, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to ſecure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the laſt minute particles of the hour-glaſs. A bachelor will ſeldom find, among all his kindred, ſo true a nurſe, ſo faithful a friend, ſo diſintereſted a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be baniſhed from his

chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement: nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs. Whiteway; all that a companion could perſuade, has been attempted by Mrs. Ridgeway; the reſt —— but I ſhall run on for ever; and I ſet out at firſt only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the Dean's unhappy ſtate.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Indorſed 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR. Pope m'a fait grand plaiſir, monſieur, de m'aſſurer que votre ſanté eſt bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre ſouvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin, pendant que nous habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grand ſoin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï enſemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de théatre en France, tirée ſoi diſant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoyé point, car elles ſont deteſtables: mais

mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a ſi bien réuſſi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en mettant ſeulement ſon nom aux plus mauvaiſes pieces, on les rendroit recommendables au publique. Notre fermier vous embraſſe: il ſe plaint et boude de ce que vous êtes parti ſans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, où vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy: mais je vous crois comme les coquettes, qui ſe fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embaraſſent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous ſeront pardonnés à la premiere lettre, et encore plus aiſément à la premiere eſperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monſieur, portez vous bien, et nous ſerons content. Je ne m'aviſeray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci: Je ſuis étrangere de plus en plus, et je ne ſerois tentée de me faire naturaliſer, que dans ceux où je pourrois vivre avec vous.

From the Ducheſs of HAMILTON.

DEAR DEAN, Wedneſday.

WHEN we were together laſt, I remember we ſpoke of a certain ſtanza, which you ſuſpected me parent of, by reaſon there were ſome things in it, you were ſure I would have ſaid twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promiſed letter had not been ſo long in coming to me. All I can ſay is, I wiſh you had been twelve years ago what

hat I wiſh you now, and that you were now hat you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble ſervant,

E. HAMILTON.

From the Duke of WHARTON.

DEAR DEAN, Monday Morning.

I SHALL embark for England to-morrow. It would be neceſſary for me to take leave of lord Moleſworth on many accounts; and as Young is engaged in town, I muſt infallibly go alone, unleſs your charity extends itſelf to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would ſend me your anſwer, and believe me

Sincerely your faithful friend and ſervant,

WHARTON.

P. S. If you condeſcend ſo far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

A Tranſlation of the French Letters in this Work.

Mr. Le CLERC to Mr. ADDISON.

SIR, Amſterdam, Feb. 12, 1709.

I DID myſelf the honour to write to you at the beginning of the preſent year, to beg you would be ſo good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earlieſt intelligence; and yet I have had no anſwer from you. I have only been informed that you have reſigned the poſt you lately held, in order to go over to Ireland as ſecretary to lord Wharton. I wiſh you joy upon this event, preſuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very ſenſible that I ſhall be a loſer by your removal. Still I wiſh you all manner of ſatisfaction in your new office; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprizes with ſucceſs. The favour I begged of you, was to ſend me the family name, and titles, of my lord Halifax; and to aſk himſelf, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my Livy to him. As you had ſignified to me by Mr. Philips, that you had forgot the ſheet which I wanted in Mr. Rymer's

collection, I had ſent you word that it is the ſheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the firſt tome. If you have got it ſince, be ſo good as to ſend it to Meſſrs. Toutton and Stuiguer, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I ſuppoſe this letter will find you ſtill at London, becauſe it is reported that lord Wharton will not ſet out till toward the month of April. There is nothing new here, in the republic of letters, worth your notice. The jeſuits of Paris have paſſed a ſevere cenſure on father Harduin's opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We ſhall ſee what will be the conſequence. I ſhould be glad could I be of any ſervice to you here; you would then ſee how ſincerely I am, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

J. LE CLERC.

To Mr. GIRALDI*.

SIR, Dublin, Feb. 25, 1714-15.

I TAKE the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Howard, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of Italy, and being a canon in my deanry, and profeſſor of a college in this univerſity, would fain be confirmed in his hereſy by travelling among catholics. And after all, Sir, it is but juſt that ſince you have borrowed our Engliſh frankneſs and

* Mr. Giraldi was ſecretary to the duke of Tuſcany.

ſincerity to ingraft on your Italian politeneſs, ſome of us tramontanes ſhould make repriſals on you by travelling. You will alſo permit me to beg you will be ſo kind as to preſent my moſt humble duty to his royal highneſs the grand duke.

With regard to myſelf, I will be ſo free as to tell you, that two months before the queen's deceaſe, finding that it was impoſſible to reconcile my friends of the miniſtry, I retired to a country houſe in Berkſhire; from whence, after that melancholy event, I came over to Ireland, where I now reſide upon my deanry, and with chriſtian reſignation wait for the deſtruction of our cauſe and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For theſe gentlemen are abſolutely determined to ſtrike off half a dozen heads of the beſt men in England, whom you intimately knew and eſteemed. God knows what will be the conſequence. For my part, I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honeſt men who are now in power, I ſhall ſpend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend entirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, Sir, and do me the juſtice to believe that I am, with great reſpect, Sir, yours, &c.

From the Abbé des FONTAINES.

SIR, Paris, July 4, 1721.

I HAVE the honour to ſend you the ſecond edition of your work, which I have tranſlated into French. I ſhould have ſent you the firſt, had I not been obliged, for reaſons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to inſert a paſſage in the preface, which you would not have been pleaſed with, and which indeed I inſerted much againſt my inclinations. As the book has made its way without oppoſition, theſe reaſons no longer ſubſiſt, and I have expunged this paſſage in the ſecond edition, as you will find. I have likewiſe altered the paſſage relating to my lord Carteret, concerning which I had received falſe intelligence. In many parts you will eaſily ſee that my tranſlation is not exact; but what pleaſes in England, has not always the ſame effect in France; either becauſe our manners are different, or becauſe the alluſions and allegories, that ſtrike people in one country, do not make the ſame impreſſion in another; or, in fine, becauſe the two nations do not always agree in taſte. My intention was to preſent my countrymen with a book, which might be of uſe to them; and this has made me take ſome liberties in varying from the original. I have been even ſo free as to make ſome additions, according as I found my own imagination raiſed by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour this tranſlation does me;

a tranſlation that has been ſold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived ſo high an eſteem for you, and ſo greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not entirely ſatisfied with the ſuppreſſion I made in this edition, I am ſtill ready to go any farther length, in order to cancel the memory of that part of the preface: as for the reſt, I beg you will pay due attention to the juſtice I have done you in that very preface.

We flatter ourſelves that we ſhall ſoon have the honour of ſeeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival. Nothing elſe is talked of; and all Paris eagerly expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleaſure; you will ſee a nation that holds you in the higheſt eſteem. In the mean while I claim the honour of your friendſhip, and beg you will be perſuaded, that no one reſpects you more than myſelf; being, with the profoundeſt regard and eſteem, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

The Abbé des FONTAINES.

Dr. Arbuthnot has been ſo good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of ſending you.

Dr. SWIFT's Anſwer.

SIR,

IT is above a month ſince I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the ſecond edition of your tranſlation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the firſt; and give me leave to tell you, that I was very much ſurprized to find, that at the ſame time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you alſo took notice of me by name, as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the diſpleaſure of ſome of our miniſters by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour however, in this reſpect, though ſomewhat exceptionable, ſhall not prevent me from doing you juſtice. The generality of tranſlators are very laviſh of their praiſes on ſuch works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining perhaps that their reputation depends in ſome meaſure on that of the authors, whom they have thought proper to tranſlate. But you were ſenſible of your own abilities, which render all ſuch precautions needleſs. Capable of mending a bad book, an enterprize more difficult than to write a good one, you have ventured to publiſh the tranſlation of a work, which you affirm to abound with nonſenſe and puerilities, &c. We think with you, that nations do not always agree in taſte; but are inclined to believe, that good taſte is the ſame, wherever there

are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the Travels of Gulliver are calculated only for the Britiſh iſlands, that voyager muſt certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The ſame vices and follies prevail in all countries, at leaſt in all the civilized parts of Europe: and an author, who would ſit down to write only for a ſingle town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, ſo far from deſerving to be tranſlated, does not deſerve to be read.

This Gulliver's adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will laſt as long as our language, becauſe he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expreſſion or thought, but from a ſeries of obſervations on the imperfections, follies and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge, that the people I have been ſpeaking of do not approve of your criticiſms; and you will doubtleſs be ſurpriſed, when I inform you, that they regard this ſea-ſurgeon as a grave author, who never departs from his character, and who uſes no foreign embelliſhment, never pretends to ſet up for a wit, but is ſatisfied with giving the public a plain and ſimple narrative of the adventures that befel him, and of the things he ſaw and heard in the courſe of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to lord Carteret, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I ſhall take the liberty to tell you, that you have written only one half of the truth; and that this real, or ſuppoſed Drapier, has ſaved Ireland, by ſpiriting up the whole

whole nation to oppoſe a project, by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expence.

A ſeries of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to France at preſent, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am ſenſible that this is a great loſs to me. The only conſolation that remains, is to think that I ſhall be the better able to bear that ſpot of ground, to which fortune has condemned me. I am, *&c.*

From Lady BOLINGBROKE*.

Dawley, Feb. 1, 1726-7.

I HAVE been told, Sir, that you complain of having received no letters from me. You do me wrong: I treat you as one of the deities, who keep an account with mankind of their intentions. It is about ten years ſince I propoſed writing to you; before I had the honour of knowing you, the idea, which I had formed of your gravity, reſtrained me: ſince I have had the honour of ſeeing you, I never could find ſpirit enough to venture upon it. A certain gentleman, named Gulliver, had put this poor imagination of mine, which is ſo depreſſed by the air of London, and by converſations of which I know only the ſound, a little in motion;

* Second wife of lord viſcount Bolingbroke, born in France. She had been ſecond wife of the marquis de Villette, chef d'eſcadre, nephew or couſin to madam De Maintenon. See Voltaire, Siecle de Louis XIV. tom. ii. p. 106. edit. Amſt. 1764. She died March 18, 1749. Lord Bolingbroke ſurvived her, dying December 15, 1751, aged 78.

I was

I was deſirous of ſeizing the moment, in order to write to you, but I fell ill, and have been ſo perpetually for theſe three months. I avail myſelf, therefore, Sir, of the firſt return of my health, to thank you for your reproaches, which I am very proud of, and to ſay a word to you concerning my friend Gulliver. I learn, with great ſatisfaction, that he has juſt been tranſlated into French; and as my reſidence in England has conſiderably increaſed my love for my own country and its inhabitants, I am delighted that they now can participate in the pleaſure which that good gentleman has given me, and that they can profit by his diſcoveries. I am not without hopes, that the twelve ſhips, which France has juſt fitted out, may be deſtined for an embaſſy to the nation of the Houyhnhnmns. In that caſe I would propoſe to you, that we ſhould make the voyage together. In the mean time I am pleaſed with a workman of your country, who, in order to furniſh the ladies with fans, which you know, Sir, are much uſed here, has made ſome, wherein all the adventures of your faithful traveller are repreſented. You may eaſily judge what a ſhare he will have in their converſation. This, indeed, will be of great prejudice to the rain and fine weather, which filled up a part of it; and as to myſelf in particular, I ſhall be deprived of the words *very cold* and *very warm*, the few expreſſions I underſtand. I reckon to ſend you ſome of thoſe fans by one of your friends. You may make a merit of them with your Iriſh ladies, if you have any occaſion for them; which I ima-

I imagine you have not, at leaſt if they think like the French ladies. His lordſhip of Dawley, Mr. Pope and myſelf, are taken up here in drinking, eating, ſleeping, or doing nothing, except praying to God for your welfare. Return this ſpring to ſee us; my lord expects your coming with impatience, that he may kill the weightieſt ox, and the largeſt hog, on my farm: both ſhall be ſerved up whole on your reverence's table, for fear that my cook ſhould in any manner diſguiſe them. You will ſhine among us at leaſt as much as among your own prebends, and we ſhall be no leſs ſolicitous to pleaſe you. I will diſpute that point with every body, being, of all perſons living, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

From Lady BOLINGBROKE.

SIR,

MR. Pope has given me great pleaſure, by aſſuring me that you are in good health, and ſhewing me a mark of your kind remembrance, in one of your letters. I think you have choſen a wrong time to confine yourſelf to Dublin, while we reſide at Dawley. We ſhould have taken great care of you this winter, and joined together in our averſion to mankind, as much as you pleaſed; for I do not find they much improve upon a near acquaintance. The French have lately formed in France two theatrical pieces, which are ſaid to have been drawn from Gulliver. They are ſuch wretched

ſtuff,

ſtuff, that I ſhall not ſend them to you; but it is at leaſt an indication of your honeſt traveller's having had ſuch ſucceſs among us, that the name of Gulliver is ſufficient to recommend the moſt paltry performance to the public. Our farmer embraces you: he complains of your going away without giving him an opportunity to take leave of you, and of your omitting to mention a word concerning him, in one of your letters: but I fancy you are like the coquettes, who, preſuming on the power of their charms, are indifferent how far they may offend. I can aſſure you, that all treſpaſſes will be forgiven you upon the receipt of the very firſt letter, and ſtill more readily upon the very firſt hope that we ſhall ſee you again. Adieu; take care of yourſelf, and we ſhall be ſatisfied. I have no notion of ſending you any news from this country: I am here a ſtranger more than ever; and I ſhould never think of being naturalized in any other ſpot, but where I could ſpend my days in your company.

To VANESSA.

May 12, 1719.

I MAKE you my compliments on your perfection in the French language. It is neceſſary to know you long, in order to know all your accompliſhments: by perpetually ſeeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. It is a reproach to me, that I know only the

the Gaſcon and Patois in compariſon of you. There is nothing to be objected, either as to the orthography, propriety, elegance, eaſe, or ſpirit. And what a blockhead am I to anſwer you in the ſame language, you who are incapable of any folly, unleſs it be the eſteem that you are pleaſed to entertain for me; for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taſte, to find out in you all that nature has beſtowed on a mortal; that is to ſay, honour, virtue, good ſenſe, wit, ſweetneſs, agreeableneſs, and firmneſs of ſoul; but by concealing yourſelf, as you do, the world knows you not, and you loſe the eulogy of millions. Ever ſince I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general converſation, has one word ever eſcaped you, which could be better expreſſed. And I proteſt, that after making frequently the moſt ſevere criticiſms, I never have been able to find the leaſt fault, either in your actions, or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it poſſible not to eſteem you above the reſt of human kind? What beaſts in petticoats are the moſt excellent of thoſe, whom I ſee diſperſed throughout the world, in compariſon of you! On ſeeing, on hearing them, I ſay a hundred times a day, ſpeak not, look not, think not, do nothing like thoſe wretches. What a misfortune to be the occaſion of bringing down contempt on ſo many women; who, but for the thoughts of you, would be a little tolerable! But it is time to put an end to this trouble, and to

bid

bid you adieu. I am, and ever ſhall remain, with all poſſible reſpect, ſincerity and eſteem, yours.

Mr. VOLTAIRE to the Count de MORVILLE, Miniſter and Secretary of State, at Verſailles.

MY LORD, June, 1727.

HITHERTO I have confined myſelf to a tacit admiration of your management of the public affairs of Europe; but it is impoſſible for a perſon, who has your glory ſo much at heart, and for whom you have a ſincere affection, to keep ſilence any longer, and not to preſent his ſincere compliments to you upon the wiſdom of your conduct.

Beſides, I could not decline the honour, which the celebrated dean Swift does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordſhip. I am ſenſible that he is already known to you by fame, and that you are deſirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation which you highly eſteem. You have peruſed the tranſlations of ſeveral pieces attributed to him; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of diſcovering the beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant verſion? I apprehend you will not be ſorry to dine in company with dean Swift, and the preſident Henault: and I alſo flatter myſelf, that the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance

one

one of the moſt extraordinary men that England ever produced; one who is moſt capable of forming a juſt idea of your truly great qualities, will be conſidered by you as a token of my ſincere attachment to your perſon.

I ſhall ever remain, with the moſt profound reſpect and eſteem, my lord, your lordſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM